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THE NEW YORKER

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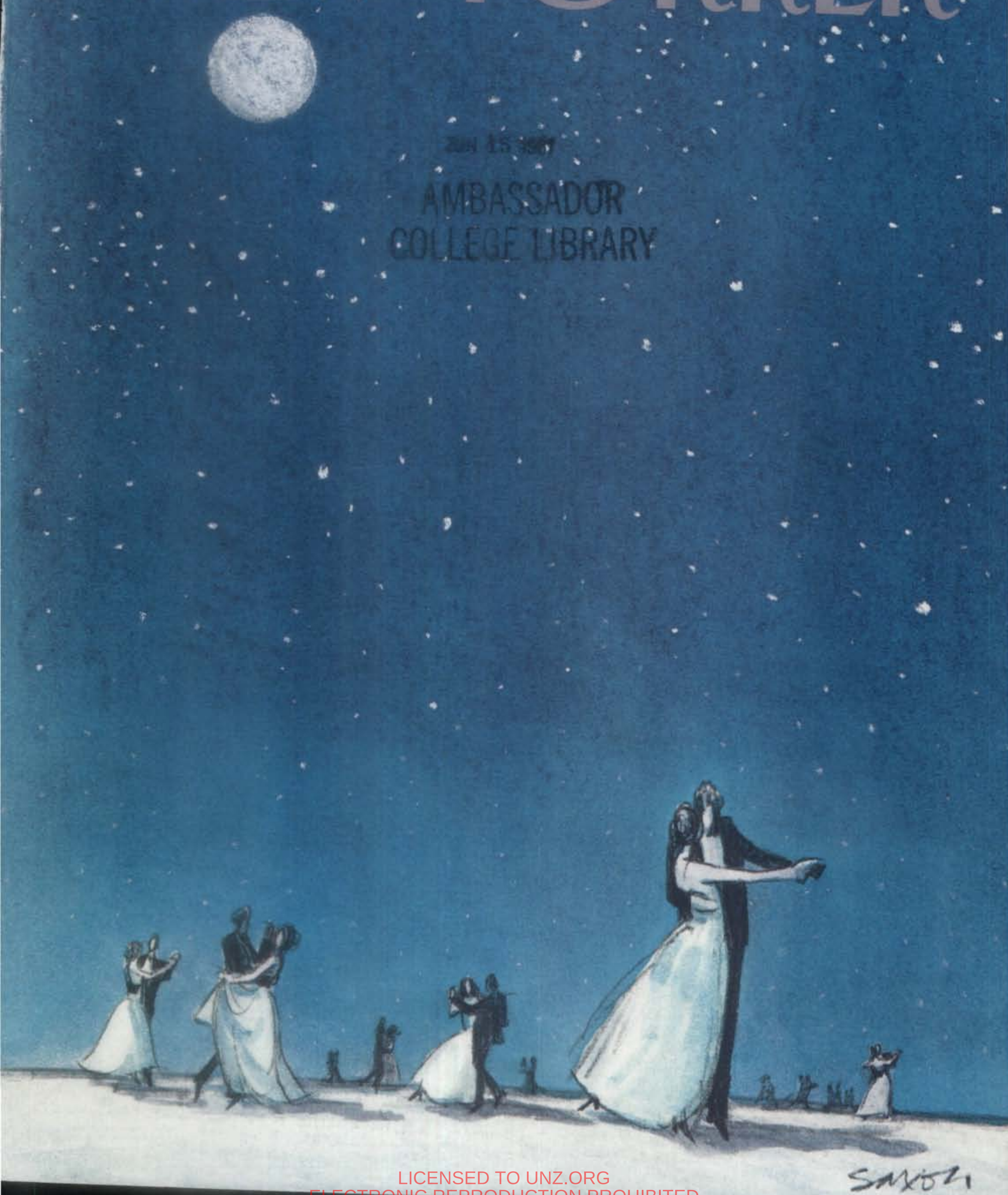

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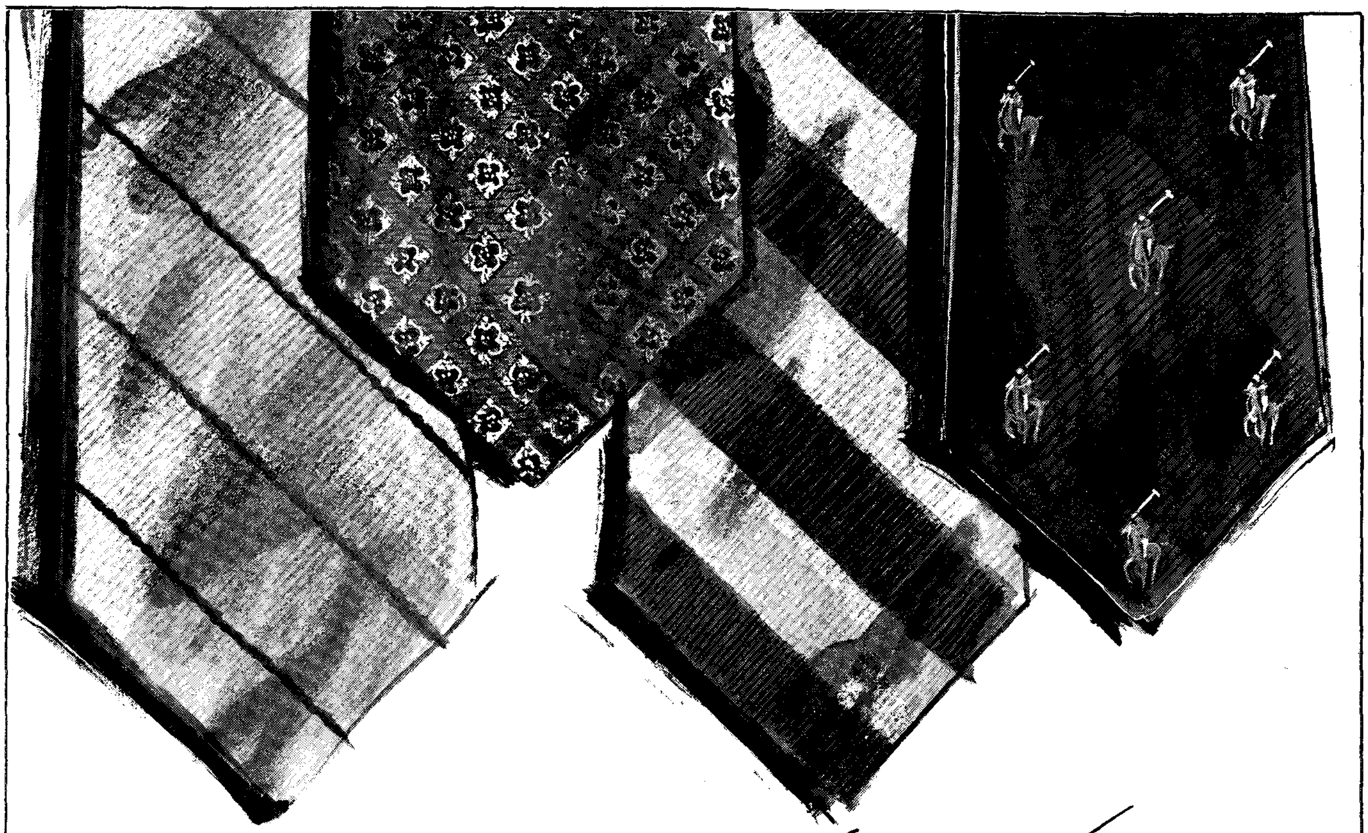

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart; and Caris Corfman plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Lanford Wilson's play **A TALE TOLD**, the third in a projected series of five plays about the Talley family of Lebanon, Missouri. With Trish Hawkins, Helen Stenborg, Patricia Wettig, and Fritz Weaver. Preview Wednesday, June 10. Opens officially on Thursday, June 11, at 7, and will run through Sunday, July 5. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "The Smash," by Neil Cuthbert; "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs; and "The Rodeo Stays in Town for at Least a Week," by Jerry Stubblefield: Wednesday evening, June 10; Saturday evening, June 13; Monday evening, June 15; Wednesday evening, June 17; Friday evening, June 19; and Saturday matinée, June 20. . . . ¶ "Good Help Is Hard to Find," by Arthur Kopit; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; and "American Garage," by Peter Maloney: Thursday and Friday evenings, June 11-12; Saturday matinée, June 13; Sunday evening, June 14; Tuesday evening, June 16; Thursday evening, June 18; and Saturday evening, June 20. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A play by Joe Orton, with Joseph Maher, Barbara Bryne, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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The Floating Light Bulb—Woody Allen gives us, not for the first time, his view that life is a misery but that telling about it can be very funny. An excellent cast adds welcome vigor to his rue: Beatrice Arthur, Jack Weston, Brian Backer, Danny Aiello, Eric Gurry, and Ellen March. The director is Ulu Grosbard. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fuehrer Bunker—A play by W. D. Snodgrass, with music by Richard Peaslee. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Final performances Saturday, June 13, at 5:30 and 9, and Sunday, June 14, at 3 and 8.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Hedda Gabler—A satisfactory revival that bypasses the play's greatness but turns up considerable feeling and humor all the same. With Jeanne Ruskin in the title role, very ably supported by Philip Bosco, Theodore Sorel, Roxanne Hart, and Katherine Squire. (5/18/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

It Had to Be You—An implausible but amusing comedy laid in Greenwich Village and starring as ill-assorted lovers Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, who are also its authors. (5/18/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Thursdays

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 14: Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A rip-roaring melodrama, in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, all in fine form. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Ned and Jack—A rather aimless work about Edward Sheldon (playwright), John Barrymore (actor), and, briefly, John's sister, Ethel. Dwight Schultz, Peter Michael Goetz, and Barbara Caruso are the actors, Colleen Dewhurst the director. (6/1/81) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

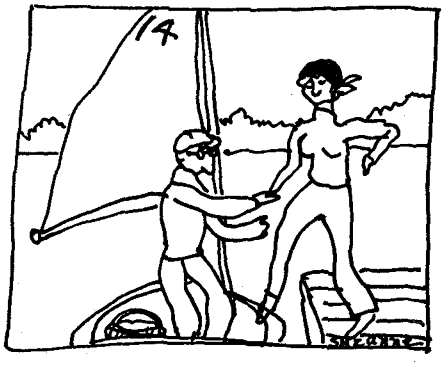
Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME** in a return engagement. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

No—Stories and poems by Alexis De Veaux, adapted for the stage by Glenda Dickerson. With Risë Collins, Gwendolen Hardwick, Yvette Erwin, and André Liguori among the cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—Wendy Wasserstein's comedy **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC** will be the last in this season's series of productions. Previews through Friday, June 12. Opens officially on Saturday, June 13, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest music-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Kevin Kline, George Rose, Rex Smith, and Karla De Vito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A limited engagement of a one-man show, based on the writings of the Irish playwright. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

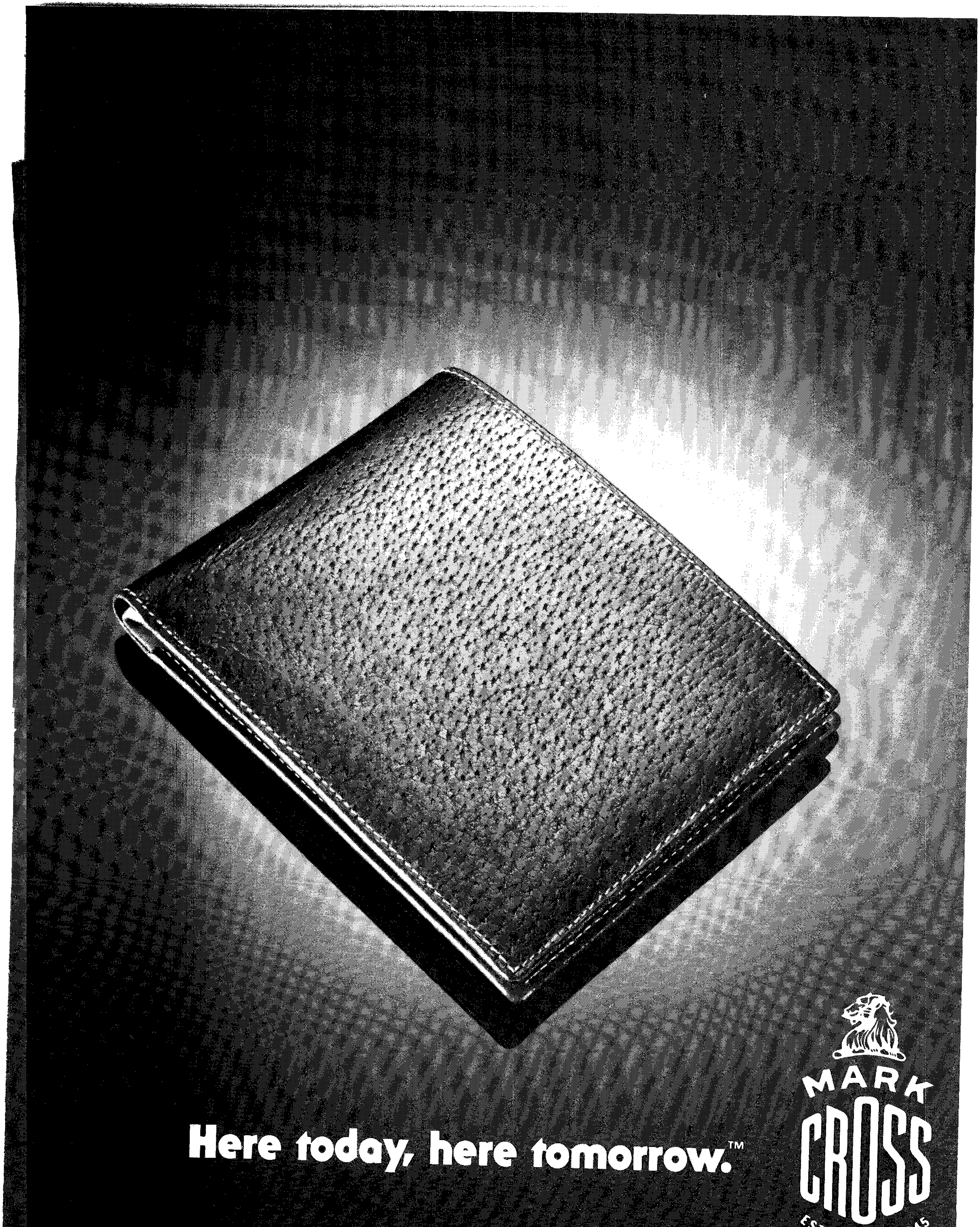
A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Moves uptown on Friday, June 19, for a Broadway opening at the Century, 235 W. 46th St., 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wally's Café—A comedy by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, with James Coco, Rita Moreno, and Sally Struthers. The director is Fritz Holt. Previews through Thursday, June 11. Opens officially on Friday, June 12. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Welded—A revival of a play by Eugene O'Neill, with Philip Anglim, Laura Gardner, Court Miller, and Ellen Tobie. A production of Columbia University's Center for Theatre Studies. Previews Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12. Opens officially on Saturday, June 13, and will run through Sunday, July 5. (Horace Mann Theatre, Broadway at 120th St. 678-3276. Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Mark Hamill. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,784 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE PANTHER—An experimental music-theatre piece (inspired by Rilke's poem "The Panther"), with six actors, six singers, two musicians, and a panther. The score is by Philip Glass and the text and staging are by Manuel Lütgenhorst. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 21.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 14, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT—A one-man show entitled "Le Langage du Corps," written and performed by Mr. Barrault. In French and English. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Monday, June 15, at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—A **TCHAIKOVSKY FESTIVAL**, featuring new and repertory works set to the composer's music. Wednesday evening, June 10: "Capriccio Italien," "Piano Concerto No. 1 Pas de Deux," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," "Mozartiana," and Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Selected Songs," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Introduction and Fugue," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Selected Songs," "Piano Pieces," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," "Suite No. 2," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Symphony No. 1," "Mozartiana," and "Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 14: "Introduction and Fugue," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Selected Songs," "Piano Pieces," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 14: "Introduction and Fugue," "Andante Elegiaco," "Elegie from Suite No. 3," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Pathétique Symphony (second, third, and fourth movements)." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 16: "Swan Lake," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Concert Fantasy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 18: "Capriccio Italien," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Introduction and Fugue," "Piano Concerto No. 1 Pas de Deux," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Concert Fantasy," and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . **REPERTORY:** Wednesday evening, June 17: "The Four Temperaments," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbundlertanze," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Square Dance," "Davidsbundlertanze," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 10: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 11-12, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 13: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ROYAL BALLET—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 4—"The Sleeping Beauty": Monday, June 15, at 7; Tuesday, June 16, at 8; and Wednesday, June 17, at 1, and a benefit performance at 7. . . . ¶ "La Fin du Jour" (New York première), "Hamlet," "Rhapsody" (American première), and "A Month in the Country": Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8, and Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

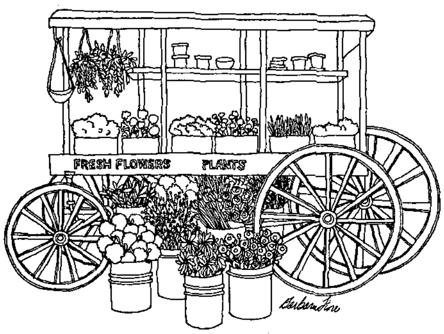
MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY—Five programs of new and repertory works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday, June 10-13, at 8, and Sunday, June 14, at 3.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 2 and 8.)

TURKISH FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE—A company of fifty dancers and musicians, appearing here for the first time. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, June 15, at 8.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—Performing "Shira," "Notturno," and new dances based on the poems of Itzik Manger. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday, June 17, at 6:45; Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, June 21, at 3.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—In an all-Stravinsky program: "Le Sacre du Printemps." "Four Against the Gods," and two premières—"Elegie" and "Four Etudes." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 18, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8; and Sunday, June 21, at 2.)



DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—Performing a new full-length work, "Walking Back." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Saturday, June 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 21, at 3 and 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FILM AND VIDEOTAPE FESTIVAL—Fifty hours of dance on film and a hundred and fifty hours of dance on videotape, all in honor of Jerome Robbins. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Monday through Friday, June 15-19, from noon to 5:45. For information about tickets, call 870-1657.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. **JAKI BYARD** plays free and stride piano with a trio on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Beboppers **WARREN CHIASSON,** who plays vibes, and **CHUCK WAYNE,** who plays real fast guitar runs, work with a quartet through Sunday, June 14; on Monday, June 15, Jane Harvey will sing; and on Tuesday, June 16, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will arrive with a quartet. Music nightly from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** Saturday, June 13, Robinson's Mysteries and Otto & George; Sunday, June 14, Point Blank; Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, Fred Parris & the Five Satins, the Del Vikings, Fourteen Karat Soul, and the Laddins. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **ALBERT DAILEY** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER** carry out the piano-bass duties through Saturday, June 13; on Monday, June 15, pianist Eddie Higgins will begin performing. Music from nine-forty-five.

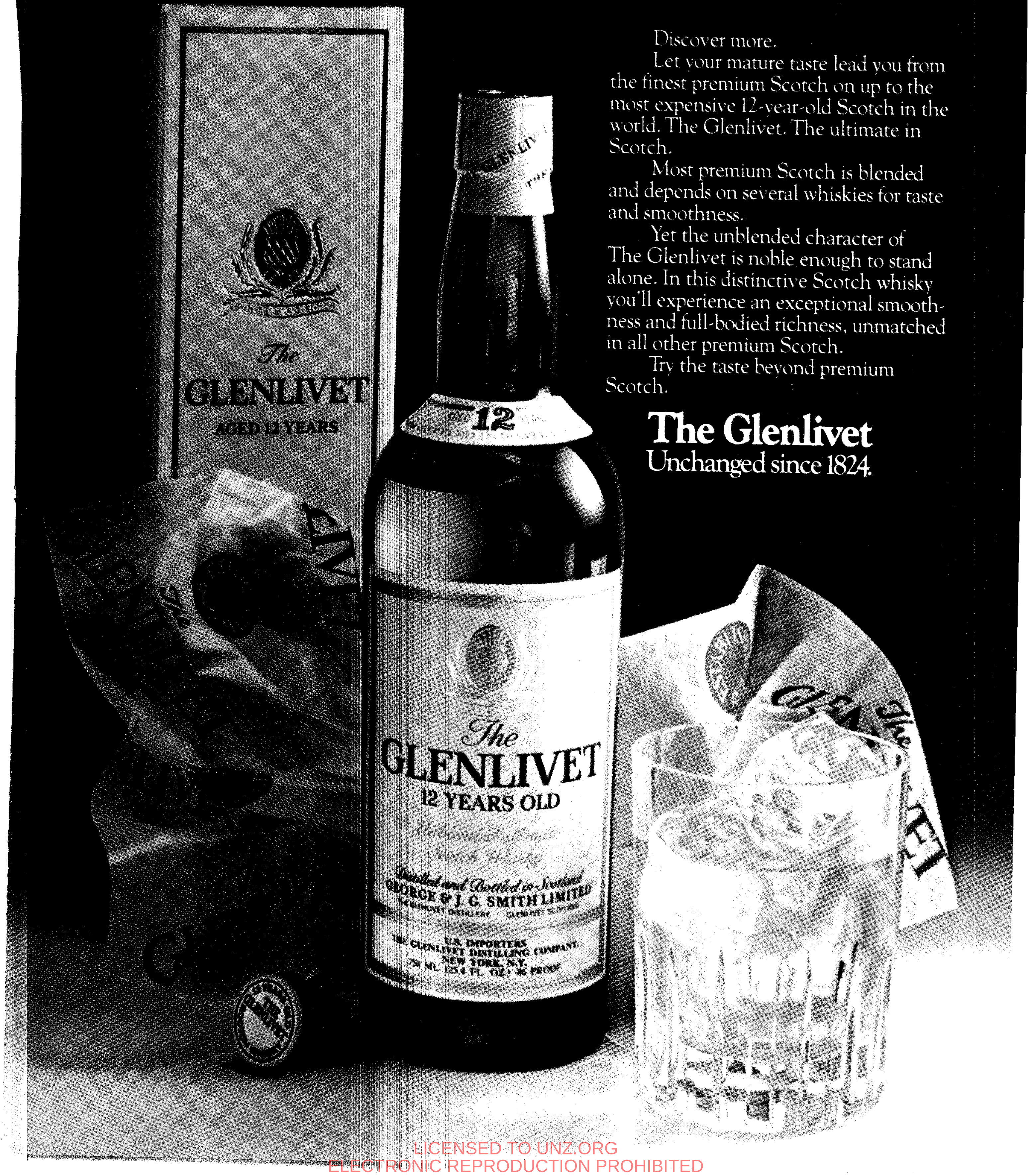
CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH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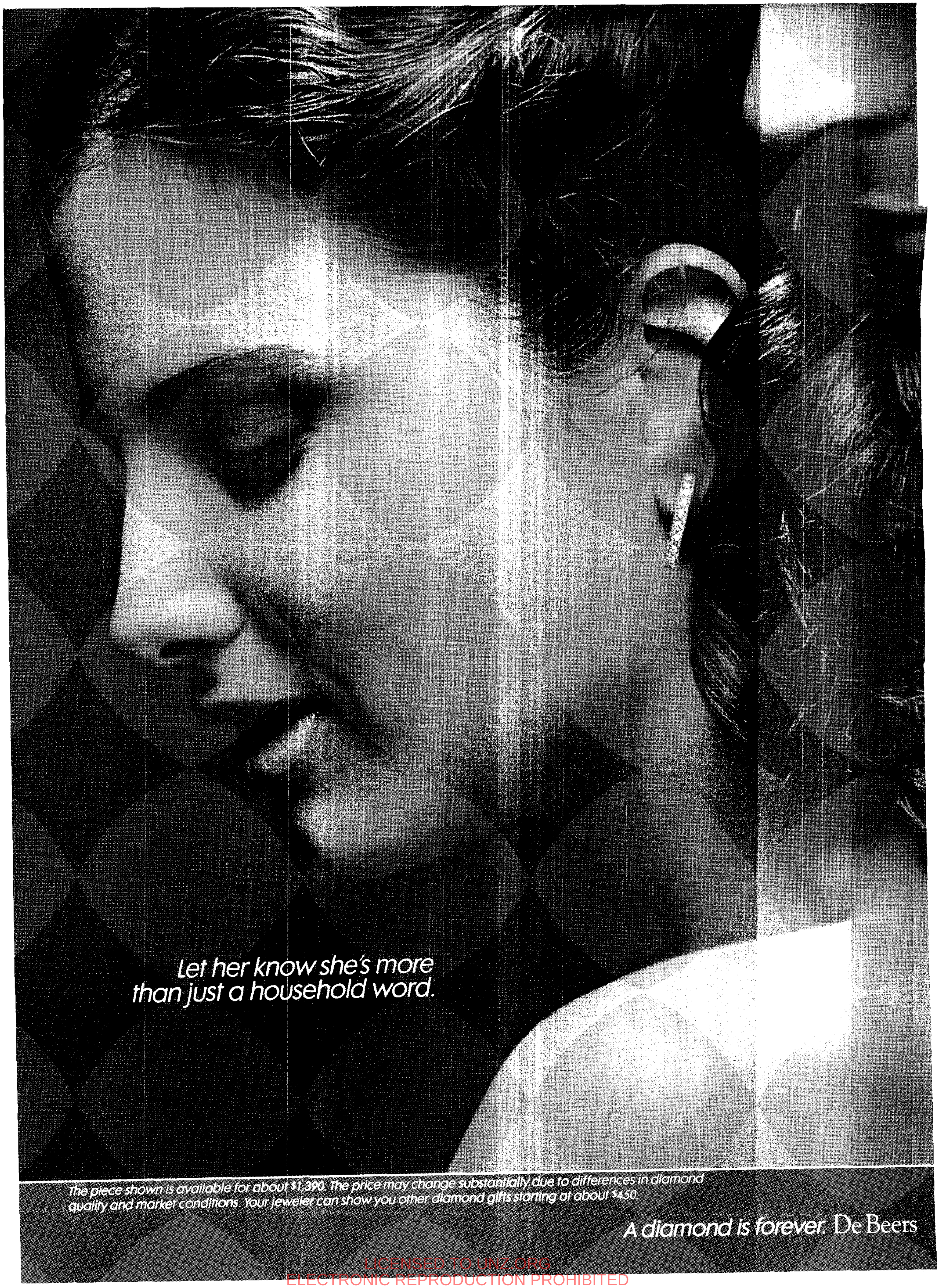
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A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS,** who is as graceful and retiring a soloist as he is an accompanist—over the years he's supported Helen Humes, Joe Williams, Sylvia Syms, Ella Fitzgerald, and Larry Adler—performs from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, June 10, High Roller, the Article, and the Decoys; Thursday, June 11, Public Servants, Zanoni, and Michael Smith; Friday, June 12, the Individuals, the Putdownz, and the Stanlees; and Saturday, June 13, Sic F*cks, Arthur Monroe Zone, and the Force. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team, through Saturday, June 13. On Tuesday, June 16, **HELEN HUMES** will begin singing here. Sundays and Mondays belong to Lu Elliott, who was an Ellington vocalist during Al Hibbler's era. She says she used to watch Hibbler from the wings singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street;" now Miss Elliott gets to sing it and a whole gang of Ellington and Strayhorn standards as well. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, June 10, Louis Killen and the Derby Ram; Saturday, June 13, Cranberry Lake Jug Band; Sunday, June 14, guitarists Peter Spencer, Richard Perrin, and Barry Peterson; Wednesday, June 17, John Roberts & Tony Barrand and the Derby Ram; and Saturday, June 20, Changing Lanes. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, June 14, trumpeter and saxophonist **GLENN ZOTTOLA** will lead a quartet that will feature pianist **HAROLD DANKO.** They'll begin about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. **HUGH MASEKELA,** the South African-funk trumpeter, leads a quintet that features saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN** through Sunday, June 14; on Tuesday, June 16, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR,** bassist **VICTOR GASKIN,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND** will take over. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, June 10, singer and jazz yodeller **LEONE THOMAS;** Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, singer **DAKOTA STATON;** Monday, June 15, singer Emme Kemp; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16-17, School Girls; and Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, singer and ex-Shirelle Shirley Alston. Sundays belong to Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—is currently performing here Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

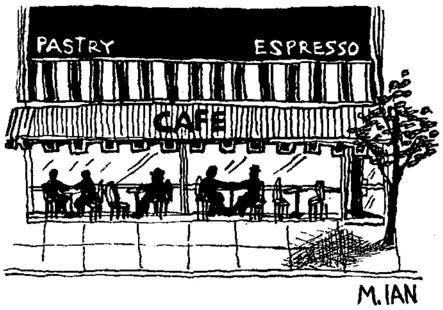
HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous location, and there are ceiling fans instead of fireplaces. On Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and alto player **SONNY FORTUNE** will co-pilot a quartet; on Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will drop by with a quintet that performs music from the Middle East, South America, and Tompkins Square Park. On Sundays, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS** have jam sessions. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by Mr. Morgenstern, who directs another combo at about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** work through Saturday, June 13; on Tuesday, June 16, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will come in with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist and singer **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, the Burrito Brothers; Sunday, June 14, Tom Rush; Monday, June 15, Ronnie McDowell; Wednesday, June 17, Charlie Feathers; and Thursday, June 18, Frezzel & West. Dining.



MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. **JOE WILLIAMS,** who sang fire-breathing vocals with the summa-cum-laude Basie band of the fifties, and who has become over the years a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer, is the singer through Saturday, June 13. On Monday, June 15, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will begin singing Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, nondramatic voice. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs. The lineup: Wednesday, June 10, Hooks, the Times, and Swingers; Thursday, June 11, the The, 4/4, and Nikko Toy; Friday, June 12, Cheetah Chrome and Knots; and Saturday, June 13, Cheap Perfume and Roustabouts. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vibraharpist **RED NORVO** and guitarist **TAL FARLOW** have begun a month-long reunion on this bandstand. They are aided by bassist Steve Novasel Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell chocolate-chocolate-chip ice cream; it is this R. & B. club. Wednesday, June 10, Miles Jaye; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Zulema; Tuesday, June 16, John Mitchell & Symposium; Thursday, June 18, Mercedes Hall; and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, June 10, Frank Weber; Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, folkie Jim Dawson; Tuesday through Thursday, June 16-18, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** and the Martin Taylor trio; and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, guitarists **JOHN SCOFIELD** and **JIMMY PONDER.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building. **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of

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Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, June 10, RPM and the Sound; Thursday, June 11, 999; Friday, June 12, Robin Lane & the Chartbusters and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloane; Saturday, June 13, Robin Lane & the Chartbusters and Lenny Kaye Connection; Sunday, June 14, the Vapors; Monday, June 15, Papa and China Davis; Tuesday, June 16, reggae star **JIMMY CLIFF** & Oneness at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, June 19, **BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY;** and Saturday, June 20, the Plastics. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. The room is alive with the sound of a tribute, "The Sounds of Rodgers & Hammerstein, Part II," which features Susan Bigelow, Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE'S** quartet performs through Sunday, June 14; on Monday, June 15, alto saxophonist-arranger Ed Palermo will lead a big band; on Tuesday, June 16, Jay Hoggard's group will be present; Wednesday, June 17, will be claimed by Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; and on Thursday, June 18, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will bring in his sextet for four nights. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, will be given over to the hard bop of drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his quartet; on Wednesday, June 17, pianist **PATTI BOWN** will drop by. Music from nine-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from eight Sundays through Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Tenor player **AL COHN** guides his quartet through Saturday, June 13; on Monday, June 15, singer **JON HENDRICKS'** family band, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS,** will take charge. On Sundays pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** goes at it with his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides and well-padded, high-backed swivel bar stools. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis once called him a genius—is currently ensconced here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten, give or take a half hour. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Wednesday, June 10, Full Hand; Thursday, June 11, Billy Price & the Keystone Rhythm Band and Floyd Domino band; Friday, June 12, Off Beach; and Saturday, June 13, Chicago bluesmen **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS.** If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school-stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin somewhere after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, June 10, Bette Sussman; Thursday, June 11, True Romance, Mr. Lucky, and Cheap Perfume; Friday, June 12, Touchtones and the Judys; Saturday, June 13, Twig & the Kicks and the Proof; Monday, June 15, Ian North and Die Hausfrauen; and Tuesday, June 16, Shane Champagne and the Mundanes. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, **LARRY CORYELL** can be found playing solo guitar through Sunday, June 14; on Tuesday, June 16, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will show up with a trio. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays, Salsa bands perform downstairs from about nine, and Tuesdays jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and his talented colleague, **IRA SULLIVAN**—who plays flugelhorn, trumpet, flute, and saxophone, all with astonishing dexterity and fluidity—are here with their quintet through Sunday, June 14. On Tuesday, June 16, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in his moving nonet for a week-long visit. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays by Tony Regusis. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Wednesday, June 10, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM;** Thursday, June 11, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV;** Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet; Sunday, June 14, pianist **SAMMY PRICE'S** Two Tenor Boogie; and Wednesday through Sunday, June 17-21, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON.** Monday's fare is saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays belong to master drummer **JO JONES** & Friends. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Count Basie and Orchestra—Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Friday, June 12, at 7 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—With George Segal, Conrad Janis, and the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. An eight-performance engagement: Friday through Sunday, June 12-14, and Wednesday through Sunday, June 17-21, all at 8.)

7
IMPORTERS EXPORTERS

Alan Dale—With Morty Gunty, Marcella & Ravel, and the Sal Sicari Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, June 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Suni Paz, Wendy Blackstone, and Martha Siegel—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, June 13, at 8.

Skeeter Best—With tap-dancer Honi Coles. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, June 14, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

New York Women's Jazz Festival—Sunday, June 14, from 2 to 9: Opening-day festivities, including music, dance, and a bazaar, with Sarah McLawler and the Big Apple Jazzwomen. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 15, at 8: "New Voices in Jazz." . . . Tuesday, June 16, at 8: Emily Remler quartet, the Jane Jarvis trio, and Maxine Sullivan and a trio. . . . Wednesday, June 17, at 8: The Willene Barton quartet, Ravella Hughes, and Dakota Staton and a trio. . . . Thursday, June 18, at 8: Julie Homi, Erica Lindsay quintet, and the Sheila Jordan duo. . . . Friday, June 19, at 8: The Janice Robinson quintet, the Jay Clayton duo, and Rose Murphy and a trio. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: A concert in memory of Mary Lou Williams, with Barbara Carroll, Hazel Scott, the Melba Liston big band, and others, in an all-Williams program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 7:30: The UJC Workshop Big Band, directed by Melba Liston. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) The event in Damrosch Park is free; for information about tickets to other events, call 924-5026.

The Basie Alumni—Helen Humes, Al Grey, Butch Miles, Buddy Tate, and Frank Wess are the featured alumni. Also with Marty Napoleon, George Duvivier, and Glenn Zottola. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 18, at 8.)

Cleo Laine & James Galway—With an orchestra directed by John Dankworth. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 20, at 8, and Sunday, June 21, at 3 and 8.)

Irving Plaza—Circle Jerks and Stimulators. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, June 13, after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, June 10, at 10: Blue Apple band. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 10: Ell's Kitchen. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, June 12-14, at 10: Marion Cowings, with Kenny Barron and Al Foster. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 10: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, June 19-21, at 10: Roy Haynes Ensemble. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

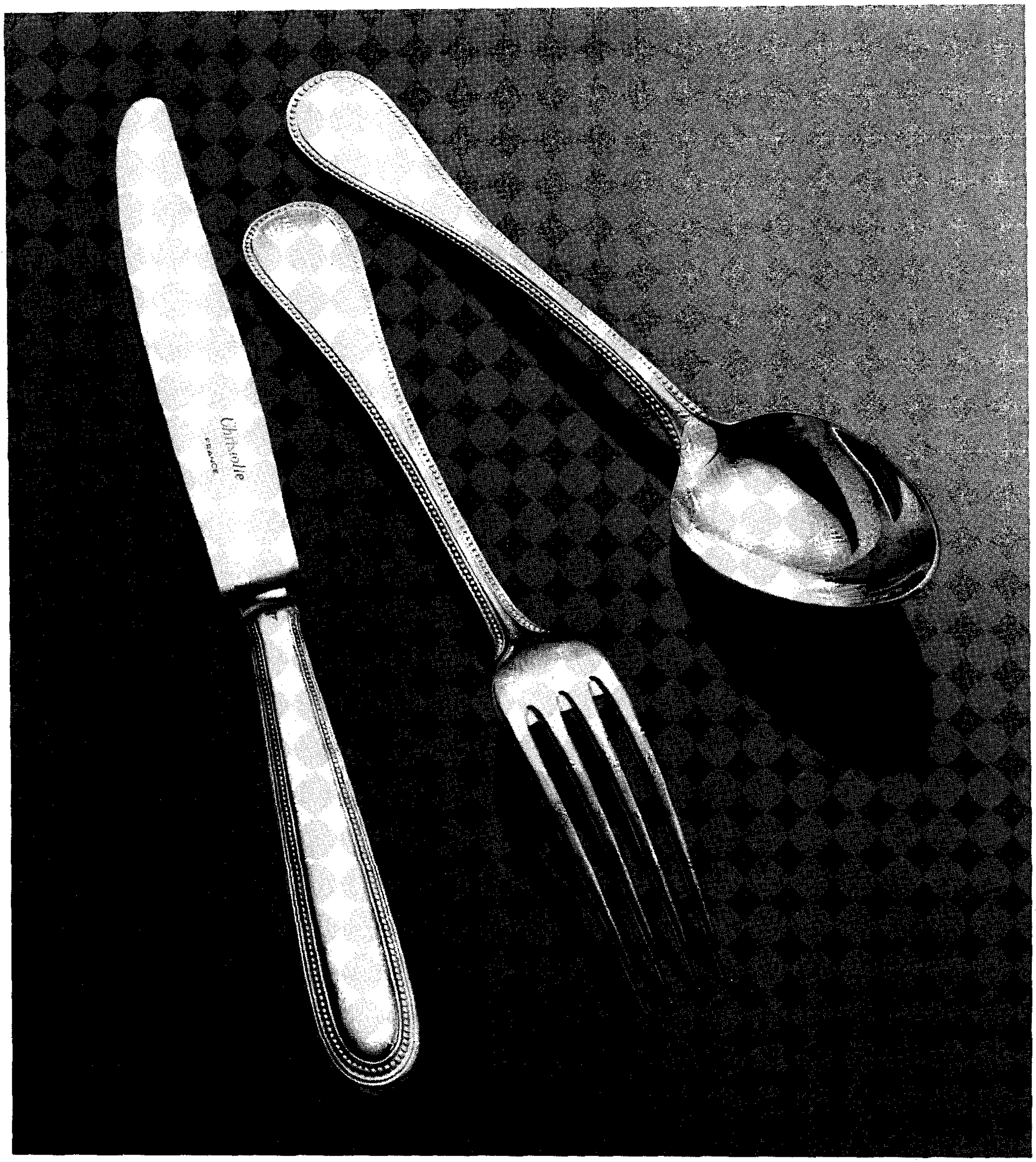
Public Theatre—Friday, June 12, at 10:30: DNA and Olu Dara's Okra Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 10:30: Oliver Lake. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Savoy—Wednesday, June 10, at 9: Richie Havens, with Taj Mahal. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 9: Danny Shea Band and Rob Stoner and his band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 9: Tom Browne and Robert Winters & Fall. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 9: Jan & Dean. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 9: Juice Newton, with Jesse Winchester. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 10; Saturday, June 20, at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sunday, June 21, at 9: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—Thursday, June 11, at 8:30: Irene Schweizer. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 8:30: David Moss and Eugene Chadbourne. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 9:30: InterAmerican Jazz quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concerts—Two concerts celebrating the Kitchen's tenth anniversary. Sunday, June 14, at 8: DNA, the Philip Glass Ensemble,

The Elegant Alternative



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Leroy Jenkins, Zev, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, June 15, at 8: Bush Tetras, the Laura Dean Musicians, Meredith Monk, Steve Reich & Musicians, and others. (Bond International Casino, Broadway at 45th St. 944-5880.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM CROZIER—Bronze nudes, about three-quarters life-size and frankly erotic. Through Saturday, June 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

SYLVETTE ENGEL (1912-77)—A series of oil paintings called "Skies," depicting just that; other paintings, of row houses; delicate drawings of plants. Through Saturday, June 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

A. OSCAR—Lusty watercolors and oils by an artist who leans toward caricature. Through June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SHARI URQUHART—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Monet, Klee, Renoir, Braque, and about fifteen of their contemporaries. Also, two drawings—a Seurat and a Cézanne. Through Friday, June 12. . . . **EX LIBRIS,** 160A E. 70th St.: Prints, film posters, drawings, and porcelains by Russian Futurists and Constructivists and other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Two Alexander Rodchenko drawings, a Piet Zwart poster, a Sonia Delaunay gouache, two works on paper by Liabov Popova. Through Friday, June 12. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by American painters and sculptors: Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, Max Weber, David Levine, Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Shechter, and others. Through July 31. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Alechinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through Friday, June 12. . . . **NARDIN,** 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadow-box by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figure drawings by realists, among them William Bailey, Bruno Civitico, and Leland Bell. Through July 15. . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German drawings and watercolors—two hundred and thirty-two in all. Through July 11. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Essentially abstract paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Harriet Korman, Ken Price, Joan Thorne, Tod Wizon, and others. Through July 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

POWER BOOTHE—Abstractions by a painter who has recently shifted over from acrylics to oils and has also brightened his palette considerably. Through Thursday, June 18. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARGARET CHEESEMAN—Realist (almost photographic) paintings of Venezuelan peasants posing for their pictures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM N. COPLEY—Humorous and occasionally bawdy paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through Saturday, June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV / KEN GREENLEAF—Abstract and figurative paintings and works on paper bringing his long career up to date. / Free-standing abstract sculptures of sheet aluminum, copper, and steel rods. Through June 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—Paintings from the forties and fifties, by which time this Surrealist had ventured into wholly abstract works. Through Saturday, June 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. A complementary show is at the Whitney Museum.)

FRANCES HYNES—Paintings and drawings of Long Island farm buildings, for the most part—barns, tool sheds, endless-looking chicken houses—simplified almost to abstractions, plus a few urban structures handled in the same way. Through Friday, June 19. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—A memorial exhibit of about sixty oils dating from 1908 through 1975, many from museums and private collections. Included are two early portraits (Hans Tietze and Erica Tietze-Conrat, Alma Mahler), a portrait from the mid-thirties of his wife, Olda, and "View of Downtown Manhattan with the Empire State Building," done in 1966. Through Saturday, June 13. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

KENNETH NOLAND—A new set of irregularly shaped canvases. Through June 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through Saturday, June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

TOM STOKES—Subtle color transitions rendered in stripes. Through Saturday, June 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

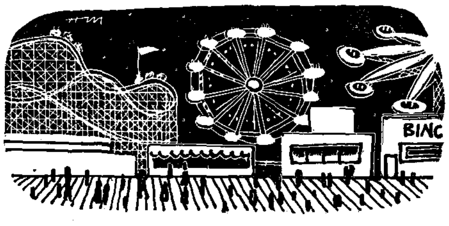
JAMES TORLAKSON—Realist watercolors. Through Saturday, June 13. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

KAY WALKINGSTICK / KAY ROSEN—Emblematic colored drawings. / A series of drawings diagramming the movements of three people in motion. Through June 27. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966) / **TURKU TRAJAN** (1887-1959)—Early paintings, done from 1911-22. / Sculptures, and paintings on paper. Through July 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ARCHITECTURE BY ARTISTS—A diverting exhibition of drawings and maquettes by twenty-odd artists includes a photograph of a refrigerator and kitchen sink that Saul Steinberg has converted into a cityscape with a few strokes of a brush; a model by Ed Kerns of a frantic munitions factory installed behind an innocent-looking hill on a desert plain; and a model of a droll little pleasure dome by Elisa D'Arrigo. Through June 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: An invitational show, with works by Robert Bordo, Cynthia Karasek, Jack Chevalier, Larry Kagan, and Lynn Elton. Through July 3. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Recent works by gallery artists: paintings (by, among others, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, William T. Wiley) and one sculpture (by James Surls), all accompanied by preparatory drawings. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Kokoschka, Klimt, Mihaesco, Grandma Moses, others. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: James Brooks, Giorgio Cavallon, George McNeil, Sonia Gechtoff, Esteban Vicente, John Seery, and others. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery regulars, including Isabel Bishop, Ethel Magafan, and Gregorio Prestopino. Through Sept. 4. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: American paintings of the nineteen-forties and fifties: Giorgio Cavallon, Charmion von Wiegand, Al Held, Alfred Jensen, others. Through July 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and graphics: Xavier Gonzalez, Theo Hios, Alice Neel, Judith Shahn, others. Through June 26.



GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE, SOL LEWITT, AND DONALD JUDD—The first is represented by a twenty-foot row of rectangular steel plates laid alongside one gallery wall; the second by a huge trapezoid chalked in white on a red ground that fills another wall; and the third by a series of seven metal boxes set in still another wall at about eye level. Through June 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BILL BECKLEY—New sculptures and watercolors. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

JUD FINE—Man-made materials (steel) are joined with natural ones (hay) in conceptual installations, the most prominent being a ninety-eight-foot shaft of metal wrapped in straw. Through June 27. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—Colorful abstract paintings, all done on a diminutive scale. Through June 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

JACK MENDENHALL / TED WELLER—Realist paintings of opulent interiors. / Large plywood panels on which illustrations from a Boy Scout manual have been incised with a wood-burning kit. Through Saturday, June 13. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Large sculptures in shapes reminiscent of Oriental screens, cut out of heavy plate steel or aluminum. There are also large paintings of similar design. Through Friday, June 19. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

SCULPTORS' DRAWINGS OVER SIX CENTURIES (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through Saturday, June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYARD,** 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forrestall, and D. P. Brown). Through June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **BOONE,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings by Ross Bleckner, Michael McClard, David Salle, and Robin Winters. Through June 30. . . . **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM,** 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg, among others. Through Saturday, June 20. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Tom Boutis, James Brooks, and Clinton Hill are among the seventeen artists in this gallery's annual show of works on paper. Through Saturday, June 13. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.) . . . **MEYER,** 410 West Broadway: Drawings prefiguring (or derived from) installations created over the past ten years by Vito Acconci, Alice Aycock, Red Grooms, Barry Le Va, Sandy Skoglund, and about fifty others. Through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 27. . . . **NEILL**, 136 Greene St.: Sculptures in stone by Alan Shepp, John Van Alstine, Aijino Wakita, and Dennis Whitcopf. Through July 1. . . . **112 GREENE STREET GALLERY:** Recent drawings and paintings by a new group known as American Artists Associates, which sponsors works by black artists. Through Thursday, June 18. . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show offers paintings and works on paper by gallery regulars as well as new artists. Included are Eric Fischl, Mira Schor, and David True. Through July 31. . . . **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: Sixteen artists who have worked in relief. Included are Lynda Benglis, James Biederman, Joel Shapiro, and Robert Smithson. Through June 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

PIERRE CLERK—An assemblage of four welded-steel sculptures, from ten to thirteen feet tall and painted in vivid blue and white stripes, has been installed in City Hall Park and will remain there through the summer.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: A selection of works by seven artists who haven't had much exposure. Through Friday, June 19. . . . **THE CLOCKTOWER**, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Two sculptures each by James Biederman, Don Gummer, Nigel Hall, Mel Kendrick, and Avital Oz. Through Saturday, June 20. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PAUL CAPONIGRO—Representative works from the past twenty years including studies of sunflowers and Japanese gardens. Through Friday, June 19. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of landscapes and still-lifes. Also, portraits. Through June 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—This photographer has developed a method of re-creating images by placing light-sensitive paper directly over a dark television screen and then turning the thing on for an instant. In this case, the set was busy with President Reagan's inauguration. Also, silkscreens and color prints. Through July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DON McCULLIN / HERBERT LIST (1903-75)—A retrospective of a hundred prints by a British photojournalist; most of the works are battle-zone scenes done on assignment for the London *Sunday Times* and the *Observer.* / Ninety prints, including a number of portraits (Miró, Colette) and fashion and travel shots, by a German photographer who was influenced by Surrealism. Through June 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MARC RIBOUD / JUDITH NATAL—Photographs of life in China, Naples, Morocco, and Vietnam by a French photojournalist. / Photogravures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAN SAUDEK—Off-key photographs of children by a Czech artist. Through June 26. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KAREN TWEEDY-HOLMES / SAM HASKINS—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through July 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

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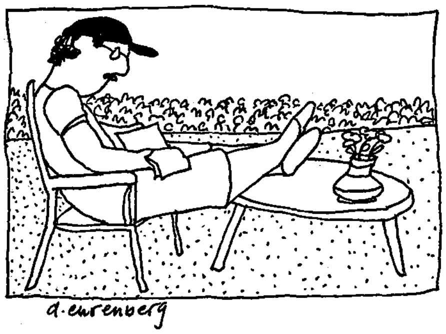
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The third annual **MUSEUM MILE FESTIVAL** will take place on Tuesday, June 16 (rain date, June 23), from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.: Ten museums and galleries on upper Fifth Avenue will be open to the public free of charge (except the Metropolitan) and will offer, in addition to their current exhibits, outdoor musical programs (folk, classical, jazz). The ten are the Metropolitan Museum, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ Y. I. V. O. Institute for Jewish Research, 86th St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St. Further, mimes, clowns, and street artists are expected to be about.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of traditional black African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The sculpture section also includes work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of eighty-five prints by Pierre Alechinsky dating from 1946. Starts Thursday, June 11. . . . ¶ "Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in a show of the Sibyl H. Edwards bequest to the museum: five collages by the Czech artist Jiří Kolář, and a single work apiece by fourteen other artists (Lucas Samaras, Sam Francis, Alexander Calder). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



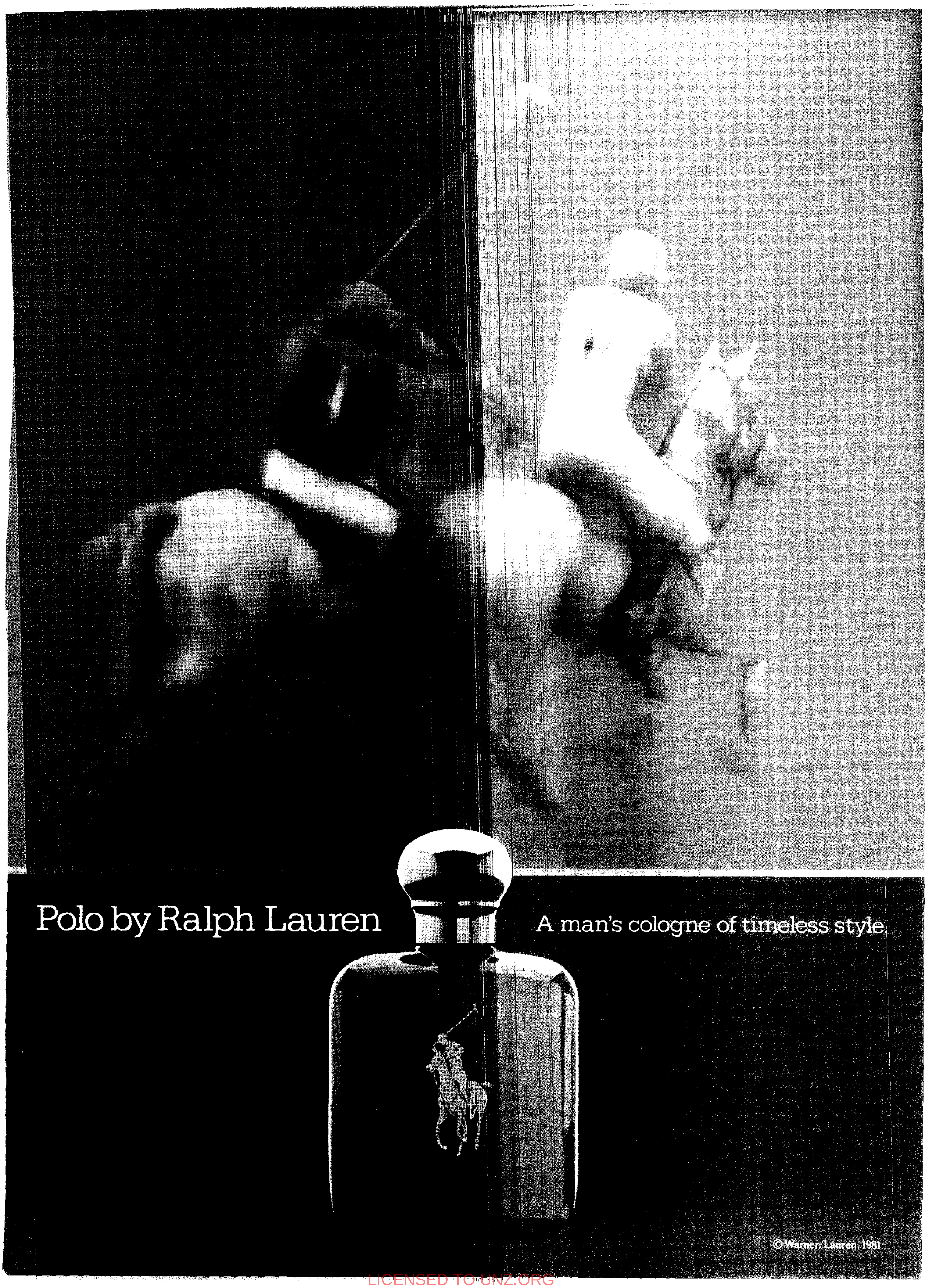
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through Sunday, June 14. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through July 5. A show of later oils has been mounted at the Andrew Crispo Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The Whitney is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of art works and manuscripts by newly elected members of the Academy and by winners of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Louise Glück, William Stafford, Jay Wright, Ben Belitt, Edward Field, Edward Hoagland, Bernard Malamud, Mark Strand, and Donald Martino. Paintings and sculptures by Jack Tworkov, George Segal, Raphael Soyer, and others. Through Sunday, June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—All the main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terracottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily


Polo by Ralph Lauren
A man's cologne of timeless style.
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HOW THE NEW *Cimarron* BEATS THE IMPORTS AT THEIR OWN GAME.

	CIMARRON	AUDI 5000	BMW 320i	VOLVO GLE	SAAB 900S SEDAN
EPA MILEAGE RATINGS WITH STD. TRANS. HWY. EST./ EPA EST. MPG*	42/$\boxed{26}$	33/$\boxed{19}$	36/$\boxed{25}$	25/$\boxed{16}$	33/$\boxed{21}$
FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD
POWER-ASSISTED RACK AND PINION STEERING	STANDARD	STANDARD	RACK AND PINION ONLY	STANDARD	STANDARD
FOUR-SPEED MANUAL INCLUDING OVERDRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD 5-SPEED	STANDARD 5-SPEED	STANDARD	STANDARD 5-SPEED
TACHOMETER	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD
EPA PASSENGER COMPARTMENT VOLUME	89 CU. FT.	90 CU. FT.	82 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.
ALUMINUM ALLOY WHEELS	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD
AIR CONDITIONING	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION
LEATHER-WRAPPED STEERING WHEEL	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	EXTRA COST	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION	NOT AVAILABLE
LEATHER SEATING AREAS	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE
MSRP**	$12,131 (F.O.B.)	$11,240 (P.O.E.)	$13,105 (P.O.E.)	$14,850 (P.O.E.)	$12,700 (P.O.E.)

*Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Cadillacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.

**Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer prep. as of 3/31/81. Tax, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and may affect this comparison. *Level of standard equipment varies.*

For years foreign car manufacturers have boasted about their gas mileage, standard features and interiors. But now, there's a car that beats the imports at their own game. Cimarron by Cadillac.

As the chart shows, Cimarron has features the imports have, plus Cadillac comfort and convenience, with reclining body-contoured bucket seats and perforated leather seating areas. Cimarron has front-wheel drive, just as the Cadillac Eldorado and Seville do. It comes with Cadillac's exclusively tuned, road-hugging touring suspension and a four-speed manual transmission including overdrive. What's more, Cimarron behaves like a civilized car should. Nimble . . . easy to maneuver . . . with a smooth, refined ride.

If you've been thinking about buying an import, it's time to re-think your decision. It's time for Cimarron.

Due to limited initial production, Cimarron is not available at all Cadillac dealers at this time.

Cimarron BY CADILLAC

A NEW KIND OF CADILLAC
FOR A NEW KIND OF CADILLAC OWNER.

GM

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Starts Thursday, June 11. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI": more than sixty works (none of which has been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Le Brun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through Sunday, June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for *Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.* Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The final three programs in "The Romantic Era" series of concerts. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8: Andrew Davis conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16-17, at 8: Kurt Masur conducting a Wagner-Richard Strauss program, with Hans Sotin, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: James Levine directing a performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with Philip Creech, tenor, and the Philadelphia Singing City Choir.

Festival Concerts—The final performances in a series of concerts devoted to the music of Schubert and Bartók. **carnegie hall.** Wednesday, June 10, at 8: Joseph Kalichstein, Marc Neikrug, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, all piano; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8: Jean-Bernard Pommier and Samuel Sanders, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; Isaac Stern, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Robert White, tenor; and Christopher Brown, bass. . . . **carnegie recital hall.** Wednesday, June 10, at 5:45: Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin; Mark Johnson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 5:45: Marc Neikrug, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; and Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," in concert form, with Mara Zampieri, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Denes Gulyas, tenor; Ryan Edwards, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

Hugo Goldenzweig—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 10, at 8.)

Martha and Sanford Jones—Duo piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 11, at 7.)

Kathleen Winkler—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—A program of Beethoven's settings for English, Irish, and Scottish folk songs, performed by Robert White, tenor; the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, and the Aspen Soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 3.)

Maya Flagello and Nicholas Flagello—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 5:45.)

Music Before 1800—A program of Italian music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries performed by Jane Bryden, soprano; Sarah Brink, harpsichord; and Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, June 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ned Rorem and Phyllis Bryn-Julson—Piano and soprano, in a program that includes the New York première of a song cycle by Mr. Rorem entitled "The Nantucket Songs." A recital postponed from April 2. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 16, at 8.)

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Puli Toro—Mezzo-soprano, with Ernesto Cordero, composer-guitarist, and others. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 16, at 8.)

Capricorn Trio—Evlyn Steinbock, cello; Elizabeth Rich, piano; and Harold Jones, flute. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, June 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Festival Trio—David Singer, clarinet; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Patricia Michaelian, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, June 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, June 12, at 8:05; Saturday, June 13, at 7:05; and Sunday, June 14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Monday, June 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 16, at 8:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Tuesday through Thursday, June 16-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8.

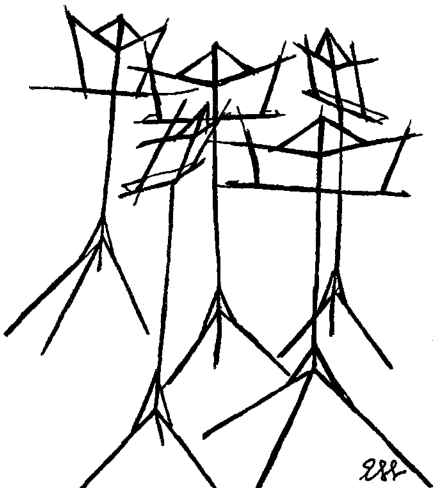
Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Nassau County Handicap, Saturday, June 13; the Bowling Green Handicap, Sunday, June 14; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, June 14, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, June 18, through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 13.



ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, June 11, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings by such artists as Murillo, Filippino Lippi, and Jan Brueghel the Elder. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 10:15: Dance, theatre, opera, and music-hall memorabilia, including set and costume designs, books, and photographs. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Buffet, Renoir, Jean Dufy, and others. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 10, at 2, and Thursday, June 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, June 13, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 2, and Saturday, June 13, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco glass, furniture, and other pieces. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 16, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver and *objets de vertu.* Exhibition starts Friday, June 12. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 10:15, and Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, porcelains, bronzes, furniture, decorations, and rugs—all from the Victorian era. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 13. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 2: Silver, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 13. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 10, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 10 and 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 10 and 2: English and Continental furniture; medieval, Renaissance, and later sculptures; and other works of art. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Wednesday, June 10, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. Tuesday, June 16, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition hours: Saturday, June 13, from 10 to 5; Sunday, June 14, noon to 5; and Monday, June 15, from 10 to 1.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**central park's great lawn:** Tuesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18), "Tosca," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by James Levine. . . . **snug harbor,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18), "Samson et Dalila," with Viorica Cortez, Richard Cassilly, Louis Quilico, and Ara Berberian; Neeme Jarvi. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Tosca," with Galina Savova, Carlo Bini, and Peter Glossop; Angelo Campori. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Saturday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Samson et Dalila," with the same cast as June 17.

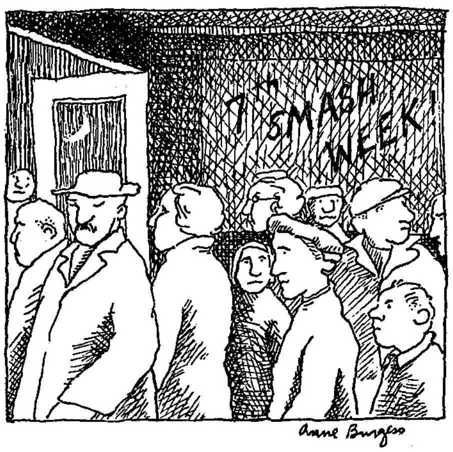
South Street Seaport Museum—A benefit concert on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Wednesday, June 10, at 7:30: Lionel Hampton orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.) . . . Free concerts at the same place. Friday, June 12, at 8: Noel Pointer. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 8: Zahir Batin's Notorious Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8: O'Donel Levy quartet.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will start on Thursday, June 18, and run through Sunday, Aug. 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 14: "Doomed Love" (1978; directed by Manoel Oliveira; in Portuguese), a four-and-a-half-hour film.
June 15: Theatre closed.
From June 16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 16: "The Dark End of the Street" (Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington.
From June 17: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 11: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner); and "My Bloody Valentine" (George Mihalka, a Canadian film), with Paul Kelmen and Lori Hallier.
From June 12: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 11: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud.
From June 12: "Tess." (†)

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 11: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)
June 12-18: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold; and "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle. From June 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 11: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore.
From June 12: "History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 11: "This Is Elvis." (†)
From June 12: "History of the World—Part I" *(Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom* DeLuise.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 18: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
From June 19: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu. (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 10.)

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Excalibur." (†) From June 12: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Tess." (†) From June 12: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed. From June 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 11: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.
From June 12: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée. From June 19: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi. From June 12: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 12: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong); and "The Blues Brothers." (†)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 11: "Eyewitness" (†) and "The Stunt Man." (†)
From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Atlantic City." (†) From June 12: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 11: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
From June 12: To be announced.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 11: "Excalibur." (†)
From June 12: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 11: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
From June 12: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong); and "The Blues Brothers." (†)

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle. From June 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 11: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore.
June 12-18: "Apocalypse Now." (†) From June 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 2: "Through June 11: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud. From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Polyester" (directed by John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei. From June 19: "The Stunt Man" (†); and another feature, *to be announced.*
Theatre 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie. From June 12: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.
Theatre 4: Through June 18: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From June 19: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 10: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "A Clockwork Orange." (†)
June 11: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
June 12: "Andy Warhol's Bad;" and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.
June 13: "Pink Flamingos;" and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.
June 14: "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966) and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), both directed by Russ Meyer.
From June 15: Theatre closed.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

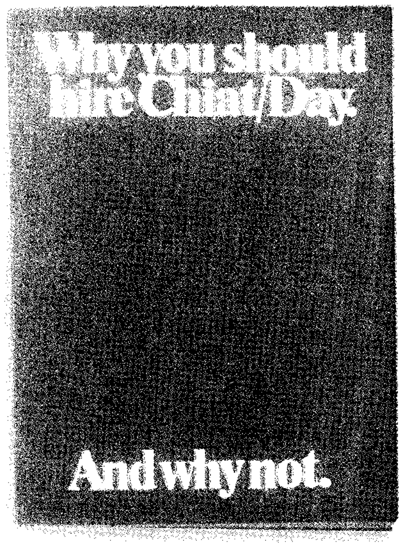
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 11: "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.
From June 12: "Atlantic City." (†)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 11: "Atlantic City." (†)
From June 12: To be announced.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Messidor" (Alain Tanner; in French).
Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel



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We're the second kind.

And what sets us apart is a deceptively simple manifesto:

The work comes first.

Not the balance sheet. Not the number of offices we have. Or any of the outward signs of success agencies get hung up on.

But the work.

That means "but the client signed off on it" is no excuse for a bad ad. That means "good enough" never is.

That means the pressure is often incredible.

So is the work.

Work that helped Yamaha earn four market share points in one year.

Work that's helped Pioneer dominate the car stereo market for the past six years.

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And we have.

Seven of our people are listed in Ad Day's Top 100 Creative People Poll. We've won more creative awards than any other agency within $100 million of us.

That's not good enough.

We expect our marketing, research and media people to be every bit as creative as the ones who write the words and draw the pictures.

Because any well-disciplined professional can arrive at the same facts, the same figures, the same demographic and psychographic profiles, the same you-name-it.

Who says creative has to be a department?

It takes a creative researcher to recognize when that odd bit of information doesn't just contribute to the creative solution, but actually *is* the creative solution.

It takes a creative media planner to know that when, where and how an ad is placed can be as much a part of the creative solution as the ad itself.

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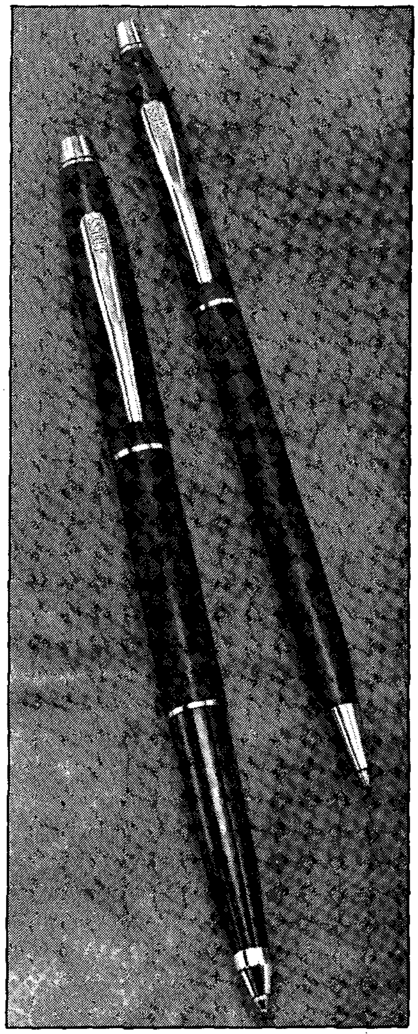

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☐Soft tip pen, #61581, 22.50
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☐*Pen and pencil set, #61583, 30.00*
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Signature ____________________
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bloomingdale's

Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. From June 19: "Coup de Sirocco" (Alexandre Arcady; in French).
Theatre 2: Through June 16: To be announced. From June 17: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Excalibur." (†) From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "Alligator" (Lewis Teague), with Robert Forster and Robin Riker. From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 11: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 12: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Theatre 2: "The Haunting of Julia" (1977; Richard Loncraine), with Mia Farrow and Keir Dullea.

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Melvin and Howard" (†); and "The Mirror Crack'd" (Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple. June 12-18: "The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong). From June 19: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) June 12-16: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold; and "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From June 17. Theatre temporarily closed.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.
Theatre 3: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
Theatre 4: Through June 11: "Atlantic City." (†) From June 12: To be announced.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through June 11: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).
June 12-18: "Firecracker" (Cirio Santiago), with Jillian Kessner.
From June 19: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through June 11: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
From June 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore. From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "Alligator" (Lewis Teague), with Robert Forster and Robin Riker. From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud. From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 12: The 1981 Women's Independent Film Festival; call theatre for schedule.
June 13: "Joseph Andrews" (1978; directed by Tony Richardson), with Ann-Margret, Peter Firth, and Beryl Reid; and "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans.
June 14: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers." (†)
June 15: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
June 16: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Yojimbo." (†)
June 17: "The Old Gun" (1976; Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise.
June 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†); and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.
June 19: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
June 20: "Stardust Memories" (†); and "Manhattan" (1979), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 10: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
June 11: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini, in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
June 12: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).
June 13: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), *with Woody Allen.*
June 14: "Camelot" (1967; Joshua Logan), with Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Franco Nero.
June 15: "The Getting of Wisdom" (†); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
June 16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.
June 17 through the afternoon of June 18: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
From June 18 at 8:15: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 11: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux), both animated films.
June 12-13: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.
June 14-16: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse),

with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

June 17-18: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

June 19-20: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968, George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 16: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams. In 3-D.

From June 17: "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 13: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Dark Passage." (†)

June 14-16: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†) and "International House." (†)

June 17-20: "Pat and Mike" (†) and "Adam's Rib." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 13: "The Stunt Man" (†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" (1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi and Franco Nero.

June 14-16: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

June 17-20: "Limelight" (†); and "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 12: "Executive Suite" (1954; Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "To Please a Lady" (1950; Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck.

June 13-15: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan.

June 16-18: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Icy Breasts" (1975; Georges Lautner; in French), with Alain Delon and Mireille Darc.

From June 19: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Olympia Triplex I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through June 11: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian), and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

June 12-13: "Adam's Rib" (†) and "Pat and Mike." (†)

June 14-16: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

June 17-18: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.

June 19-20: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 13: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

June 14-15: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (†) and "They Might Be Giants." (†)

June 16-17: "Mark of the Vampire" (1935; Tod Browning), with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allen; and "Mad Love." (†)

June 18-20: "Dark Passage" (†) and "The Woman in the Window." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

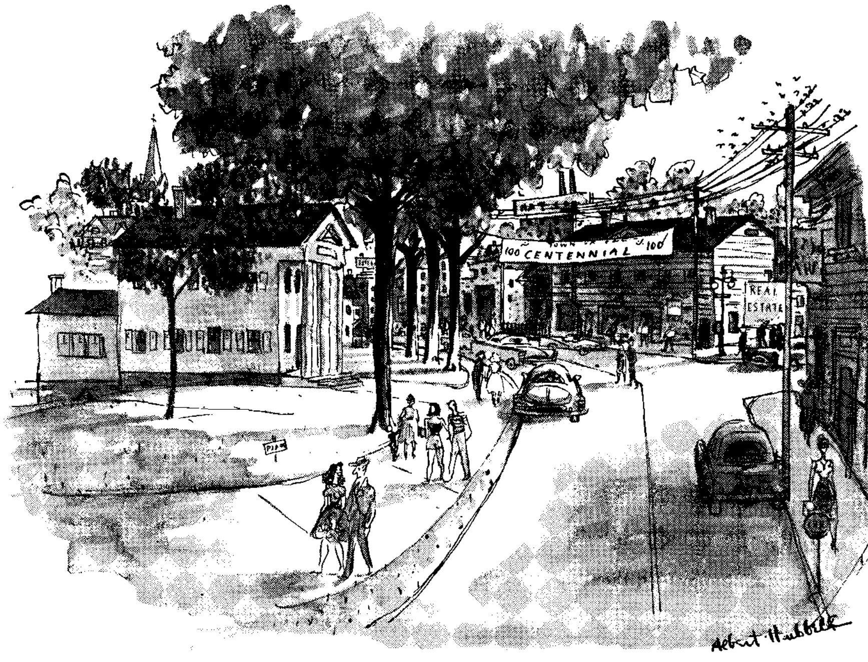
June 10: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward; and "Riot in Cell Block 11" (1954; Don Siegel), with Neville Brand, Leo Gordon, and Emile Meyer.

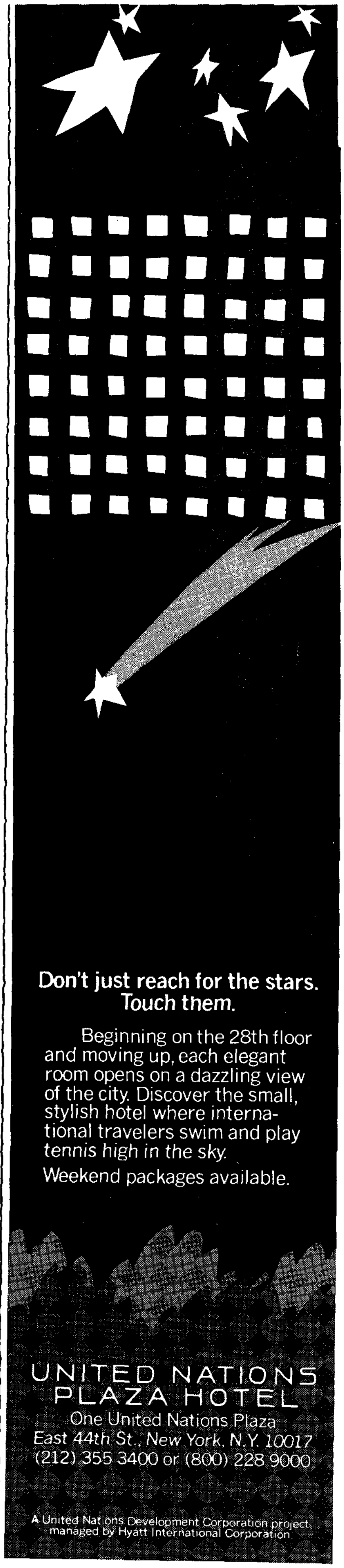
June 11: "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young; and "Lilly Turner" (1933; William Wellman), with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

June 12-13: "The Blockhouse" (1976; Clive Rees), with Peter Sellers and Charles Aznavour; and "Isadora Duncan" (1966; Ken Russell), with Vivian Pickles.

June 14: "The Great McGonagall" (†) and "The Magic Christian." (†)

June 15: "Undercovers Hero" (1975; Roy Boulting), with Peter Sellers; and "Never Let Go" (1963; John Guillermin), with

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June 16: "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970; Irving Rapper), with John Hansen; and "I Want What I Want" (1972; John Dexter), with Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews.

June 17: "A Delicate Balance" (1973; Tony Richardson), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

June 18: "The Oklahoma Kid" (†); and "The Little Giant" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor.

June 19-20: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard; and "Mr. Forbush & the Penguins" (1971; Al Viola), with John Hurt and Hayley Mills.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 10: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston; and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

June 11: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

June 12-13: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

June 14: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

June 15: "Waltz of the Toreadors" (1962; John Guillermin), with Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton, and Dany Robin; and "Two-Way Stretch." (†)

June 16: "The Goose and the Gander" (1935; Alfred E. Green), with Kay Francis, George Brent, and Genevieve Tobin; and "Stranded" (1935; Frank Borzage), with Kay Francis, George Brent, Patricia Ellis, and Donald Woods.

June 17: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

June 18: "The Girl from 10th Ave." (1935; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, and Colin Clive; and "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, and Ruth Donnelly.

June 19-20: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A program of films directed by Andrew Noren, all silent, and for adults only: June 11 at 6: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part IV" (1977). Mr. Noren will be present. . . . June 11 at 8: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part III" (1975). . . . June 12 at 2:30: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part II" (1973-74). . . . June 12 at 6 and June 13 at 5: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part I" (1967-68) and "The Wind Variations" (1968). . . . June 14 at 5: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part II." . . . June 15 at 2:30: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part III." . . . June 15 at 6: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part IV."

¶ A program of films directed by James Herbert, all silent, and for adults only: June 16 at 2:30: "Pluto" (1968), "Apalachee" (1974), and "Mars" (1979). . . . June 18 at 2:30: "January" (1973), "Plum" (1972), and "Glass" (1975). . . . June 18 at 6: "Fig" (1971), "Clove" (1977), and a 1981 work. Mr. Herbert will be present. . . . June 18 at 8 and June 19 at 2:30: "Porch Glider" (1970), "Three" (1974), and "Two Figures" (1980). . . . June 19 at 6: "Pear II" (1972) and "Silk" (1977). . . . June 20 at 5: "Pluto," "Apalachee," and "Mars."

¶ Other, somewhat less exotic, films scheduled during this period: June 11 at 2:30: "Pygmalion" (1938; directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . June 13 and 14 at noon: "Mysterious Island" (1961; Cy Endfield), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . June 13 at 2:30: "The Road to Life" (1931; Nikolai Ekk; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Batalov. . . . June 14 at 2:30: "Cavalcade" (1933; Frank Lloyd and William Cameron Menzies), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . June 15 and 16 at noon: Three short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . June 16 at 6: "Women of Hodson" (1980; Josephine Dean) and "All Your Parts Won't Wear Out at the Same Time" (1980; Furman York), both documentary films. . . . June 20 at noon: "First Men in the Moon" (1964; Nathan Juran), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . June 20 at 2:30: "Torment" (1944; Alf Sjöberg; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Alf Kjellin, Stig Jarrel, and Mai Zetterling. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through June 18: "The Head of the Dragon" (1981; Francesc Torres). Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—June 10 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Shades and Drumbeats" (1964; Andrew Meyer) and "Kidnapped" (1978; Eric Mitchell). . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: A program of five films by Piero Heliczer. . . . ¶ June 11 at 10: "G-Man" (1978), "Black Box" (1978), and "Letters to Dad" (1979), all directed by Beth B. and Scott B. . . . ¶ June 12 at 8: A program of films by Joe Gibbons, Greg Sharits, and Willie Varela. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2: A video program by El Hortleano and Merrill Aldighieri. . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: A program of four films by Joe Gibbons. . . . ¶ June 14 at 7: A program of films by Diana Barrie, Renata Breth, Phil Weisman, and William Scaff. . . . ¶ June 14 at 9: "The Hobo and the Circus" (1960) and "Passion in a Seaside Slum" (1960), both directed by Bob Chatterton, with Taylor Mead; and "Sleepless Nights" (1979; Becky Johnston). . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: A program of four films by Joe Gibbons. . . . ¶ June 18 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: A program of films by Barrie, Breth, Weisman, and Scaff. . . . ¶ June 18 at 10: A program of films by Gibbons, Sharits, and Varela. . . . ¶ June 19 at 8: Five 1976 films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 19 at 10: Eight 1976 films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 20 at 8: A program of home movies.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer-neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Olympia Triplex 1; June 12-13. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 17-20.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3/79.) (86th St. East; June 12-18.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews New York, Paramount, and Embassy; through June 11. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting June 12.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The

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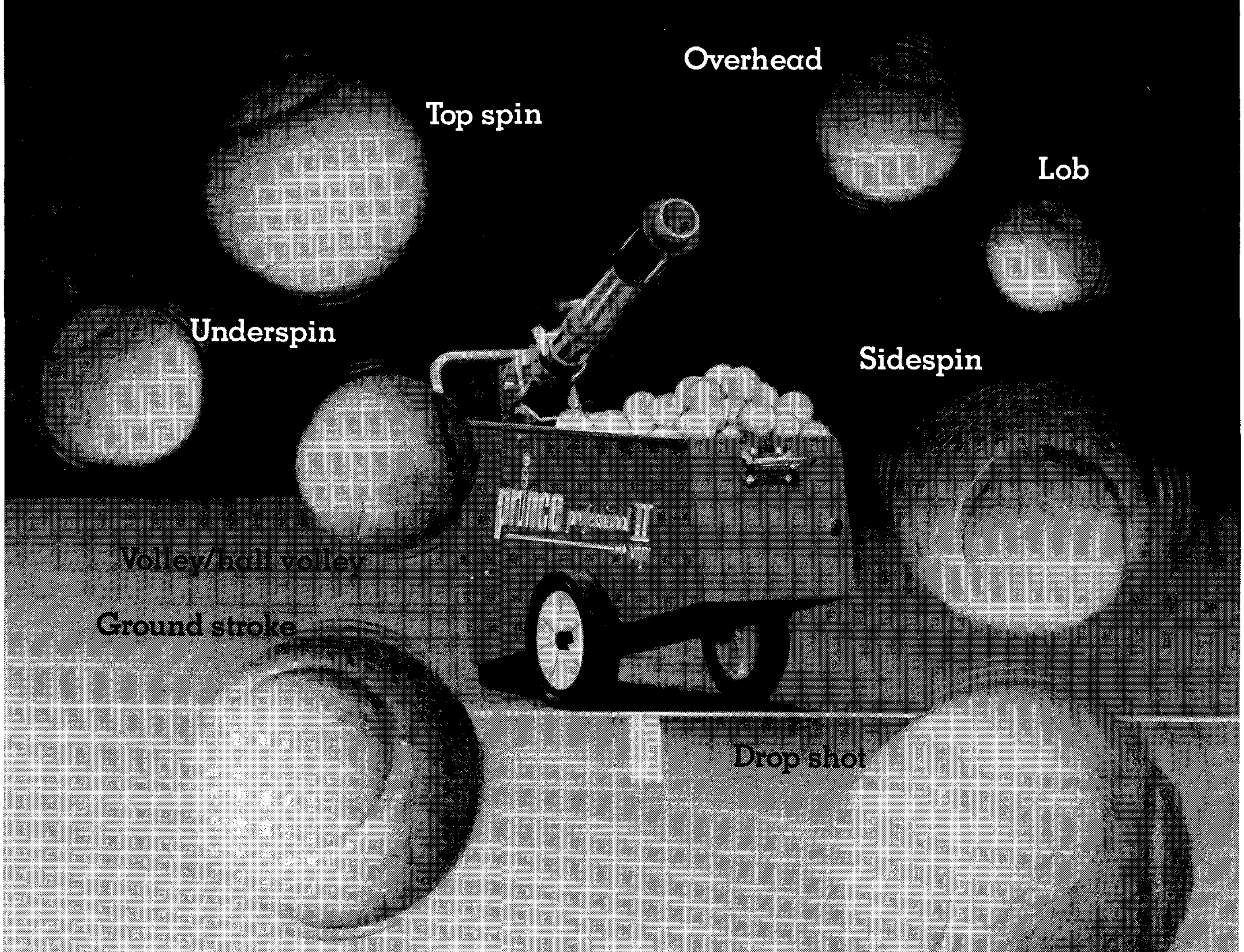
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film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Olympia Triplex; June 12-18. . . . ¶ Gemini, and U. A. East; starting June 12.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. *(3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse. . . .* ¶ Murray Hill, and Olympia Triplex; through June 11.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and *exacting German professor who set out to* make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. Along the way, Alex has been set apart as the hero by making his victims less human than he; the picture plays with violence in an *intellectually seductive way*—*Alex's victims* are twisted and incapable of suffering. Kubrick carefully estranges us from these victims so that we can *enjoy* the rapes and beatings. Alex alone suffers. And how he suffers! He's a male Little Nell—screaming in a straitjacket during the brainwashing; sweet and helpless when rejected by his parents; alone, weeping, on a bridge; beaten, bleeding, lost in a rainstorm; pounding his head on a floor and crying for death. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (Harold Clurman; June 10-11.)

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Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century, where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In *Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)*

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; through June 13. . . . ¶ Regency; June 18-20.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotić, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 16.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Manhattan, 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd *Quad; through June 11.)*

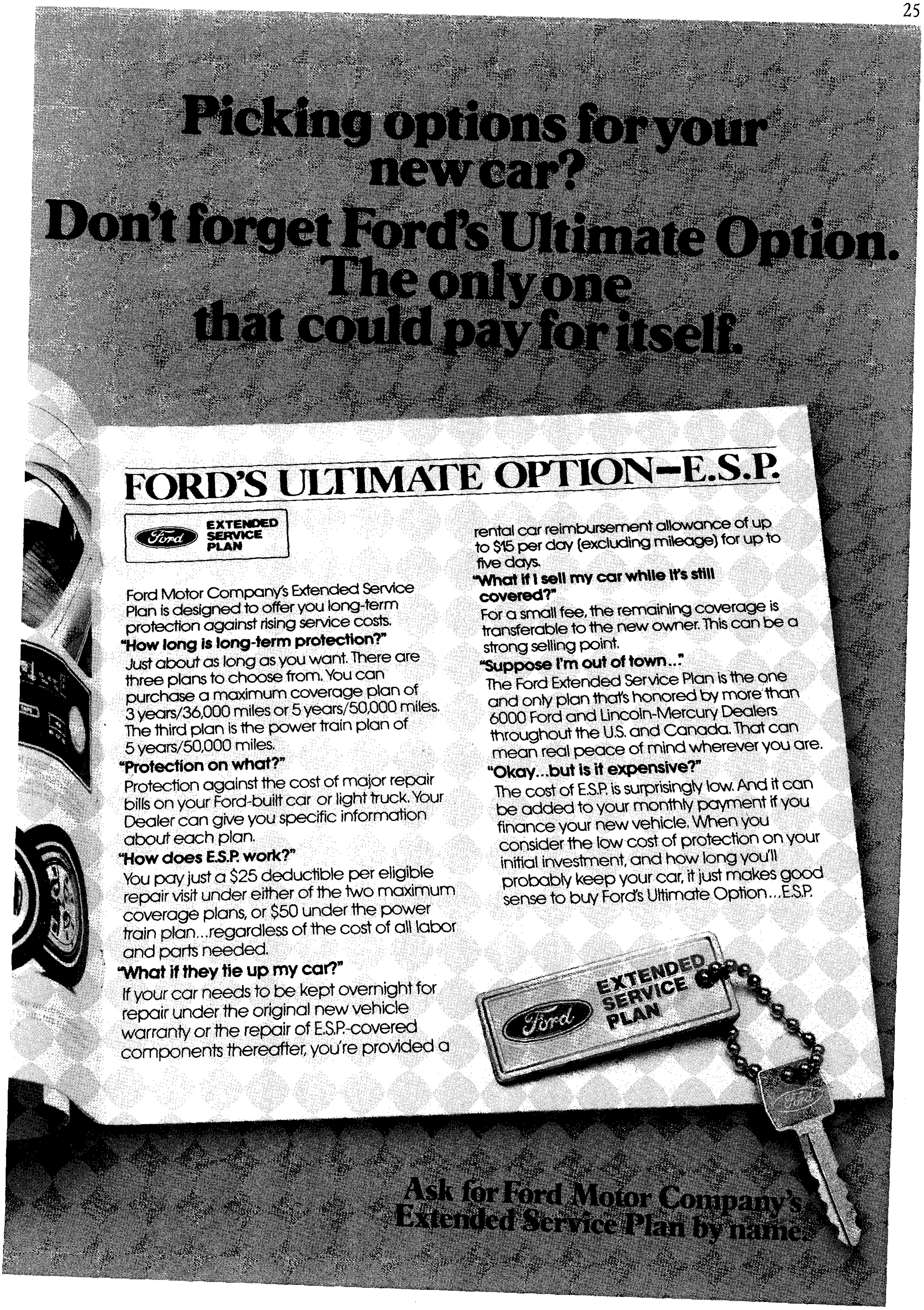
Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Beekman; through June 11. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting June 12.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Manhattan.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an *Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for* the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the backcountry who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a *muckraking exposé of the Victorian education* of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

The Gracie Allen Murder Case (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version, and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, and William Demarest. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 14-16.)

The Great McGonagall (1975)—A surreal and idiosyncratic homage to the unemployed Scottish weaver who lived and wrote his joyfully lousy verses in the Victorian period and was quite possibly the world's most rotten poet. The film is a triumph of chaos. Spike Milligan is McGonagall, Peter Sellers is



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Queen Victoria—both of the late, great BBC "Goon Show," the forerunner of Monty Python. (Thalia; June 14.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata) and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 14-16.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin, and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual ticktock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was tidied up and sanitized. (Filmed in 3-D and shown that way on this occasion.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 17.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 18.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 17-20.)

Mad Love (1935)—Karl Freund, the famous UFA cinematographer, directed this version of the horror story "The Hands of Orlac" for M-G-M, starring Peter Lorre, with Gregg Toland (who was later to shoot "Citizen Kane") in the camera crew. Freund's direction is disappointingly static, but the film has a distinctive Grand Guignol style, and it's of considerable visual and historical interest. Peter Lorre's mad doctor (who grafts the hands of a knife-wielding murderer onto the sensitive pianist, Orlac, played by Colin Clive) might almost be an early sketch for Orson Welles' performance as the elderly Kane; the gothic sets of the two pictures have many similarities, and a white cockatoo turns up in both of them. With Frances Drake, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Edward Brophy, Sara Haden, Keye Luke, Cora Sue Collins, Henry Kolker, and Harold Huber. Guy Endore, John L. Balderston, and P. J. Wolfson adapted the Maurice Renard novel, which Robert Wiene filmed as a silent in Germany, with Conrad Veidt as Orlac. (Regency; June 16-17.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Thalia; June 14.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Triplex; through June 11.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous, and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews. Her two big numbers ("But the World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema I; starting June 19.)

The Oklahoma Kid (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. With Rosemary Lane, Donald Crisp, Harvey Stephens, Charles Middleton, Edward Pawley, and Ward Bond. Directed by Lloyd Bacon; cinematography by James Wong Howe; music by Max Steiner. (Thalia; June 18.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy here play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-round athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Olympia Triplex 1; June 12-13. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 17-20.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—With Harrison Ford and Karen Allen, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Coronet, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting June 12.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (1976)—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Professor Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-

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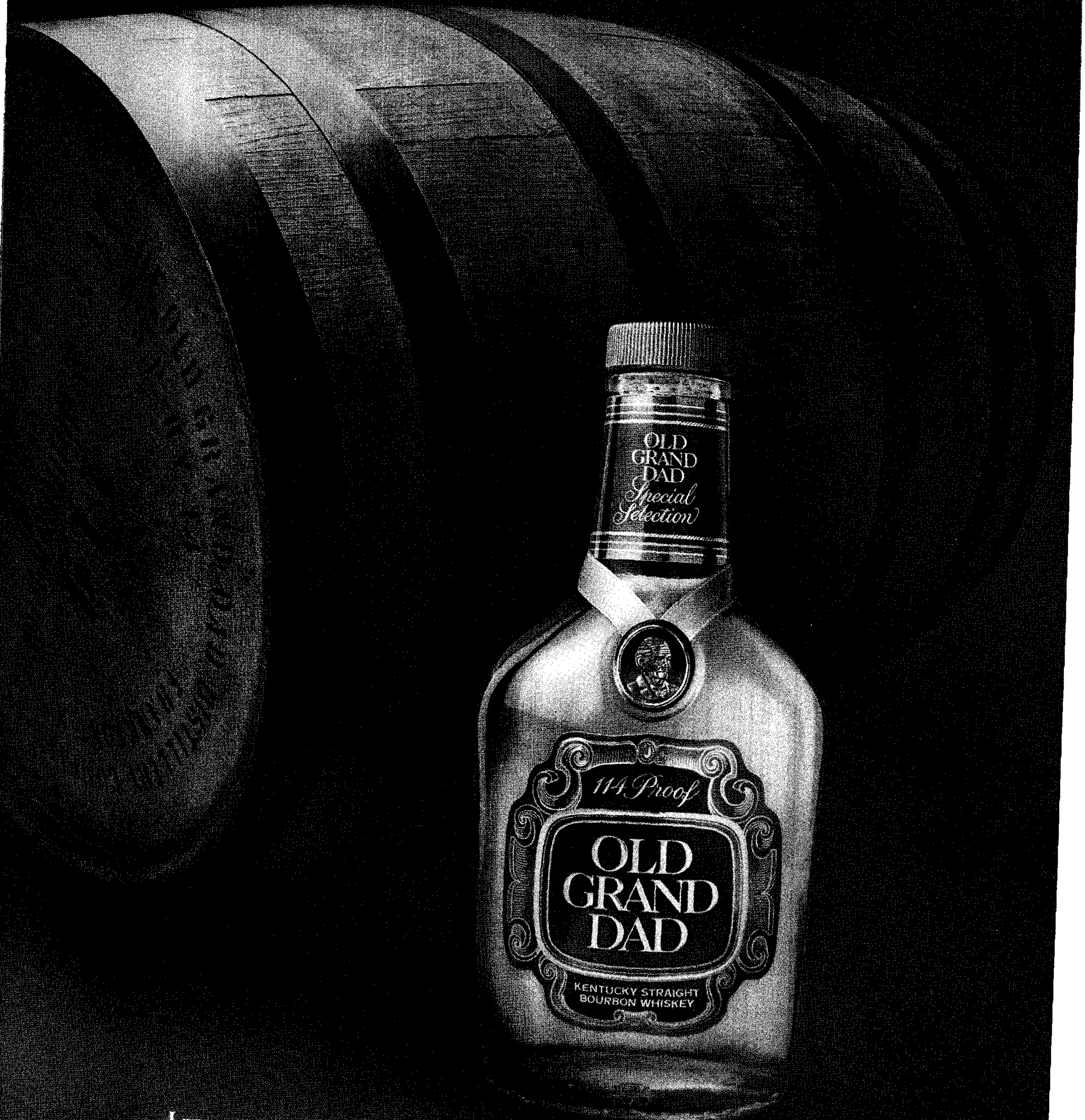
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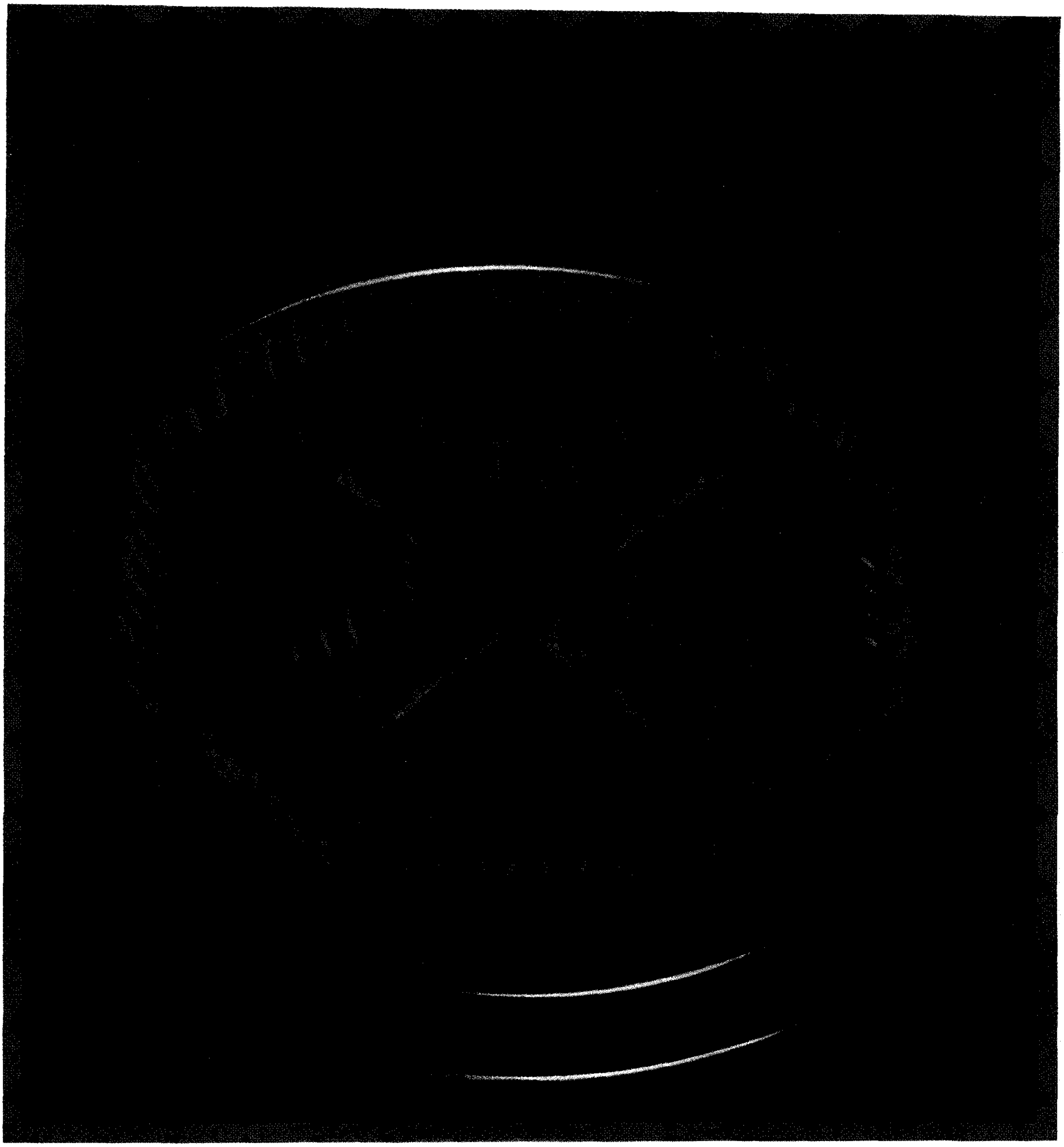

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seller; Herbert Ross directed. (Regency; June 14-15.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 20.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies: Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Beekman; through June 11. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through June 13. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting June 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 19.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Baronet; through June 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 12.)

They Might Be Giants (1971)—George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward in a seventies attempt at an imaginative, lunatic comedy, like the Frank Capra romances of the thirties. Scott plays a widowed former judge who is in danger of being sent to a loony bin because of his belief that he is Sherlock Holmes; Woodward is the doctor asked to certify him insane—and her name is Dr. Watson. Scott does his damnedest, but the whimsical plot goes to pieces; studio interference, via cutting and a prologue and an epilogue, certainly doesn't help. Anthony Harvey directed, from James Goldman's script. With Jack Gilford, Rue McClanahan, Kitty Winn, Lester Rawlins, and, in a bit, F. Murray Abraham. (Regency; June 14-15.)

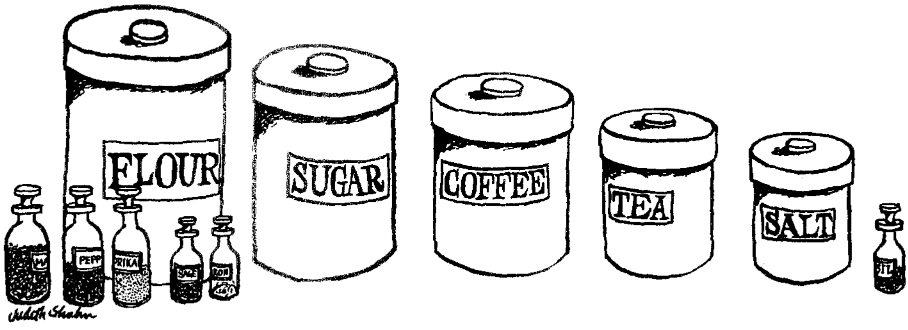
This Is Elvis—A mixture of footage of Presley himself (seen in films, concert clips, TV kinescopes, newsreels, and home movies) and material that Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt have written and directed, with four actors impersonating Presley at periods of his life that weren't recorded on film, and with the voice of a fifth actor to impersonate him as a narrator. What the actors dish up is a batch of inanities, generalities, and—arguably—fabrications. It doesn't add to the powerful images of Presley—it takes away. But it's still overwhelming to see a life spread out on film—especially the life of someone who peaked a couple years after finishing high school, when he still had the look of a white-trash schoolboy sheik. Presley showed the strength to peak again when he quit Hollywood, and then just slid. The film is hair-raising because of what Elvis turns into. (6/1/81) (Sutton; through June 11.)

Two-Way Stretch (1961)—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde-White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbens. Directed by Robert Day. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Harold Clurman; June 10.)

The Woman in the Window (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson produced, and adapted J. H. Wallis's novel, "Once Off Guard." With Dorothy Peterson and Bobby Blake. Cinematography by Milton Krasner. (Regency; June 18-20.)

Yojimbo (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When *our* Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the right side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)



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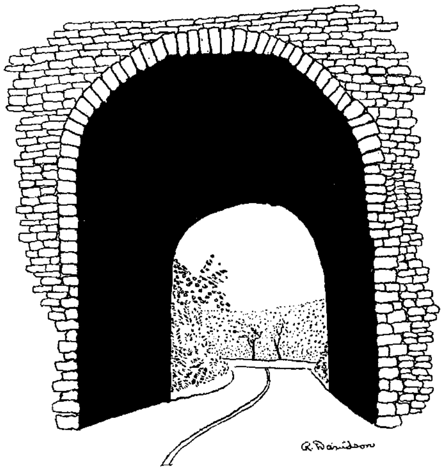
THE NEW YORKER

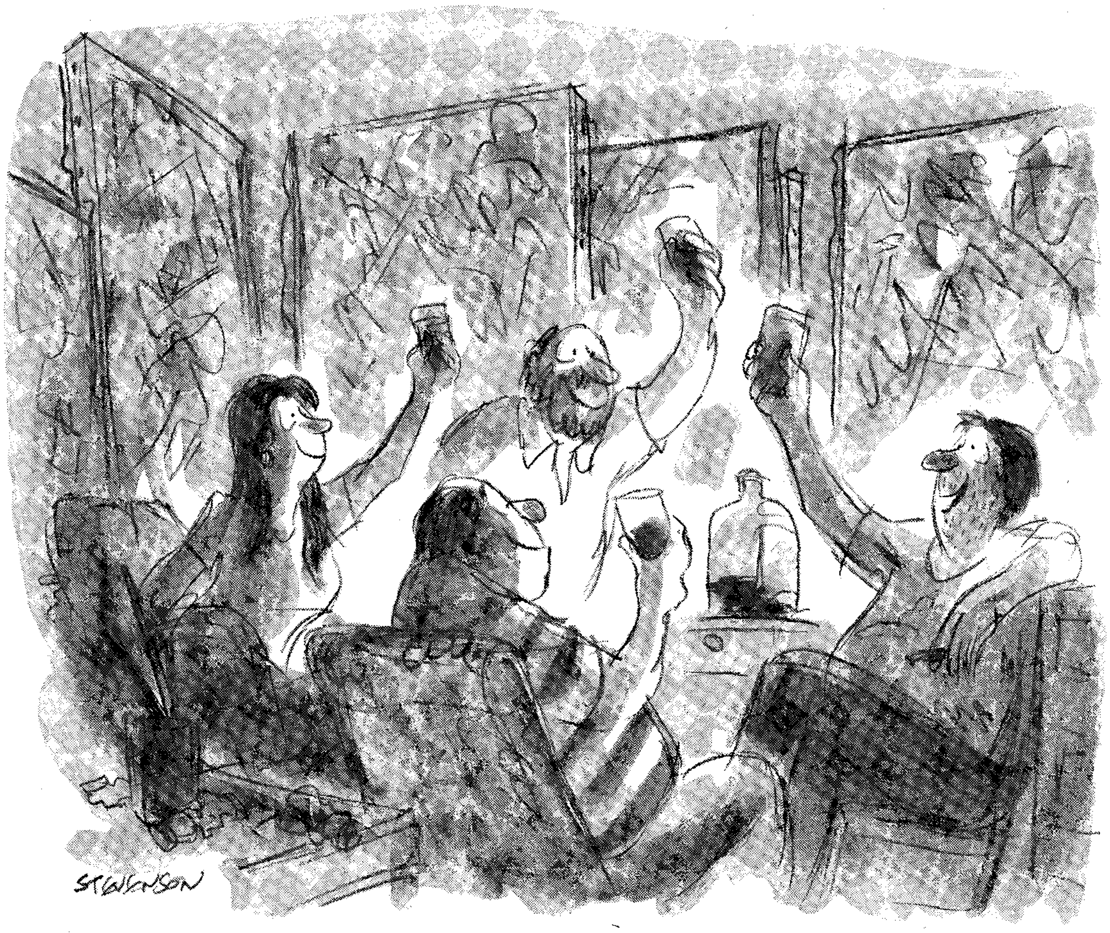
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the pianist Mary Lou Williams died, at the end of May, she was an artist-in-residence at Duke University. Teaching her beloved music to the young was a fitting way for her to end her life (she was seventy-one), but then she had always had the knack of being in the right place at the right time. In the mid-twenties, she sat in for a week with the neophyte Duke Ellington band in New York. During the thirties, she was the pianist and chief arranger for Andy Kirk, whose band was excelled only by those of Ellington and Count Basie and Jimmy Lunceford. When the Kirk band was in New York, she would look up the great guitarist Charlie Christian, who had joined Benny Goodman at her behest. "We'd go to a basement room in the Dewey Square Hotel, usually around ten in the morning, and sometimes we'd jam, just the two of us, until eleven at night," she once said of these magical meetings. "It smelled down there and the rats ran over our feet and only ten keys on the piano played, but we didn't pay any attention. All those little figures that later became the famous riff numbers that Goodman recorded would come out, and after we'd played a couple of hours he'd put down his pick and play classical guitar and things like 'Rhapsody in Blue.' It was beautiful." And when Kirk was in Cleveland she'd hang out with Art Tatum. "We played pinball in the afternoons," she recalled. "And at night we went to Val's, a little after-hours place, where we sometimes stayed until eleven in the morning. Tatum taught me how to hit my notes, how to control them without using pedals. And he showed me how to keep my fingers flat on the keys to get that clean tone." In 1942, Mary Lou Williams became one of the brilliant group of singers, dancers, musicians, and comedians (Billie Holiday, Jack Gilford, Teddy Wilson, Josh White, Pearl Primus) who travelled back and forth between Barney Josephson's two Café Societys. At the same time, bebop was taking hold, and one of its outposts was her apartment, a small one on Hamilton Terrace, near 144th Street: day or night, Thelonious Monk or Dizzy Gillespie or Charlie Parker would stop by to try out new ideas on her. She was a trim and original arranger, somewhat in the mode of Benny Carter, and all through these years she wrote first-class arrangements for Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, and the Dorseys. In the fifties, she went through a time of apathy and indecision, which ended when she went into the Catholic Church. The Church, in the person of a young, tireless Jesuit named Peter O'Brien, sustained her, and she, by simply being herself and by writing and performing musical Masses, sustained the Church. In the spring of 1977, still at the very center of things, she played in Carnegie Hall with the avant-garde pianist Cecil Taylor. Oil and water don't mix, but they set each other off: her classicism contained his rococo fury, which celebrated her classicism.



Mary Lou Williams' personal life was largely bare. She was born Mary Elfrieda Scruggs in Atlanta and was raised in Pittsburgh by her mother, a sister, and a stepbrother. She began playing the piano at six and went on the road in her mid-teens. She was married twice, but her lasting unions were with her music and the Church. She was an elusive pianist, a styleless pianist, who was a catalyst, a refractor, a mirror. She kept summing up the music around her by distilling the best of it and offering it in a swinging, direct manner—the same manner in which she offered herself. She was a pretty, dark woman with an Ipana smile and an irrepressible, tumbling laugh. She talked fast, and she liked to punctuate her listener's replies with "Uh-huh. That's right, that's right." She parted her hair on the side, débutante fashion, and she indulged in expensive navy-blue gowns. She rotated her head counterclockwise when she played, and sat very straight, her flat hands smoothing the keys. She never considered herself a feminist or a racial reformer, but by becoming a champion musician who happened to be female and black she broke down more barriers than most professional crusaders. During the last twenty-five years of her life, she worked hard to free musicians hobbled by drink or drugs. She gave benefit concerts and started thrift shops, but somehow the concerts usually cost more than they brought in, and the thrift shops—stocked with Louis Armstrong's shirts and Duke Ellington's shoes—were closed more than they were open. She hated musical cant, and she found it everywhere as she grew older. (She



"Here's to the greatest goddam foundation in the history of foundations—the MacArthur Foundation, or whatever the hell it's called!"

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wrote a tune in the sixties called "A Fungus Amungus.") She fought it head-on by playing and playing in her hard, truthful, visionary way. So she shored us all up.

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Solidarity in New York

FOR almost a year now, the Solidarity independent trade-union movement has swept through Poland—and, in a way, through the world—like a cleansing gale, and for a few moments last week a breath of that fresh air circulated in New York, when, after spending a week in Washington, the first official delegation of Solidarity to visit the United States arrived in our city, as guests of the Twenty-fifth World Congress of the International Metalworkers Federation—a labor organization that includes a hundred and sixty industrial unions in the non-Communist world. It has often seemed to us that in Poland—a country where nothing for the last year or so has been predictable according to any political rules that we know of—millions of individual people, acting together but without any particular plan or blueprint, have begun to build a new society, brick by brick, starting right where each of them already was, whether in the factory, in the school, in the office, or in the home, and to do it without first dismantling the old society, as though one were to build a new building inside the one that was already there. By forgoing any rhetorical fanfare and simply starting to do what they wanted to do and living the way they wanted to live, they, of course, lessened the danger of intervention by their "friend" the Soviet Union and they also kept the peace among themselves.

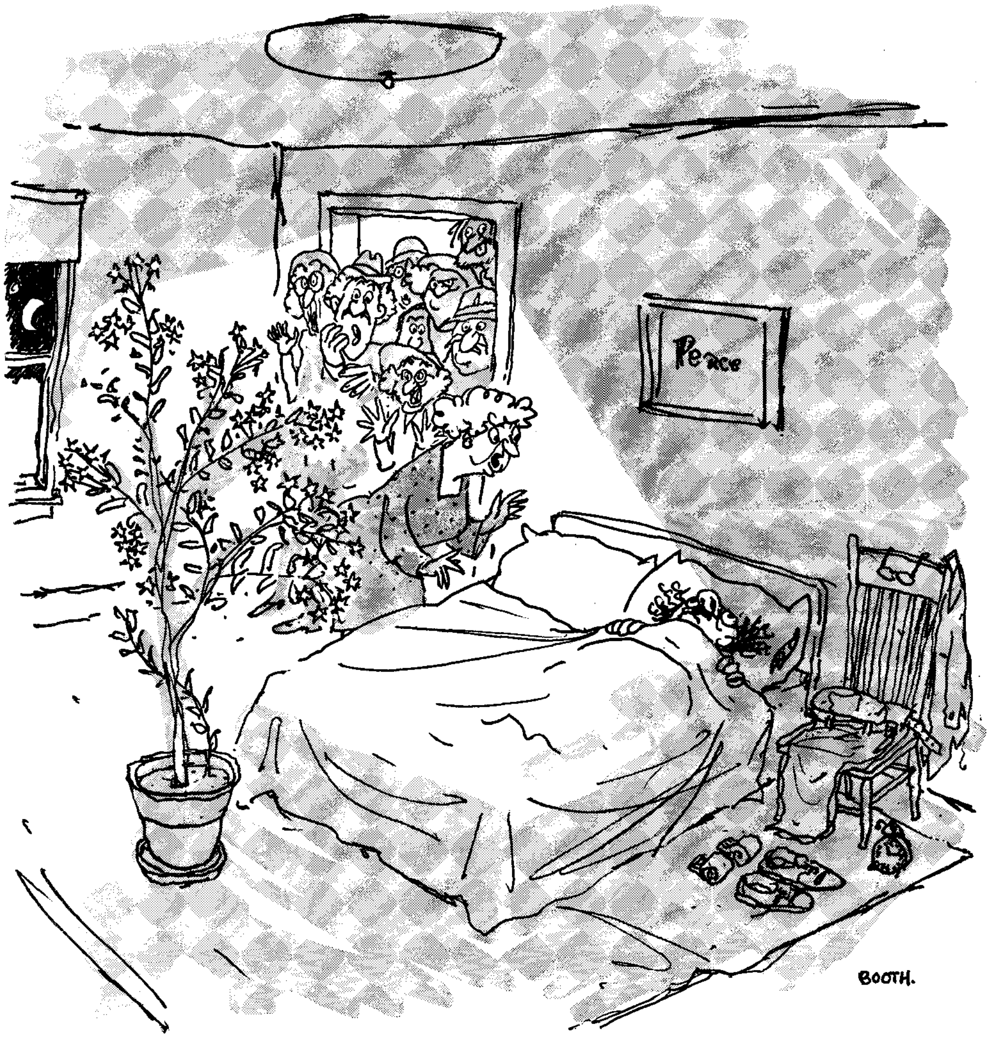
There were four people in the delegation: Anna Maksymiuk, a slender, blond young woman with delicate features, who is a former schoolteacher, and who, because she speaks excellent, idiomatic English, was serving as interpreter for the delegation; Mieczyslaw Gil, a tall, big-boned man, age thirty-eight, with an air of calm-in-the-midst-of-turbulence, who looks like the steelworker that he was for thirteen years, and who today is president of the Solidarity branch at the Lenin Steel Works, in Krakow, is regional president of Krakow Solidarity, which has seven hundred and fifty thousand members, and is a member of the National Coördinating Commission of Solidarity, which is the organization's supreme council; Jacek Kurczewski, a slight, alert, refined-looking young man with chiselled features in a small, triangular face, who teaches sociology at Warsaw University, and who, as one of twenty-five official advisers to the National Coördinating Commission, now finds himself drafting proposals for laws on the regulation of censorship, among other matters of importance; and Zbigniew Przydzial, a quiet man, fifty-eight years old, with a warm smile that often breaks through an otherwise shy manner, who has worked all his life in the boat yards on the Oder River, in the city of Wroclaw, and is now secretary of Solidarity's factory council for his boat yard, and also regional representative in the National Coördinating Commission.

The delegation arrived in New York at eight in the evening and left for Warsaw at seven the next evening. We had the privilege of accompanying them in the city during a good part of their visit. At ten o'clock on the night of their arrival, exhausted as they were from their time in Washington, Mr. Kurczewski went off to attend an American party, and Miss Maksymiuk, Mr. Gil, and Mr. Przydzial set out by car (driven by an American friend) from the Algonquin Hotel, where they were staying, on a highly compressed tour of Manhattan, which happened that evening to be enveloped in a warm fog. (The choice of hotel had been made by their guide, a young Englishman with literary interests.) They drove through Times Square, where, to their considerable astonishment, they saw a mounted policeman gallop along a sidewalk to assist fellow-officers in a squad car with flashing lights; they walked for five minutes in Battery Park, where, through the fog, they dimly saw the hand of the Statue of Liberty, lighted by her own torch (they had specifically asked to see her); they walked—looking somewhat dazed—through the carnival games, the booths selling Italian foods of every description, and the deafening rock music of the St. Anthony's Festival in Little Italy; they had a drink at Bradley's, where Miss Maksymiuk defended Solidarity against charges of insufficient feminism levelled by a middle-aged woman at the bar; they stared at the glass buildings rising into the darkness and fog on Park Avenue in the Forties; and, at 2:30 A.M., at the request of Mr. Przydzial, they drove across the Queensboro Bridge and back.

The next morning—a hot, misty one—we joined the delegation at breakfast in the softly lit, dark-wood-panelled Oak Room of the Algonquin. As visitors to our city go, the delegates were slightly abstracted. We felt that although they were physically here, they had never quite left Poland—that, in fact, at this moment they were incapable of leaving Poland, wherever they might travel. Like many people who have given themselves over to a faith or a cause that is larger than they are, and whose lives have been filled with meaning by that cause and also overturned and whirled off in unexpected directions by it, they seemed immersed in their preoccupation; and anything not connected with it—in this case, New York City—appeared to be somewhat unreal to them. (We must admit that while we accompanied them, and shared for a while in the compelling idealistic atmosphere of contemporary Poland, New York became a little bit unreal to us, too.) As we greeted them, they had an air of gravity and modesty, but as soon as the conversation turned to Poland they spoke with a passionate intensity.

The very presence of Mr. Gil and Mr. Przydzial in the delegation—two factory workers who in the space of less than a year had been catapulted into positions of immense responsibility in the life of their country—struck us as one of the innumerable historical novelties of the Polish situation, and we asked Mr. Gil (who, in spite of the heat outside, was wearing a warm-looking woolly suit) to tell us something about the history of his participation in Solidarity.

"For some years, I had been disturbed by the social and economic developments in our country," he told us, in a deep, firm voice, in Polish—interpreted for us by Miss Maksymiuk. "In the economy, the decisions were uncoördinated, taken without regard for economic effect. This might seem surprising in our centralized economy, but part of the problem lay just there. The decisions were made from the top down, by people with unlimited authority, and these decisions were often arbitrary or corrupt. Starting a year or so before Solidarity was founded, I wrote about individual cases for the newspaper in the Lenin Steel Works: once, I wrote about a worker who was fired because he raised his voice to disagree with a manager; another time, I wrote a story, called 'Inconvenient,' about a woman who was fired from her job as manager of a grocery shop because she refused to participate in the general corruption, and after the article was published she was returned to her job. We had a great deal of trouble with the censorship, but soon people began to come to the newspaper seeking redress for their grievances. Long lines began to form at our door. From this experience, I learned that the thousands of individual cases were in fact only parts of one huge case, and I realized that the system had to be transformed. When the strike broke out last August in the Gdansk shipyards, I was on vacation in the forest—eating wild mushrooms, catching fish, getting close to nature—and I imme-



"Ernie, Bernard, and Lou Ella Grosbeck are here with Professor Hankins and some horticulture people. Professor Hankins and the horticulture people have never seen a night-blooming jasmine."

diately drove six hundred kilometres back to the Lenin Steel Works. It's part of my nature that when I get involved in something I have to throw myself into it completely, with all my emotion and energy."

As Mr. Gil talked, he warmed to his subject, and now he spoke with strong emphasis and vigorous gestures. "As soon as it started, I felt that the moment had come for the country to do something big—something great," he said. "I felt that it had to go forward, that we had to succeed. There was a new generation that was not weighed down by the burdens of the past—the war, the unsuccessful reforms after the war. It saw only the present, and what was wrong, and what had to be done. This new, young generation had the *social* point of view—it saw the society and the problems of the society as a whole."

We asked Mr. Gil how his time was occupied now, as president of Solidarity for the Krakow region.

He threw up his hands in helplessness to know where to begin, and, for the first time, permitted himself to smile. "It goes on twenty-four hours a day," he said. "First, there are the endless individual cases. For example, recently a manager of a factory had to be removed. The work crew found him unacceptable—he was a corrupt man, and everybody there knew it. So we checked up on the charges and learned that they were true. But the authorities defended him, so there had to be negotiations, and a great deal of effort was expended before he could be thrown out. There are also attempts to break the unity of our movement. Not long ago, the authorities gave one group of workers certain benefits—certain coupons for buying television sets, and so on—that other workers were not given, in an effort to divide us. We took the position that such activity should not take place, and persuaded the workers to give their coupons and the other things back. All this time, we are meeting and negotiating constantly with the authorities, on the local and national level, formulating our demands and pressing for their acceptance. Then, there are the organizational problems. There are three thousand factories in the Krakow region. It's not easy to coördinate them. In disseminating information, for example, we have established the A-B-C system. The A factories get the information from other regions, and they pass it along to the B factories, which then pass it along to the C factories. I can tell you that this works very well." Mr. Gil smiled with satisfaction.

Ever since Solidarity was founded, we had noticed the extraordinary coöperation in it between intellectuals and workers, and we asked Mr. Gil about this aspect of the movement.

"The intellectuals have been deeply involved," he said. "I have come to know a large number of them myself, and many of them are *wonderful* people. The only problem is that sometimes they don't know how to communicate; sometimes they don't know how to *get things across*. They have profound knowledge, which has been essential to Solidarity, but they find it hard to make their ideas known to the workers, who have a sometimes simple but very concrete view of things."

Mr. Kurczewski, the sociologist, nodded in agreement. "In objective terms," he said, in English, "the basic conflict with the state was the same: both intellectuals and workers suffered from censorship, arbitrary decision-making, lack of free expression, lack of contact with foreign countries. It took a while for the two groups to recognize the similarity of their predicaments, but when they did they joined forces."

To this, Mr. Przydzial, the boatyard worker, added, "The state deliberately created an artificial split. They said things to the workers like 'You are working to support those who don't work,' so that we failed to see that we had common aspirations."

When breakfast was over, the members of the delegation were allowed some time to return to their rooms and get ready to go out, but Mr. Kurczewski stayed in the hotel lobby, so we joined him and asked if he would tell us some of his thoughts about the Solidarity movement. Mr. Kurczewski was clearly on the intellectual side of the worker-intellectual classification, and we found that he had a more discursive manner of speaking and a more detached air than Mr. Gil.

"People may find Solidarity confusing because it does not conform to the Marxist sociological model or general theory of revolution," he said. "Rather, it corresponds to the Tocquevillean notion that revolutions may occur at a time of rising expectations. In the early nineteen-seventies, there was something of an economic boom. In the mid-seventies, the boom collapsed. Everyone was told by the controlled media that things were still improving, but individually it was not so. Oddly, the great snowstorm of 1979 was an important symbolic event. Everyone thought, Surely, in our centralized economy, something *will* be done. But it was not, and this made the inadequacy of the whole system extremely obvious. Next came the visit of the Pope. Millions of people came out into the streets and saw one another, and saw how many they were. They saw that there was no riot, no disorder, and realized that they could organize peacefully."

We hazarded the observation that the present government, of Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski, seemed to receive little support from the people.

"Actually, the formation of the new government met with a good deal of approval among the people," he replied, and he went on to describe a few of the surprising twists and turns that the political situation in Poland had taken. "The National Public Opinion Center, whose results used to be secret but are now open, showed that the majority approves of the new government. The same survey showed that the vast majority favors the program of Solidarity, so we have reason to believe that the figures are correct. At present, the government is actually seeking to give greater responsibility to Solidarity in the economic area; but some in Solidarity are afraid. They fear that Solidarity will lose its independence as a *critic* of government if it participates too much in governing. People in the West often suppose that Solidarity wants to become a political party, but this is a misperception. It can't help being involved in political life, but it works basically not on the political level but on the social level. Through it, one level, the social, speaks to another, the political. There really is a new country coming into being. People everywhere are acting in a different way. Let me tell you what happened in my Sociology Department at the university. We members deposed the department head—or, I should say, we created a situation in which he decided he wanted to resign. Now we elect the chairman, with all parts of the department, including students, participating. It is all open, and no one is afraid. There are no hidden maneuvers. The former head of the department is still there. He has not

"Could we have a soupçon of Debussy?"

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changed his views, and we still argue with him; but now he's simply outvoted. That's the way it is all over Poland."

We asked how the Poles had managed to preserve the notable nonviolence of their movement.

"People just don't want violence," Mr. Kurczewski answered. "They want Solidarity and the government to arrive at agreements. Not all change has to be violent. Think of the Glorious Revolution in England, which was brought about in the first place largely by political and social means. And that's what glorious should mean—without violence."

After a morning of more hectic tourism—shopping at Macy's; an unsuccessful attempt to buy women's shoes but the successful purchase of Statue of Liberty souvenirs in shops on Thirty-fourth Street; a trip to the top of the Empire State Building, to get one big look at the city they had had so little time to see on the ground—the delegation settled in for lunch at the Trattoria, on Forty-fifth Street, near Grand Central Station, and we took the opportunity to ask Mr. Przydzial what had inspired him to take an active role in Solidarity.

Mr. Przydzial was usually the quietest of the delegates, but now he spoke with the greatest intensity of any of them. Like Mr. Gil, he was occupied with the infinite details of the new life that he and other Poles were inventing for themselves, but his words seemed to flow from an unshakable inner conviction. Miss Maksymiuk again interpreted. "I am of an older generation, and so have a slightly different view from Gil," he said. "My generation can remember the years before the war, when things were better, and we also remember the years just after the war, when people's hopes were raised by the great ideals of Socialism. Before long, we saw that things were not right. The history of Poland was distorted in the schools; the government asked the people to believe obviously false propaganda. Crosses were taken away from public places. And then there was the fraud and the corruption. But the worst thing of all was that everyone began to get used to it. 'He's got a lot of initiative,' they would say about someone who had a great house that he could not possibly have bought with his salary. The idea of honesty became 'controversial.' Controversial! This life was *not real, not true*. We could not stand to live this way any longer. The whole society was tired. People voted without even knowing whom they were choosing; they just threw their ballots into the box without looking, afraid that they would get into trouble if they didn't vote. The managers got bigger and bigger offices for themselves. One manager made all the workers wash themselves before he would permit them to come into his office. Another would not let workers under the bus shelter with him. These are not fairy stories!"

We asked Mr. Przydzial what his activities in Solidarity consisted of now.

"This may be minor," he said, "but on Women's Day I took flowers and gifts to all the women in the factory who were sick and could not be at the factory. I like to go to the mountains, and so I have organized several trips there for the workers. For many people, it's important to have an organized trip—especially if they work at heavy machines all day. Solidarity's activities also include turning official buildings into kindergarten and health facilities. We do a study showing that there are too few bureaucrats in a particular building to justify their using it, so they have to leave. But these aren't the most important things. The most important things are honest elections, and sound laws to permit union activity. We're establishing laws that *everyone* has to obey, and we're calling people to account, from Prime Ministers on down. It's worth living just to see it."

BOSS

I

ON the way home, Marian stopped to see Boss. Walking, she said, "Going to see Boss. Must see Boss." Her concern for Boss was pure. Only at the place where her concern for Boss overlapped her concern for the condition of her office skills was there any touch of selfishness. She reached the big house belonging to Boss. It began to rain. She did not ring the bell. She waited.

Marian and Boss were friends. It happened one night when there was great pressure of work. She stayed. Boss was putting it through. Marian stayed. Later, he looked up, right at her.

Inside the house, Haley and Tim got nervous. Haley thought they might call the police. Tim, who made a point to be kinder than Haley was, said, "No. No." They let Marian wait in the rain.

Tim tried to play "Engineer" but didn't have the heart for it. At half past ten he went to the door. Marian had her head against the jamb and didn't say anything. Tim wished Haley were with him. He felt his kindliness go away. Still, he was master of his tone of voice. "Boss doesn't live here anymore, Marian," he said.

"Boss?" Marian said.

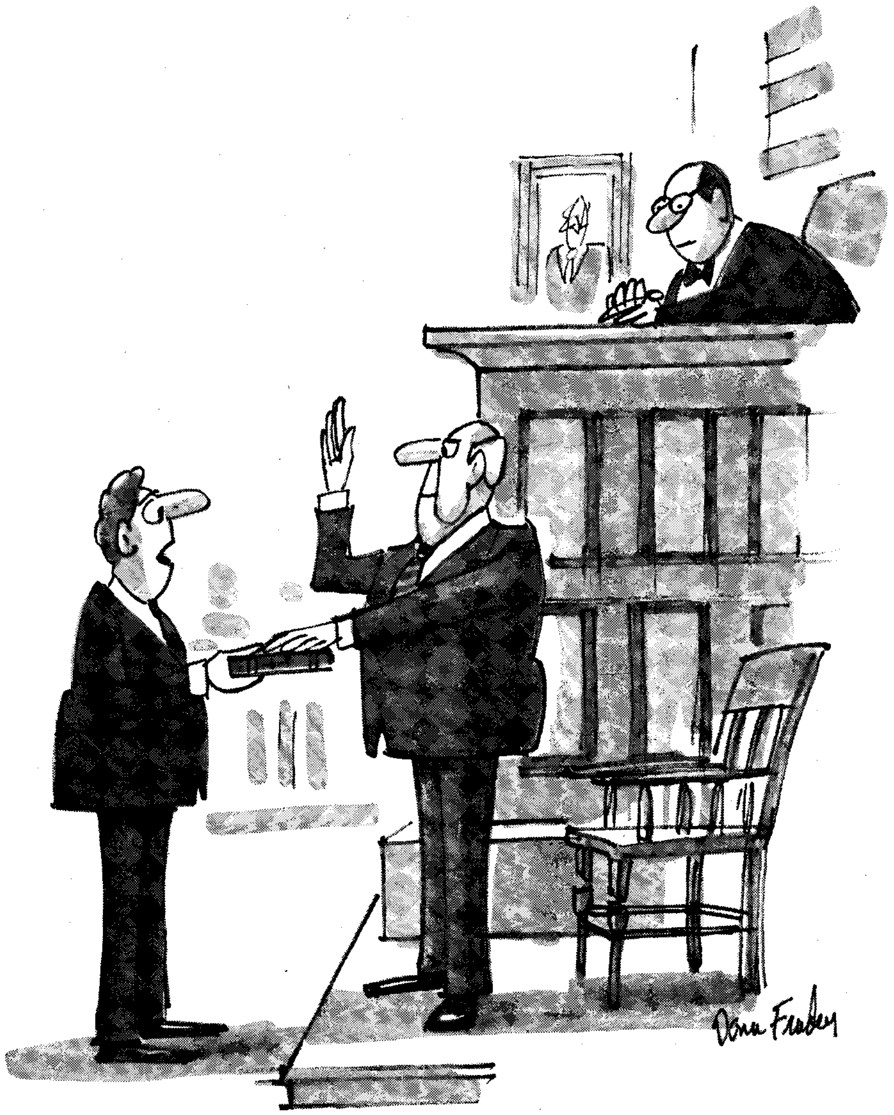
"No," Tim said.

"Boss," Marian said.

II

Why Big Business Is Firing the Boss

*Because of pressure-cooker atmo*sphere, pressure increases past human tolerance. Stress-related occurrences emerge and are suppressed, only to reappear. The human capacities are dimmed, only to reassert in newer forms appropriate to a pressure-cooker environment. Increasingly, boards of directors, becoming directly concerned, express concern as a factor of stress, intervening at the point of pressure, requiring and needling.



"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and to invest your tax cut?"

III

Executive Anxiety

Executives are under stress. Poor-performance ousters are common. Small dispersals of performance centers, with their quick-fix methods, have strained and snapped. More and more, there are fewer and fewer. Doctors note increased attacks—executive firings leading to heartbreak, remorse, broken promises. Fewer presents are given. Curtains have barely time to be changed. Initials on doors are sad and neglected—reflecting, in many cases, rapid changeover from previous ill-remembered juntas. Who remembers Harold Marley? Ken Hervcoat's name is just a shadow. Jerry Tuct? Lawrence Yuol? To name just a few.

IV

Why Big Business Is Firing the Boss

(1) He began to eat with his fingers. Possibly because of a need to relieve stress or to underline and emphasize it, he had large amounts of food available at all times. At times, he refused to allow old food to be taken away. At times, he counted exact amounts of lamb, potatoes, eggplant dishes, then pretended to leave office. After a time, no one dared touch his old food.

(2) Because of nervous strain, Boss lost his grip on what was appropriate story material. Boss suggested series on seven women detectives who devoured raw animal innards.

(3) He was a thief. We have this on videotape. Our tape shows Marian going into his office. "Anything else this evening, Boss?" Marian leaves. Then Boss crosses office. Stops, looks out. Returns to desk. Disrobes. Puts on certain items not appropriate to chief executive officer. Then over these puts on usual clothes—big jacket, big baggy trousers. Tiptoes into hall. In hall (minicamera got this), Boss takes silver winner medallion off wall, using a blowtorch. Audio: "I want this, and I'm going to get it."

(4) He kept the car waiting.
(5) He wore women's clothing.

V

Personal History

Boss was born in a mine. He looked up—there was a vein of deep-black coal. Early, he picked up the knack of minerals, could tell one from another. His early finds were: Turlin Basin, Huyn Overbelt. Shamed when prices fell, he went to train himself in how men did business with each other. Ironically, commodities have enjoyed big upswing while Boss falters.

VI

Children

Haley and Tim. Haley went to convent school but did not find it sympathetic. Tim went to Dayline—prestigious school. Haley, briefly engaged, brought friend home. Tim said, "You can't be serious." Tim and Haley met with Boss. Tim said, "We think it would be better if certain assets—house, Wayfarer II, our personal effects (nineteenth-century furniture, collection of Japanese jade, little real estate)—we think it would be better if you put those in nonrevocable life trusts."

Haley said, "Now."

VII

Growing nervous, Boss began to spend his time in canyons, subways, places under the earth. Speculation was: (1) at first, Shrewd, shrewd. What does Boss see there?; (2) later, Don't get it; (3) fear. Not a person knew the simple explanation. Boss liked *underground*. Boss lost ease with light. In office, had lights reduced to tiny glimmer. Dim, dim. First trouble with Marian: forced Marian to work in near-total darkness. Impossible for Marian to write letters, etc. Ingenious, she put little phosphorescent things on telephone, typewriter keys, etc. Boss screamed from inner office, "Turn those off!" Poor Marian, tears in eyes, stripped little phosphorescent things off and sat in the dark. She could hear Boss breathing hard, screaming then, then sighing, singing old songs. She grew nervous.

VIII

One of the songs Boss sang was "Keery." Scholars, working under a grant from the J. H. Leepren Fund, have shown that songs like "Keery" and "Sunshine John" have close equivalents in Welsh sagas, the Elder Edda, etc. "Keery" goes:

Keery, Keery, Down.
Keery, Keery, Down.
On Big Sunday,
Keery came down.

Sally shook her head.
Sally shook her head.
Keery came down.

On Big Sunday,
Keery came down.

Boss had nice baritone. Marian, loving Boss, sang harmony under her breath, in the dark.

IX

Why Big Business Is Firing the Boss

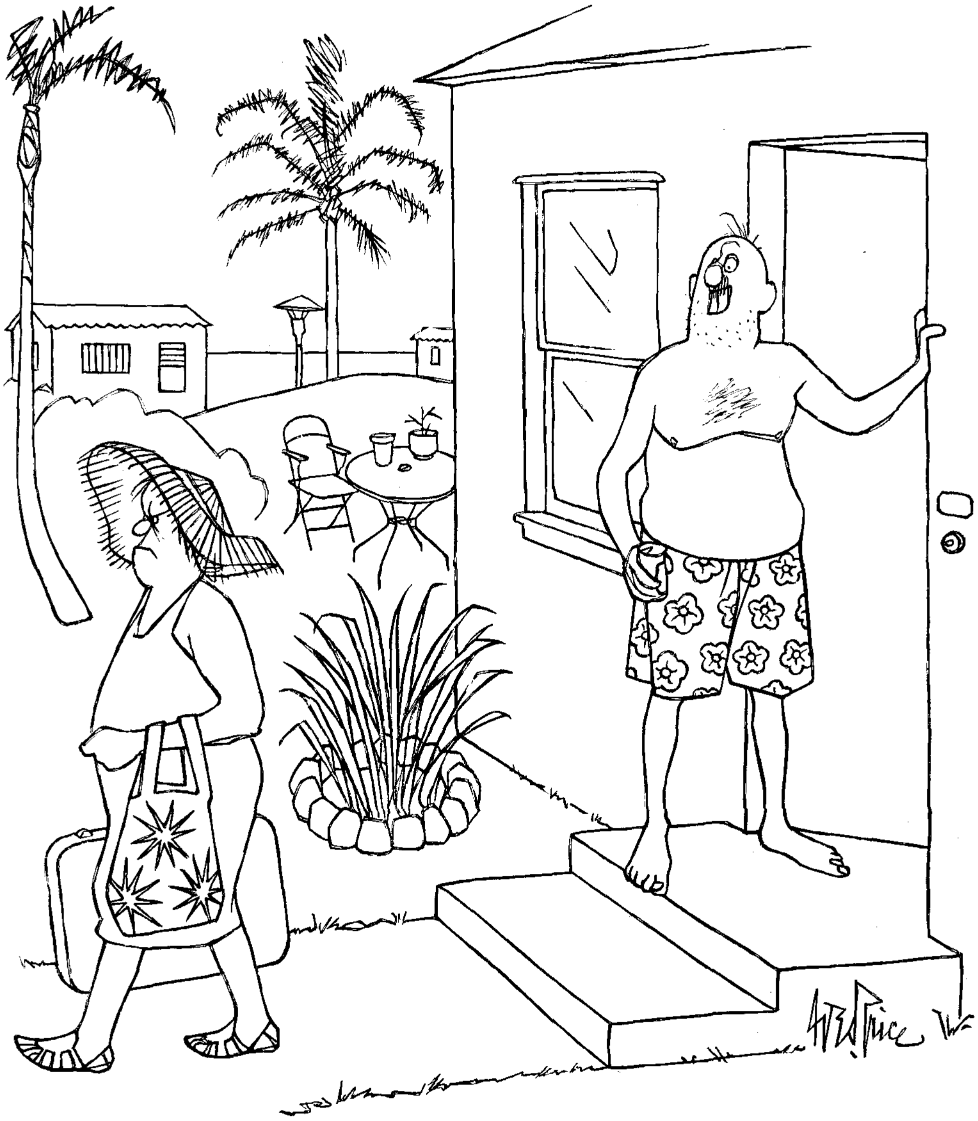
Boss moved headquarters staff to tent city.

Boss employed too many bodyguards: Rafael, Bongo, and Hurf. Hurf had enormous arms, into which he had twined small bits of barbed wire and glass. Hurf was wanted in many states. Bongo no one can speak of. Bongo and Hurf terrorized tent city, setting up white-slave trade, drug-related information centers (just a cover), and kill-for-hire services.

Boss took up with Hilda.

Boss walked down hall. Kept car waiting. Driving to tent city, he stuck his hands under his arms. Suddenly cold, he ordered driver to stop. Hurf got out (this was near Pelham), went into nearest house. Screaming woman ran out. Bongo just smiled. Hurf came out with blankets for Boss. Boss said, "Still cold." Hurf killed sheep so Boss could keep warm.

—George W. S. Trow



"Aloha! Aloha from the bottom of my heart."

• •

ECHOES

MOST of my old friends have given up on finding a man who'd suit me, and in the same way they've adjusted to the fact that the men I always take up with prove to be unavailable for escort duty or else unfit for it. They're married, or they live out of state or out of the country, or are from a different milieu or from no milieu at all—unassimilable creatures, who've passed this trait along to me. And so I was surprised one day last winter when Daisy Lorch called and told me she wanted me to meet her dance teacher.

"What a nice idea." I said this out of a spark of real interest that suddenly flared in me. At forty I sometimes find the world more accommodating than I did when I was twenty.

"Can you come to dinner two weeks from Saturday?" Daisy asked. "We're having the Naylors, the Grants, and some other people. The Naylors can call for you and David—David Amato; he's divorced."

Punctuality has a terrible grip on me. The Saturday of the Lorches' dinner party I was ready to go and had been for a good half hour (during which I changed my earrings three times and my shoes twice) when Laurie Naylor arrived at my apartment.

"You've done the place up," she said. I'd bought new lampshades, replaced a couple of chairs with a love seat and an ottoman, put a skirt on the table. Laurie said, "You had your nerve, Connie—running a decorating business out of the old mess."

"You forget I make house calls," I said. "Nothing but, as a matter of fact. Is Billy double-parked?"

"No, we're in the bus stop." She looked around and asked, "Where's the phone? I have to call this man Daisy's got you 'fixed up with,' as she so quaintly put it. Bad enough to do it to you, without calling it that."

"Who knows?" I said. "He might be just my type."

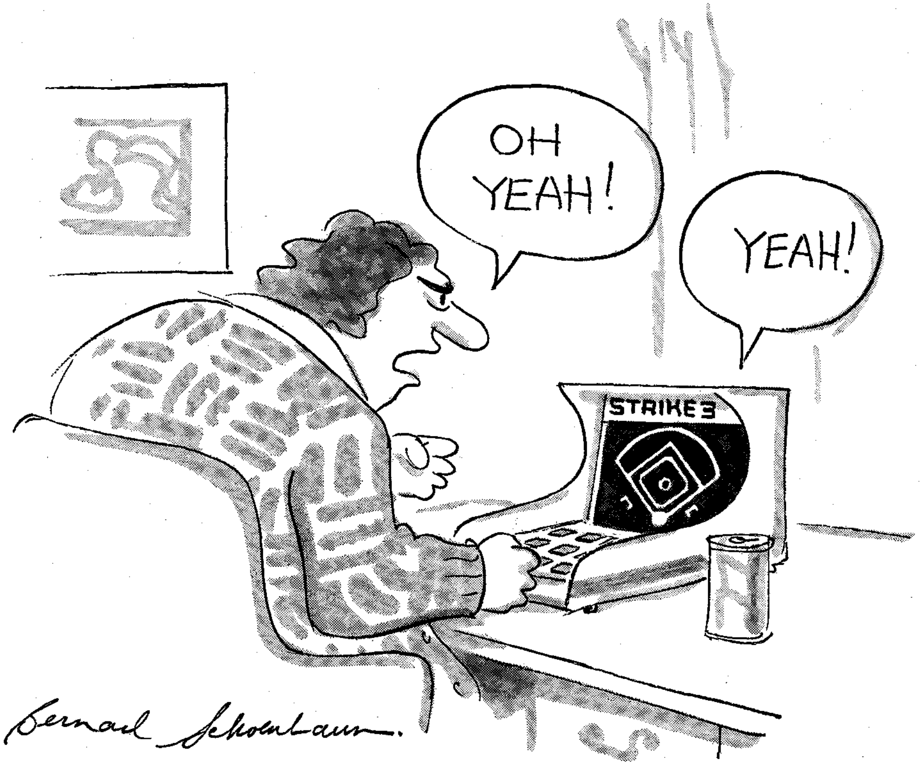
Laurie said, "A dancer?"

"I think he just teaches dance."

She got a scrap of paper from her pocket, dialled the number written there, and began speaking in the slightly artificial voice people assume on the telephone. I took the moment to put on my coat and get my keys; when she hung up, I turned off the lights, and we went out into the hall. Laurie said, "Daisy Lorch is the only person I know who hasn't changed the least bit since college."

"That's hard to imagine," I said, "not changing." Then I thought of the watchful, lazy, shy girl I'd been and realized I'm still those things, if not more so.

"She called me yesterday to tell me what she'd be wearing tonight. So I wouldn't look out of it. She actually said 'out of it.' I suppose I should have passed the word."


OH YEAH!
YEAH!
STRIKE 3

I'd have been grateful if she had. These people's social lives are subject to sudden shifts in tone, and that evening I had doubts about the black velvet skirt and red silk blouse I was wearing. It's important to me to look the part, probably because the part I in fact play is ill-defined. Friend of the family, solitary, "single," "career woman"—I'm all those things and none of them. My life is more complicated than the shapeless lives of family friends I remember from childhood. I'm almost always involved with some man or other. I regard what I do as work rather than a career, and if events have led me into solitary ways, I have my sociable side, too. I was looking forward to the evening ahead. "What did Daisy say she's going to wear?" I asked.

Laurie shook her head. "I don't listen to clothes talk. I told her, 'It takes a lot to make me feel out of it these days—or in it, for that matter.' "

The flimsy glass front door of my building was rattling in its sash, and when we stepped outside, an icy gust blew us back a step or two. Laurie said, "I hate winter."

I said, "I love it less than I used to."

"Look at poor Billy."

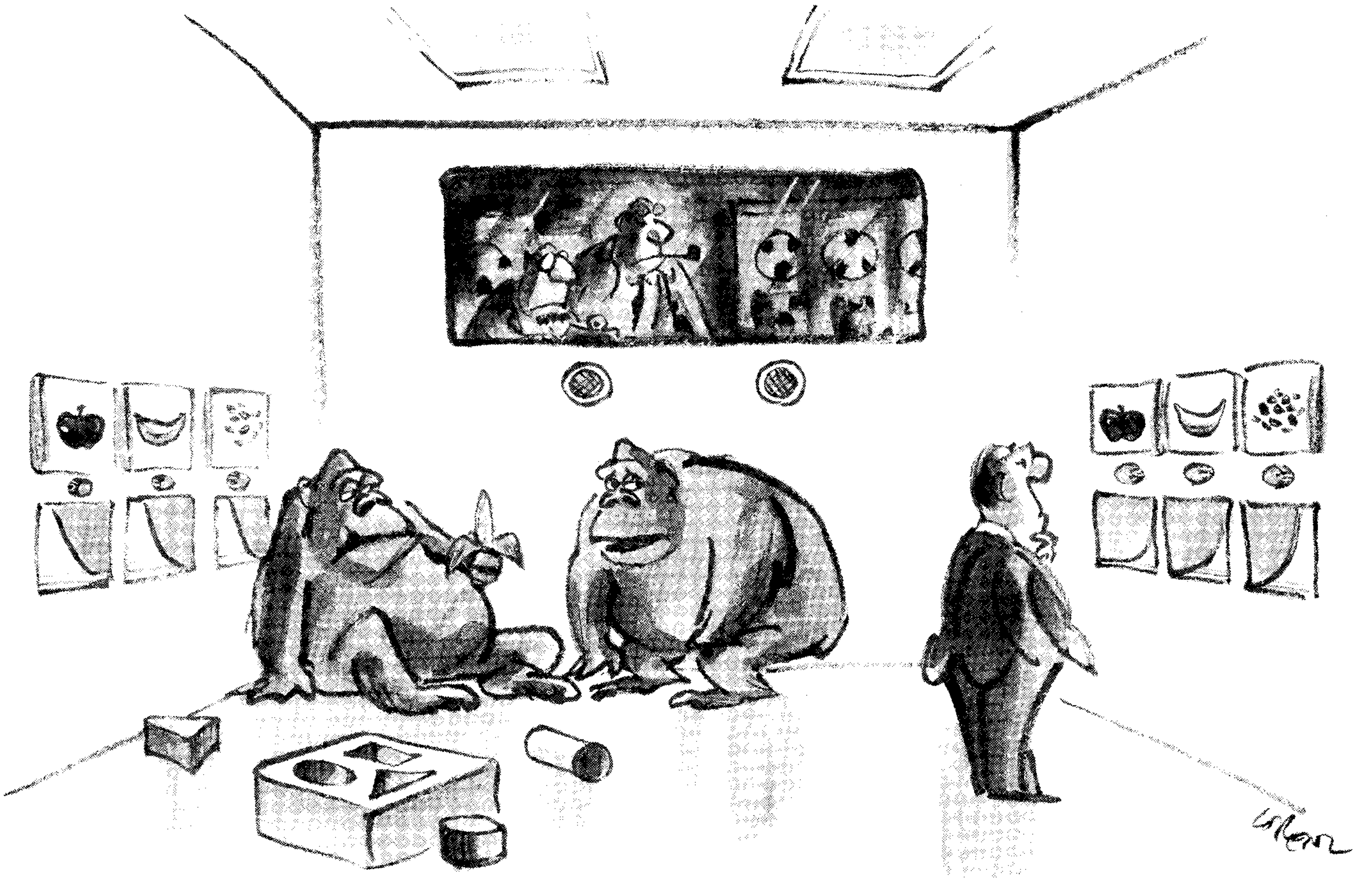
He'd got out of the station wagon, looking nervous. Billy Naylor is the most tenderhearted man; when you tell him a discomforting story, he literally winces. He kissed me and said, "Why don't both of you take the back seat? Give me a chance to size this fellow up." As we were getting in, a bus turned the corner from Madison Avenue, and Billy dashed around front and slid behind the wheel of the car.

"There, darling, we made it," Laurie said. This wasn't an "I told you so" on her part but a way of sharing his relief. The Naylors are a happy couple, perhaps because they determined early on to make their life at least as pleasant as possible. As we drove off, Laurie said, "We were talking about Daisy."

"Dear old Dizzy," Billy called her, as people used to.

"What exactly do you mean when you say she hasn't changed?" I asked Laurie.

"You remember the way she used to be in class—taking down the profes-



"As far as I can tell, his name is Raswell, and he's in here on some kind of exchange program."

• •

sor's every word. It distracted me so, I couldn't sit near her."

"What I remember is the house in the Village," I said, "and the parties."

Billy said, "Daisy all in black—with the long blond hair."

I said, "She had real glamour, and at that age."

"She had to do everything to the hilt," said Laurie. "Be a real glamour girl and a real brain. And she still does things that way. Take this party. She'll have been weeks getting ready—making lists, shopping, talking it all over with her girl friends. She still has girl friends that she talks to on the phone for hours."

I said, "Where does she find the time?"

"Or the energy," said Laurie.

We crossed Central Park at Seventy-second Street, drove to Broadway, and headed uptown. Billy said, "O.K., you two, start looking for the house."

But it turned out that David Amato lived in a complex consisting of three buildings off a courtyard, and Billy had to park the car and go reconnoitring. The tall man he eventually brought back could, I thought, have used some of Daisy's clothes advice. Or had he chosen his cloth cap, sheepskin jacket, and corduroy trousers on the basis of suggestions from her? David Amato got in the front seat, turned around, and introduced himself. He and I used this couple of seconds to look each other over and take in the obvious (to me, certainly, probably to him, and maybe even to the Naylors)—that we were mismatched. Men with those liquid black eyes and full lips tend to lose themselves completely in the meal, or the song, or the face at hand—which it is seems immaterial. I like gaunt, ascetic-looking men, real sensualists whose refined appreciation of any given moment stems from the understanding that its pleasure will be insufficient. Over the course of several of them I learned that these men see my reserve as a task to be mastered; then I had to learn to make the task difficult—making myself into the bargain less attractive to the David Amatos, who require an expansiveness that's not my style, as the drive to Manhasset must have demonstrated. Laurie carried the conversation, which was mostly about the Naylors' four teen-age children. The latest in the chain of boarding schools and summer camps, student-exchange programs, bike and ski trips, language and cooking and music lessons took us from the streets of Manhattan over the Triborough Bridge and along the crisscross of parkways leading to the recesses of Nassau County, where there were still, surprisingly, sizable remains of the previous month's snowstorm.

"YOU made it! I was afraid traffic, or the weather, or something . . ." The sentence ended in the glissando laugh that has always been Daisy's trademark. She was in flowered chiffon—a floor-length skirt and a tunic with long wide sleeves—and this dress's fullness, together with

BAR LEDGE

You lend your summer
house: you think
the screens are torn
and maybe voices will
undo the mildew, still
the rotting in the porches
underneath. Arrived,
I find that hemlocks
shield the shingled frame
above a squall-combed
bay. Silent as old
flaking paint, the door
limps in. The screens
are ripped; the golden
bees October caught
are dry and drift
more light than dust.
A shutter, single-
hinged, triangulates
the sea.

How safe a month it seems
only to see the well runs high
and watch the lamps'
chimneys perfect as glass
Baghdads of Aladdin dreams.
Those fears you recognize
in what is not my house
(I am so much
a stranger here, there-
fore care, beware,
and bank all fires)—
those menaces are not
my own.

A week has passed. I've learned
not to repair
the screens. I've come to share
this joy of summer
rain, of sunlight turned
to brown and meadow green.
I'll not disturb
one rotting thing. Allow
the tides' return,
and calibrate
by listing of the buoy's stem
the tug of cages heaving.
Imagine how the perfume morning
fogs release the moistened house.

Clumsily I practice
a perfection not my own.
Beneath the tinted shallows
on granite sand, some small
and pinkish crab I watch
remarks how prodigal
the sun, elaborately hesitates,
and stints his queer and stilted
dance. I see a premonition,
blame the faultless sun, avoid
the salt and reassuring mud.
At night the tidal moon
repairs Bar Ledge, restores
to other tones its green,
decrees a purple sky above
quiescent earth.

And then this morning
in the outhouse shed—the needled
pines around, and through
whose open door you see
one fat white peeling birch—
I heard my grandfather cough.

It happened that the cigarette
I smoked had filled
thin slats of sunlight
milkily. He coughed; the sunlight
twisted, rose to intricate
and ornamental scrolls
before it thinned, unwound itself,
and sank. Beyond he stood,
a grim Thanksgiving Pilgrim
Father, skullcap hidden
underneath the velvet hat
beside the birch.
Old *zeyde* hatted, stiff,
old *zeyde* turn the woods
into his Cracow photograph.

And stiffly, too, and awkwardly
I felt my sudden bareness
in your house, the bareness
of your house, and I
inside the unremembered
doorposts.

Whatever trespass surely
it is his; his gaberdine
however iridescent violates
this sun. Behind the birch
I know he's propped
his Law, usurped the maples,
and of each fir
carved fearful prohibitions.
Today again my son
will ask what people want
with lobsters. It might (it seems)
just be a grownup game
to him. To eat, I say,
and hesitate. He marks
each hesitation.
Do we?
he always says.

It is precisely so. Your house
is accurately placed
in green, weathered
in blue sky. The shingles
fall like perfect leaves
autumnally to earth.
How completely does
such wonder challenge me.

And how ridiculous I am
and maladroit Medomak
makes of me. At all the landings
launches stir, the trawls
surrender up their kegs
of sole, the claws are pegged
and whisper in the steaming pots
around me—dry, remote
as all Jerusalem.

I harbor here
such traces of my grandfather
as would not bear
his disbelief, dismay
at generations unpredictable,
for heresies of sunlight and of sky—
this beautiful and gentile Maine.

—Joseph Moses

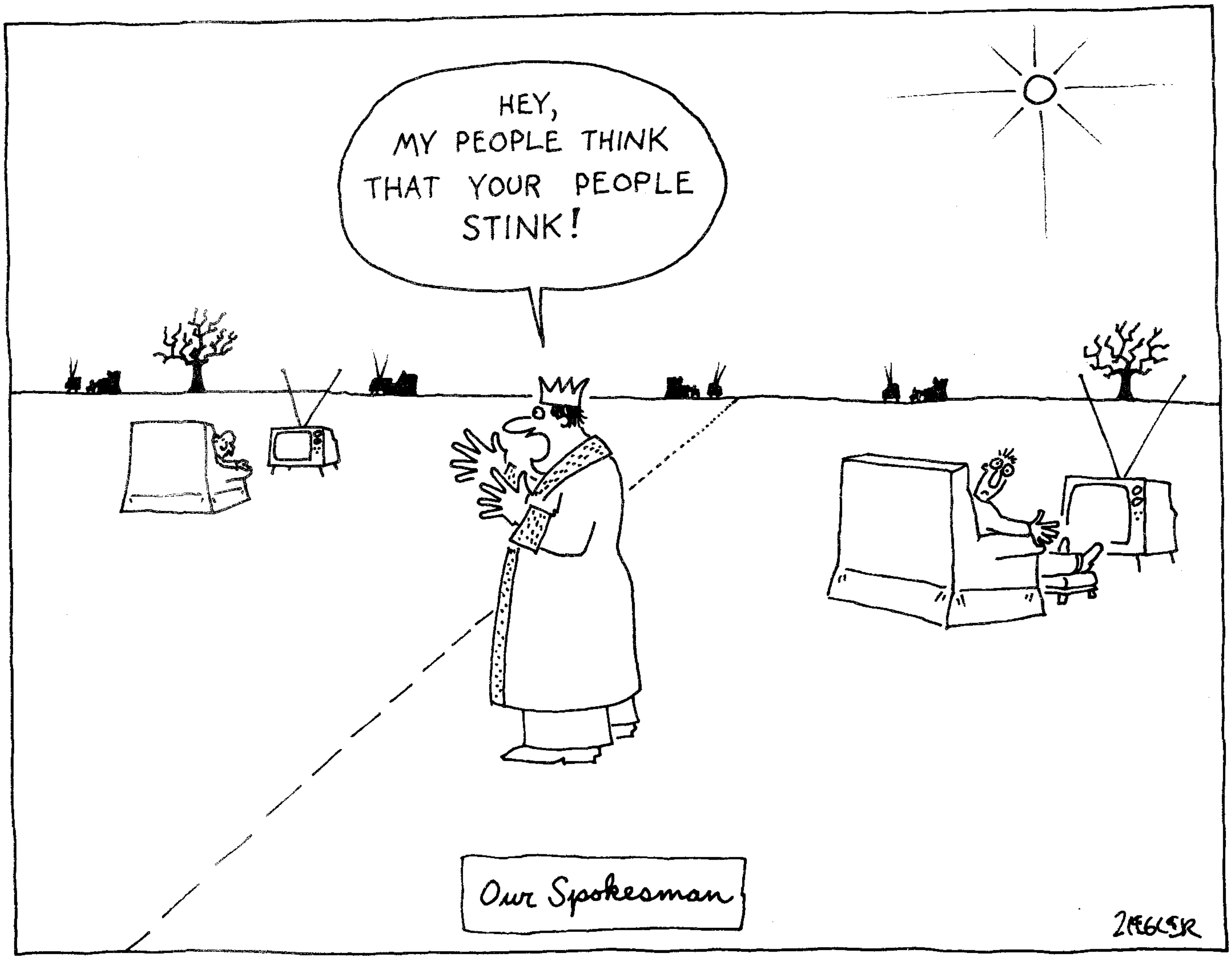
• •

its floatiness, made her appear to be waltzing around, which may have been a deliberate effect. Daisy was trained as a dancer and still takes lessons, though now she also gives them. Her long, slim body has a studied grace; she's naturally affected, which is to say that her bleached hair and her theatrics clearly stem from some authentically baroque strain in her personality. We all stage our lives, and Daisy's bold exercise of her flair for this amounts to a form of candor. By a process of laughter and pose she got us to leave our coats in the hall closet and follow her to the living room, which was candlelit. "Is it too much?" she asked. "I mean, is it enough?"

"No, it's not enough," Frank Lorch said out of the shadows. "Leave the hall light on."

But Daisy insisted, "That'd spoil it," and she turned the light off.

I've always felt that she's a strong person, that the laugh and the distracted air may be used to conceal just how strong, but perhaps I'm reading into her behavior something that's true of my own. I had a familiar sense of tucking myself in, toning myself down, as she brought us over to a group of early arrivals. They looked rather clannish, clustered together: a muscular woman, a colleague of Daisy's at the local ballet school; a


HEY, MY PEOPLE THINK THAT YOUR PEOPLE STINK!
Our Spokesman
ZIEGLER

• •

redhead with a complacent manner, whom I took to be one of the girl friends. Recently divorced (Daisy whispered to me), she was there with a high-strung-looking fellow who reminded me of my friends' husbands at the time we all met, and for a minute or two I could feel what it was like to be young, how brimming with hope and confusion we all had been. The last member of the group at hand, a man with a startling suntan and a sullen expression, had once lived in the neighborhood, moved to California, and happened to be back East on business.

David Amato went to get me a glass of wine and when he came back, I said, "Daisy tells me you're a wonderful teacher."

His pleasure and surprise at this appeared to subdivide as he glanced over at Daisy. Was he a little in love with her? That meant there was no need for me to be especially ingratiating, and when he asked whether I agreed that Daisy was inclined to exaggerate, I briskly replied, "I honestly can't say."

"I thought you knew her well," he said. "I understood you were old friends."

"Are the two things necessarily the same?" This further attempt on my part to invest the small talk with some semblance of truth, or at least accuracy, was all too successful, and I was enmeshed in ramifications half an hour later, when a commotion on the other side of the room announced the arrival of the Grants—late, as usual. The crowd parted for them. Though Ted Grant is five foot seven and Nina barely five feet, they have the kind of presence ordinarily associated with impressive build; in their case it strikes me as an effect of the pleasure they take in each other's good looks and good taste. Ted gets his suits in London. Nina's clothes are up to the second—she's a dress designer, and the big Seventh Avenue house where she works recently gave her her own label.

David Amato said, "That woman resembles you."

"She's my closest friend," I told him.

"Does it follow that friends look alike?" he asked ironically, as if he'd decided to humor me.

I said, "We could never make up our minds, Nina and I. We were always having long discussions about whether similar backgrounds give people similar characteristics." He asked what were the similarities, and I doctored the facts a bit, making them more presentable. "Our mothers were pretty strong, and our fathers were unfailingly easygoing. Not that we ever came right out and said so."

"Why not," he asked, "if you were such friends?"

"Isn't everyone guarded at that age?" I still tighten up when I touch on the clash of personalities and interests that I grew up in the midst of. “Anyway,” I said, “to me likeness never seems accidental.”

Dissimilarity is what brings on the fear that we live more or less at random, and as David Amato began to extoll the small Massachusetts town where he was born, I had to fight down a violent sense of the pointlessness of casual encounters. The room had begun to be noisy, and it was hard to hear. I found myself trying less and less, looking around instead, wondering whether any of the nearby conversations was more worth having than the one I was caught in. And this went on for over an hour before Daisy breathlessly announced, “Everybody, listen—shall we start eating this food?”

THE elaborate antipasto laid out in the Lorches’ small dining room looked to me like a cold supper, and I took larger helpings than I was able to finish by the time Daisy made another announcement: Dinner was ready downstairs.

The finished basement was twice the size of the dining room and well lit. After the candlelight the several lamps felt glaring, and when I’d got myself some beef stew and rice, some salad and a glass of wine, I retreated to the staircase, where the Grants were perched. “So,” said Ted, moving up a step, “we gather.”

“On the fringe, as usual,” Nina said. That used to be her refrain in school, where we both tended to be observers.

“But at a different angle,” I said. “Give us that much credit, Nina.” I sometimes feel that the Grants suffer from the anomalousness of my present life, that they take it to heart. For one thing, Nina refers constantly to the safest frame of reference, the past.

“Can you breathe?” she asked me. A certain settled dampness in the air activates an allergy that has long plagued the pair of us.

I said, “I’ve been gasping for the last three days.”

Ted said, “Ask me how India was.”

I asked, “How was India?”

“Definitive.” His conversation is stylized, suggesting superior powers of assimilation and judgment, making me wonder when I talk to him whether I’m falling into some trap.

I said, “I wouldn’t mind seeing the Taj Mahal.”

“Forget the Taj Mahal,” he said. “The Red Fort is the place. Sumptuous.”

Nina said, “When I think of how we grew up worrying about poor, starving India.”

“No, we didn’t worry about it,” I said, and she laughed. We hadn’t the social consciences that young people have now. The balance of our own lives was too precarious to allow us to venture into altruism. Once, when a social worker who’d come to lecture at the college laced into the student body for being selfish, someone stood up and laced back into her. They both had a point. That school was in transition, and a small percentage of the girls were heiresses, but the rest of us were scholarship students, enthralled by the possibilities for interesting lives that we found in that Georgian building on the East Side of Manhattan. We were even more fortunate than we knew; most of us have become, one way or another, privileged.

I asked Nina, “Is that what we’ll be wearing next month?”

“I hope so,” she said. “Otherwise I’m in real trouble.”

I said, “I’d certainly buy it if I could afford you.”

“Honestly?” An only child, Nina is burdened to this day with the simultaneous blind confidence and deep-seated self-doubt that’s an aftereffect of growing up as the sole focus of attention. She said, “I wish I didn’t think of my clothes as the sort my mother would have laughed at. The girls adore this dress, but then I’m not designing for teens.” Her parents died shortly after her marriage. Her husband and four daughters are, in every way, her family, her context, so closely knit as to eventually make me feel excluded.

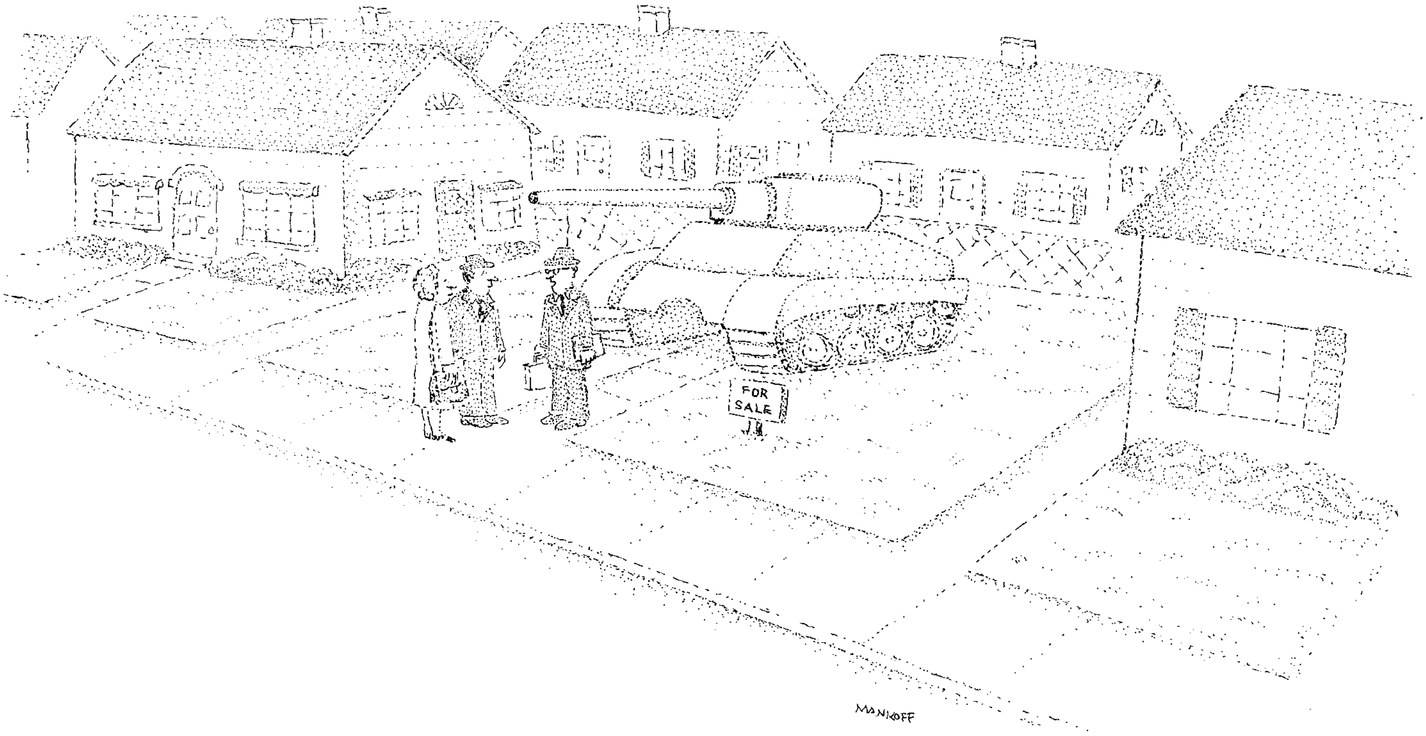
I said, “I think I’ll have more stew,” and got up and went over to the buffet, where I met Billy Naylor with the man from California, who was holding forth.

“When I got off the plane yesterday I was sick to my stomach. I started to remember shovelling the driveway, crawling along the Expressway, or freezing my ass off for an hour and a half at the train station. I thank God I’m out of all that. I mean it, I thank God.”

Billy winced.

I DON’T mind the inconvenience of buffet suppers—the butter sliding down the edge of the plate, the salad dressing seeping into the gravy. What bothers me is the rootlessness that prevails in the absence of a dinner table. Without that center of gravity, people tend to lose direction, and that evening Frank had trouble getting us away from the dregs of the meal and back upstairs, where—directionless himself, I suppose—he kept trying to fix everyone drinks. Part of his trouble was Daisy,

Playland



"It's a little bit cramped, but you can't beat it for security."

• •

drifting about waylaying people. "Did you hear about our vacation?" she asked me, as if it had been a scandalous affair. "We went camping across the country. I thought I'd never get past New Jersey, but we made it all the way to Montana."

"I suppose the boys loved it," I said. Daisy has three sons.

"I suppose so," she said. "Not that we exchanged more than a dozen words the whole six weeks. Still, we never have anything to say." The tragic import of this was voided by her laugh. "I drive them to school, I drive them to baseball practice and Boy Scouts, and it's just hello, goodbye, where will I meet you." She lowered her voice to ask, "How do you like David?"

"Awfully handsome," I said.

"I have to tell you something about him." She looked dire, and I wondered if he had an incurable disease, a criminal record.

But at that point Frank came along and said, "Honey, where's that ice-crusher thingamajig? People are asking for their Stingers on the rocks." Daisy went off with him.

Living alone has taught me to appreciate my own company, to depend on the long passages of reflection that are solitude's great luxury, and I went and sat down by myself on the sofa. The candlelight, which earlier in the evening had cast its famed romantic glow, now picked out unflattering highlights, making people look haggard. The divorcée's hair was dyed, I decided. Did Nina dye hers? That coppery tint struck me as new, but maybe it was just henna shampoo. Still, most women our age must dye their hair. That I've left the gray that's begun to show in my own is only partly vanity's boast of indifference to the passage of time; mostly it's the dread of acquiring troublesome and costly habits, which also stopped me, when I was young, from taking up smoking.

Across the room, Laurie began to shake her head in a deprecating way, as if she'd been called on to deplore something in herself—perhaps the fact that she's recently given up teaching. My friends talk, as women now do, about the pros and cons of work, though the pros were considered few when these people married—all for love, as far as I could tell then or now. Others we knew did the sensible thing—went from bad love affairs into the sort of acceptable and probably satisfactory marriages that I've resisted. Family life as I knew it was a crushing business, and the effort not to be crushed fostered in me a waywardness that was later confirmed by the emotional complexity of the men I was drawn to—perhaps by the aspect of intimacy I knew best, the hardship it entailed. Obstacles, which I'd expected to outgrow, became instead second nature to me, and now I sometimes feel entangled by experience. I'd like to be straightened out, to be simplified, and with some such notion in mind I was actually reconsidering David Amato, when Nina plopped down beside me.

"Any developments?" she said, referring to Joe Fletcher, who of the several puzzling men I've loved has proved the most difficult—touchy, evasive, eloquent, jaded, rustic.

I said, "I was out there last week. The same old runaround."

"Did you say anything?"

Nina wants me to force the issue, to tell Joe I'm sick of his fecklessness, and when she speaks this way I begin, in spite of myself, to picture a reconciliation scene: Joe docile and reformed; a new, composed me. The trouble is, Nina doesn't know Joe—or, for that matter, anyone like him. Parallel to her level of existence, where events—good and bad—work out in an orderly fashion, but different from the outrageous and intrusive tragic world, is this remote plane I've wandered onto, where life proceeds by fits and starts, sometimes grinding to a halt or going into reverse. And Joe is the epitome of this, someone for whom the decorum and consistency of my friends' lives would be hellish. I said, “Believe me, he's beyond that approach, Nina.”

“No one's beyond the truth. It's human nature to respond to someone who tells it.”

It would be wonderful to think that people can speak their minds in good faith and count on a like response. Absence of such truth has been a condition required by the mode of feeling most familiar to me—all nuance and innuendo. I said to Nina, “Maybe you're right.”

“Do it. You'll see.”

Maybe any pattern of experience must regularly be tested to see if the conclusions drawn from it continue to hold true. I said, “I just might.”

“Just might what?” asked Ted, leaning over the back of the sofa.

“Have one of Frank's Stingers,” I said.

“Sit there, I'll get it.”

He went off again, and Nina nodded in David Amato's direction. “How's the ballerina?”

As if he'd overheard (though he couldn't have) or caught her nod (which was conceivable), David turned our way. Nina and I looked into each other's eyes—appalled and delighted, on the brink of the old, surreptitious convulsions that are so painful and so refreshing.

LAURIE went to sleep sitting up in an armchair. The divorcée's boyfriend had too much to drink, and she was making an embarrassed and embarrassing running joke of it. David Amato seemed to have hit it off with Daisy's muscular ballet-school colleague, whose husband looked pained. Ted and Nina were dancing cheek-to-cheek without music. Frank was trying to sell me on camping. The man from California had got Daisy's ear. That was how things stood at two o'clock, when Billy Naylor said, “All good things must come to an end.”

The tide of departure set Daisy off on a series of delaying tactics that amounted to a wan version of her welcome—slow flourishes, subdued gaiety. Helping me with my coat, but preventing me from getting it quite on, she said, “I didn't tell you about David.” I thought, Here it comes—the disease, the homicidal tendencies; but Daisy said, “About a year ago, he broke up with a girl and hasn't seen her since; then just last Friday he rang her—when he knew he'd be meeting you. I could kill him.”

THE CORPSE OF THE INSENSITIVE

The mountainside or pasture hills
are gauzy green, and a few cows
sleep on the ground—a sign of rain
someone who doesn't know says. With tongues

the cows graze the body in the grass.

The woodsmoke from the house is soaked with rain;
the rain continues—low clouds,
wind, a chill, and so on.
Yet we stand on the crossbeam redwood patio

and discuss the body in the grass.

It has been summer here and now it's fall.
No one is ready to begin the climb into winter.
Nothing in government has been settled,
although a strike in Poland is over.
The moon spins in a socket, the young touch

through the filament clothes of the body in the grass.

End-of-the-season, turn-of-the-leaves,
so much left behind: summer pets, touch,
and one or two small things said once
and never said again, or remembered,

after addressing the body in the grass.

We rise in the first snow of winter
on the heat of woodfire,
our bodies partly spent in summer's slow decomposition.
We rise up on our own heat, simultaneous,

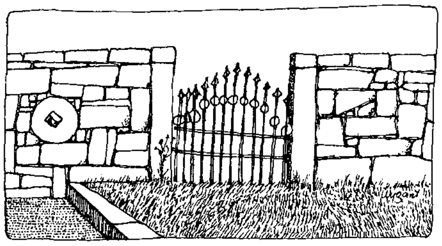
as if that body rising in the grass were ours.

—DANIEL HALPERN

• •

I was slightly put out myself, and in no mood to make the best of the close quarters on the ride home, when Laurie took her rightful place up front with Billy and I had to share the back seat with David Amato. But putting the party behind gave us all our second wind; or maybe it was the fresh air that revived us and got the conversation going.

Somehow the subject of capital punishment came up, and the Naylors ran through the merry sort of argument that happy couples frequently allow themselves in front of others (as opposed to the quarrels in earnest that you sometimes glimpse or suspect from an abrupt remark or a quick glare). Then, with the best of intentions, Laurie turned around and politely said something about how ballet had broadened its horizons. “All kinds of mayhem get onstage now,” she said. “Or philosophizing.”



David Amato took an obtuse sort of offense at this, saying, “The subjects of ballet have always been universal.”

“But look at people like Twyla Tharp,” Laurie said. “Though of course her work is junk.”

He disagreed violently.

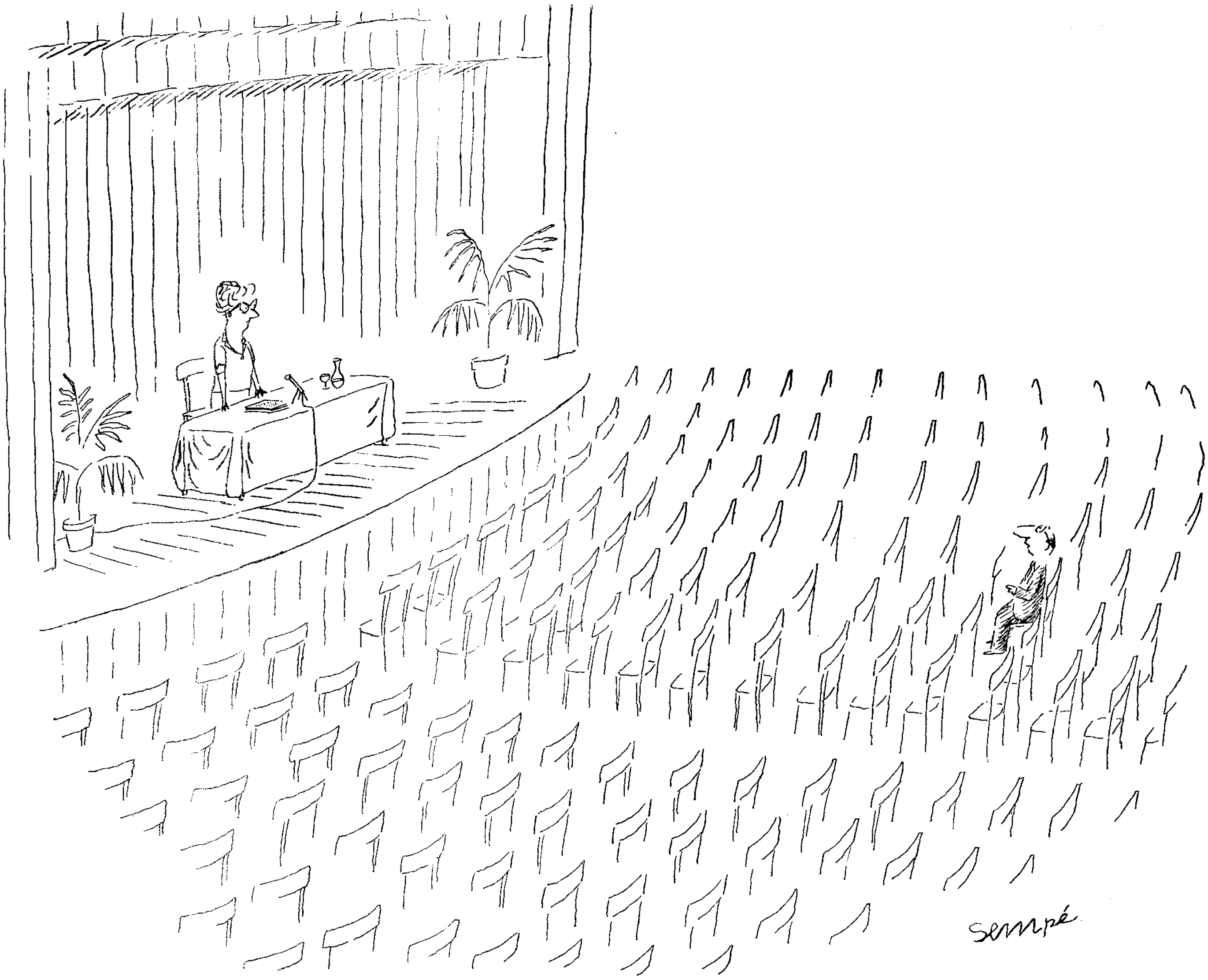
I couldn't resist bringing Joe into the car. “Someone I know likes the ballet because nobody says anything, so nobody can be misconstrued.”

“Dance pares the world down to essentials,” David Amato said.

“It isn't the world without excess,” said Laurie.

“You're mistaking the excess for truth,” he said.

“Anyway, that has nothing to do with why I love ballet.” No one asked



"I didn't come to argue, sweetheart, but I must beg to differ."

• •

Laurie's reason, which she nevertheless gave. "It's a pretty dream."

He said, "Balanchine's 'Agon'?"

"Real suffering's ugly," she said.

And so it went all the way into Manhattan and down Broadway. Ninety-second Street being eastbound, Billy was about to turn on Ninety-third, when David Amato said, "You can let me out at the corner."

"It's no trouble," Laurie said.

"I insist."

Billy pulled over to the curb and sadly asked, "Are you sure this is all right?"

"Positive." David got out of the car and looked back in at us. "Nice meeting all of you," he said coldly and slammed the car door—clearly for good measure.

Billy groaned softly and released the brake. Laurie said, "I wish Daisy wouldn't get these ideas."

I turned and watched David Amato going down the street, past a string of shops that even from a distance looked to me very West Side—probably, I thought, a Mexican restaurant, a hardware store, a wild boutique, another ethnic restaurant. There were plenty of people out—winding up what sorts of evenings, I wondered; and if I'd put myself out, would my own have been more fruitful? At one time I'd have made an effort. David Amato and I might have had some meals together, seen some plays—no ballets. But the truth is I've lost whatever patience I once had with that kind of thing. I can tell in advance how flat such evenings will be, how lacking in resonance, for unless I hear, however faintly, the intricate theme that has moved me in the past, I simply can't pay attention to someone. I can't even try. I faced front again. "It was nice of Daisy to bother," I felt obliged to say.

"Diz gets carried away. Always has." Laurie shrugged. "How I hate outsiders."

"Oh," I said, "well, yes." I sat forward, folding my arms on the back of their seat.

"It's more fun with just ourselves," Billy said.

"More restful," said Laurie.

We—the Naylors and the others and I—had shared that critical time when lives find direction, and with each other now we recovered the sense of our former promise that no amount of fulfillment makes less precious. For me there was a bonus; my old friends gave me a part in the harmony they've managed to impose on life. But what did I offer them? Discord, I thought—a clear, persistent echo of the inconclusiveness of things. Probably, all things considered, it was an even exchange. "More something," I said.

—Elizabeth Cullinan

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PATIENT

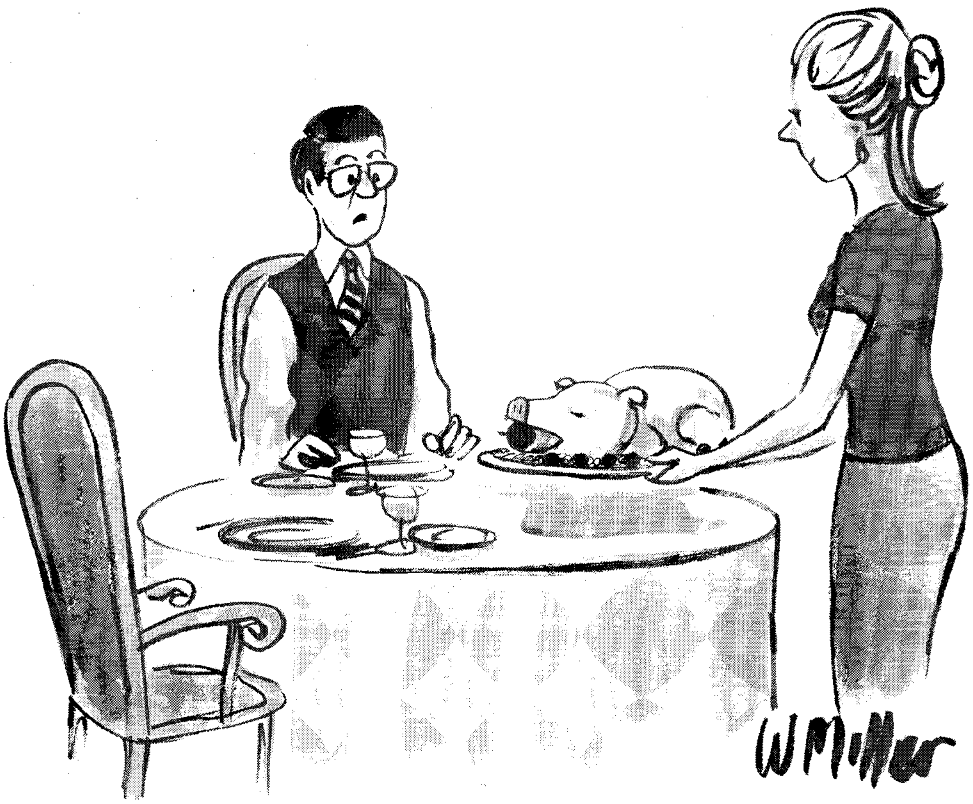
IV—THE AIR IS TOO STILL

SYLVIA FRUMKIN first entered a psychiatric hospital in 1964, when she was fifteen years old. Between 1964 and 1970, she spent three and a half years in various psychiatric hospitals. In November of 1970, she was discharged, for the third time, from Creedmoor, a large New York State hospital for the mentally ill, which is in Queens Village and serves the two million residents of Queens, one of New York City's five boroughs. For the following twenty months, she lived with her parents, at their home, in the Beechhurst section of Queens; dated several young men; and completed a ten-month course to become a medical secretary. In 1981, Sylvia's mother, Harriet Frumkin, sadly recalled that this twenty-month period was the longest time Sylvia had been out of a hospital since 1964. On July 9, 1972, the evening before Miss Frumkin was to graduate from medical-secretary school, she became psychotic. The next day, while her mother was on her way to Sylvia's graduation to collect her daughter's medical-secretary certificate, Miss Frumkin was admitted to Elmhurst, a municipal hospital in Queens. On October 25, 1972, on the certification of two physicians—what is known as a two P.C.—she was transferred to Creedmoor and placed in the unit that handled patients from Beechhurst: the Clearview unit. At that time, part of the Clearview unit occupied two floors of an eyesore known as Building 25. Miss Frumkin was in an agitated, restless, and anxious condition; she was overtalkative, and was found to be lacking in insight and judgment. A doctor who gave her a mental examination the day after her admission recorded the way her mind was running the events of her recent past through its kaleidoscope:

> (Why here?) I'm finding Sylvia and I think it's lovely to stay with beautiful people. (Problem) I graduated from a secretarial school but I didn't go to work. (Why?) My mother is mothering me too much. I got away besides the nicotine gets into my sputum and makes me nervous. This is the reason why I play rock music and the guitar. (What do you do at home?) I listen to the radio but I kept on thinking that I need a blood test and a pap smear. (Did you have any contact?) Maybe. (Ideas of harming yourself?) I was foolish to take all my pills once but I immediately woke my parents. (Why do you get angry?) I twisted my mother's arm before I came here.

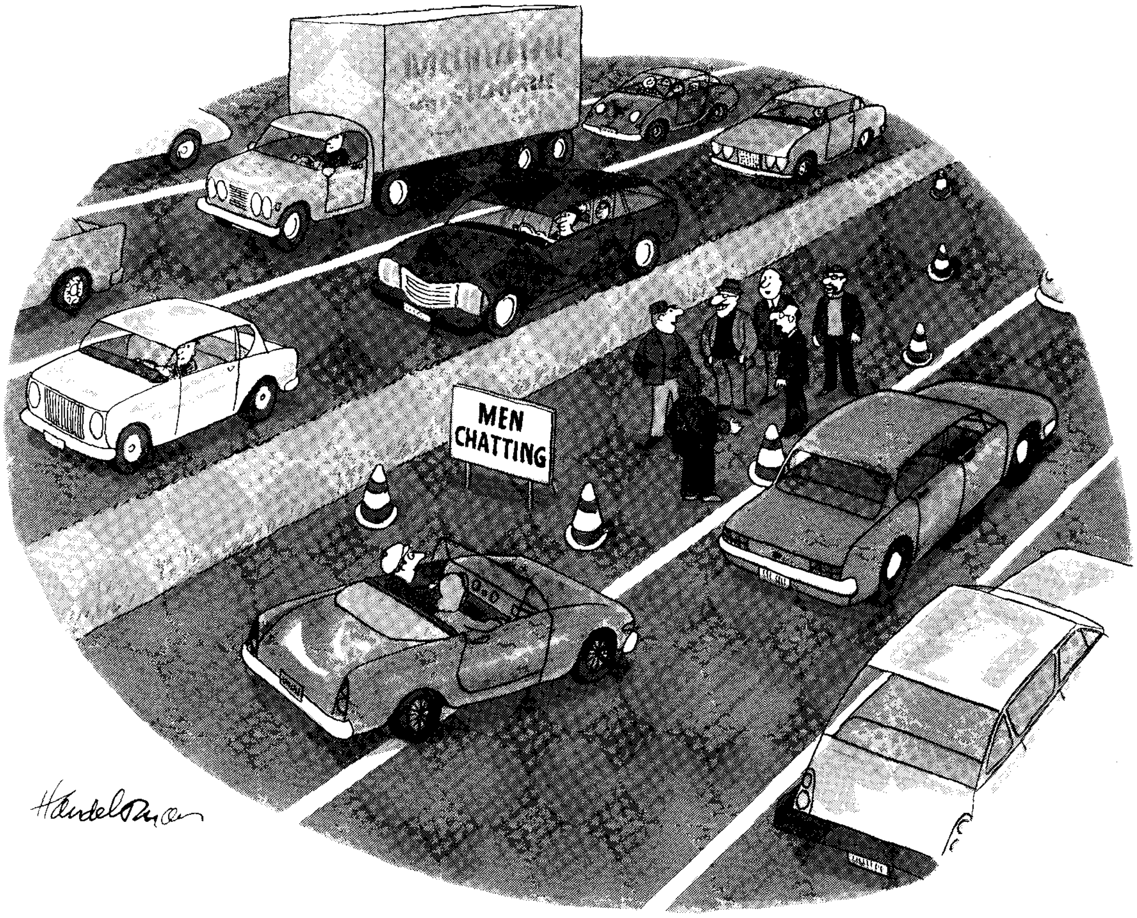
For about a week, Miss Frumkin stopped smoking, kept herself neat, and took her medication. She told a therapy aide that she liked Creedmoor, "because I always get well here"—something she often said ten minutes after saying that Creedmoor was hell. By early November, the therapy aides were noting that Miss Frumkin was uncoöperative and untidy, threatened them with lawsuits, wore bizarre clothes, chain-smoked, and disturbed other patients in the dormitory by sitting on the floor all night praying. At the end of November, a nurse noted that Miss Frumkin pretended to take her medication but was caught throwing it into a garbage can. At the beginning of December, a nurse noted that she enjoyed foraging through the garbage cans and that she often sought out secluded areas with male patients.

On December 24, 1972, when her two P.C. expired, Miss Frumkin signed a voluntary form agreeing to remain at Creedmoor. On January 9, 1973, an attendant on the four-to-twelve-thirty shift noticed around suppertime that Miss Frumkin was missing. The attendant telephoned the Frumkins. Sylvia wasn't at home. The following day, the Frumkins received a call from Daisy and Mark Hayes, the leaders of a Buddhist group that Sylvia had attended in 1972, who had heard from Sylvia. She was at LaGuardia Airport. She had left the hospital with another patient, a young man named Jean-Paul. They had decided to stow away on a plane and go to California. An airline ticket agent had become suspicious of Sylvia and Jean-Paul when Sylvia had addressed the agent as Peter Sellers. Jean-Paul had sensed the agent's suspicion and had fled, leaving Sylvia alone at the airport with her fantasy that she was going to Hollywood to make a movie and that all the people she met along the way were in the movie with her. She had telephoned the Hayeses, had told them where she was, and had said that she wanted to go either to



"Tofu in yet another guise?"

California or to their house. The Hayeses had then telephoned the Frumkins. Sylvia's father, Irving Frumkin, went to LaGuardia with the Hayeses while Harriet Frumkin telephoned Creedmoor to tell the attendants on duty at Clearview where Sylvia was. Three Clearview attendants went to LaGuardia and took her back to the ward. After her return to the hospital, her medication was increased slightly. In January and early February, according to her medical records, she still spent a good deal of her time pursuing young men "in a very unladylike manner, letting them feel her and she them, kissing openly in public." (Irving and Harriet Frumkin had much preferred the sexual segregation that existed until 1969.) Miss Frumkin had been given moderate doses of four neuroleptics during the fall of 1972; when she was given the equivalent of nine hundred milligrams of Thorazine daily, in January of 1973, her condition improved. Her medication was then inexplicably lowered to the equivalent of four hundred milligrams of Thorazine daily, and she was discharged on March 20, 1973. She was to live at home and go to the Clearview Day Center on weekdays as an out-patient.



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Miss Frumkin went to the Day Center a few times, and then began going to Buddhist meetings instead. While she was attending medical-secretary school, she had planned to refurnish her room, but she had never done so. In 1973, she no longer even wanted her old furniture; she wanted to convert her room into a Buddhist shrine, with wall-to-wall pillows and prayer rugs. Mrs. Frumkin refused to throw any furniture out, but she occasionally tried to pacify Sylvia by ringing gongs with her. (The names of almost all the people mentioned in this article, including the Frumkins, have been changed, and some details have been altered to disguise their identities.) One evening in April, Sylvia didn't return home. At a Buddhist meeting she had attended that afternoon, the guest speaker was a man named Daniel Eiseman, who ran a halfway house for former mental patients on the fourteenth floor of the Hotel Martinique, on West Thirty-second Street near Greeley Square, in Manhattan. Eiseman was a Buddhist, a social worker, and a proponent of megavitamins. The residents of his halfway house received megavitamins from a doctor affiliated with a nearby clinic that specialized in them. The day after the Buddhist meeting, Eiseman called the Frumkins, introduced himself, and said, "If your daughter is Sylvia Frumkin, she's with us, she's safe, and she's getting megavitamins."

The Frumkins went to the Hotel Martinique to visit Sylvia and to drop off some of her belongings—clothes, cosmetics, records. She seemed content there. The Martinique had once been a thriving commercial hotel (it was in the garment district), but by 1973 it had fallen on hard times. It was one of many hotels in midtown and on upper Broadway that had become single-room-occupancy hotels, or S.R.O.s, filled with welfare clients and former mental patients. S.R.O.s and adult homes proliferated after the Department of Mental Hygiene decided to depopulate the state hospitals; in fact, many critics said that, for the sake of accuracy, the department's policy should be called not deinstitutionalization but trans-institutionalization. The new institutions were not limited to the S.R.O.s and adult homes, many of which housed former patients in conditions even more tawdry than those prevailing in the state hospitals. There were also so-called skilled-nursing facilities, or S.N.F.s, and health-related facilities, or H.R.F.s. Many former patients simply wound up as derelicts. As late as 1980, eighty per cent of the New York State mental-health budget still went to the depopulated state hospitals; the public had accepted the idea of community mental-health care as long as the community mental-health-care facilities were situated in someone else's community.

One evening in June of 1973, Miss Frumkin went to a bar with another

"For heaven's sake, Sheldon, put on your glasses."

• •

resident of the halfway house and got drunk. She returned to the Hotel Martinique, where she faintly remembers dancing around the fourteenth floor in a nightgown she had ornamented with jujubes. She then grabbed an armful of records, went downstairs, and started dancing around in Greeley Square, giving out records to a crowd that quickly assembled. Eiseman telephoned the Frumkins. He told Mrs. Frumkin that Sylvia had gone berserk, and that she would have to come and get her daughter, because he couldn't handle her anymore. Mr. Frumkin was out. Mrs. Frumkin took the subway into the city. When she got to Greeley Square, she saw a large crowd. "Look at that crazy girl," a woman standing next to Mrs. Frumkin said, pointing to a young woman who was dressed only in a bra and a half-slip as she danced and distributed records. Mrs. Frumkin recognized Sylvia. "You should be thankful it's not your daughter," she said to the woman. Then two policemen arrived. One of them covered Miss Frumkin with his jacket, and they took her to Bellevue. She remained there several weeks. She was given high doses of Thorazine during the first part of her stay and no medication at all during the latter part, but neither form of treatment kept her from believing that, as a result of her chanting, both Queen Elizabeth and President Nixon had come to visit her. On July 16th, she was transferred to Creedmoor on a two P.C.

When the doctor in the Clearview unit who had discharged Sylvia Frumkin on March 20th learned that she was back, he remarked to a colleague that in the pre-neuroleptic era she would have been permanently confined to Creedmoor. The drugs had made it possible for her to be a mobile chronic schizophrenic. He predicted that she would spend the next twenty years in and out of hospitals. What he didn't predict was just how often she would be in and out of Creedmoor in the six months following her fifth admission to the hospital. On July 22nd, she escaped. On July 31st, the police picked her up on the street and took her to Elmhurst. She has never been disposed to reveal where she was during those nine days. On August 28th, after she had spent four weeks at Elmhurst walking around naked, spitting out her medication, and hitting a number of patients and attendants, Elmhurst sent her back to Creedmoor. She next escaped from Creedmoor on September 8th, and she resurfaced at Manhattan Psychiatric Hospital, on Wards Island, on September 10th. Manhattan Psychiatric's plan was to send Miss Frumkin back to Creedmoor, but Miss Frumkin had another plan. She walked out of the hospital, hailed a taxi, and rode home. Her parents took her back to Creedmoor that same day, with the assistance of one of their friends. On September 26th, Miss Frumkin asked to go to Jewish services, which were held in Creedmoor's Assembly Hall, a short walk from Building 25. She was given permission to go under the supervision of a male therapy aide. After the services, while refreshments were being served, she slipped away from the therapy aide. She arrived home that evening. Before her parents could calm her down or telephone Creedmoor, she cut the telephone line with a pair of scissors, said that she didn't want to go back to Creedmoor, and ran out of the house. A few hours later, two patrolmen picked her up on the Throgs Neck Bridge, not far away. She was still carrying the pair of scissors, and was aggressive and abusive. The policemen took her back to Creedmoor. On September 18th, when the two P.C. had expired, Dr. William L. Werner, who had taken over as Creedmoor's director in 1972, had applied for a court order of retention, because the psychiatrists in the Clearview unit believed that Miss Frumkin was not well enough to be discharged. On October 23, 1973, Miss Frumkin and a court-appointed lawyer appeared at a hearing, in Creedmoor's Building 40, before a judge of the New York State Supreme Court for Queens County. The judge ordered that Miss Frumkin be retained for a period not to exceed six months. She decided to exercise her right to petition the court for a rehearing. The court-appointed lawyer represented Miss Frumkin at the rehearing, and, in addition, the court designated an independent psychiatrist to examine

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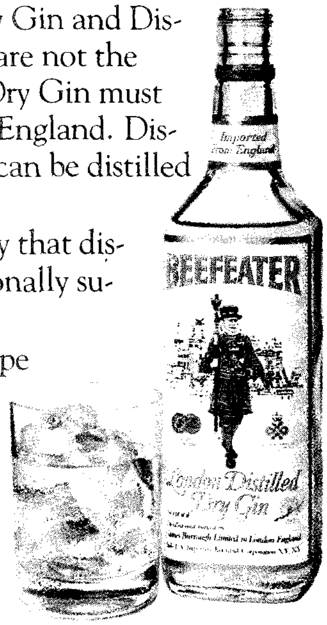

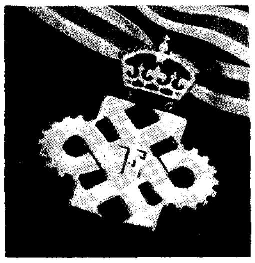

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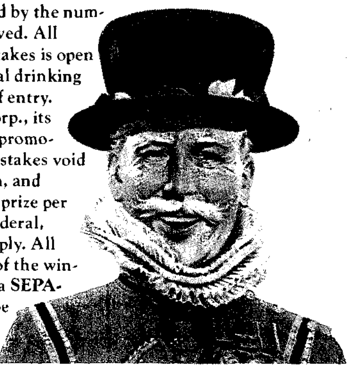

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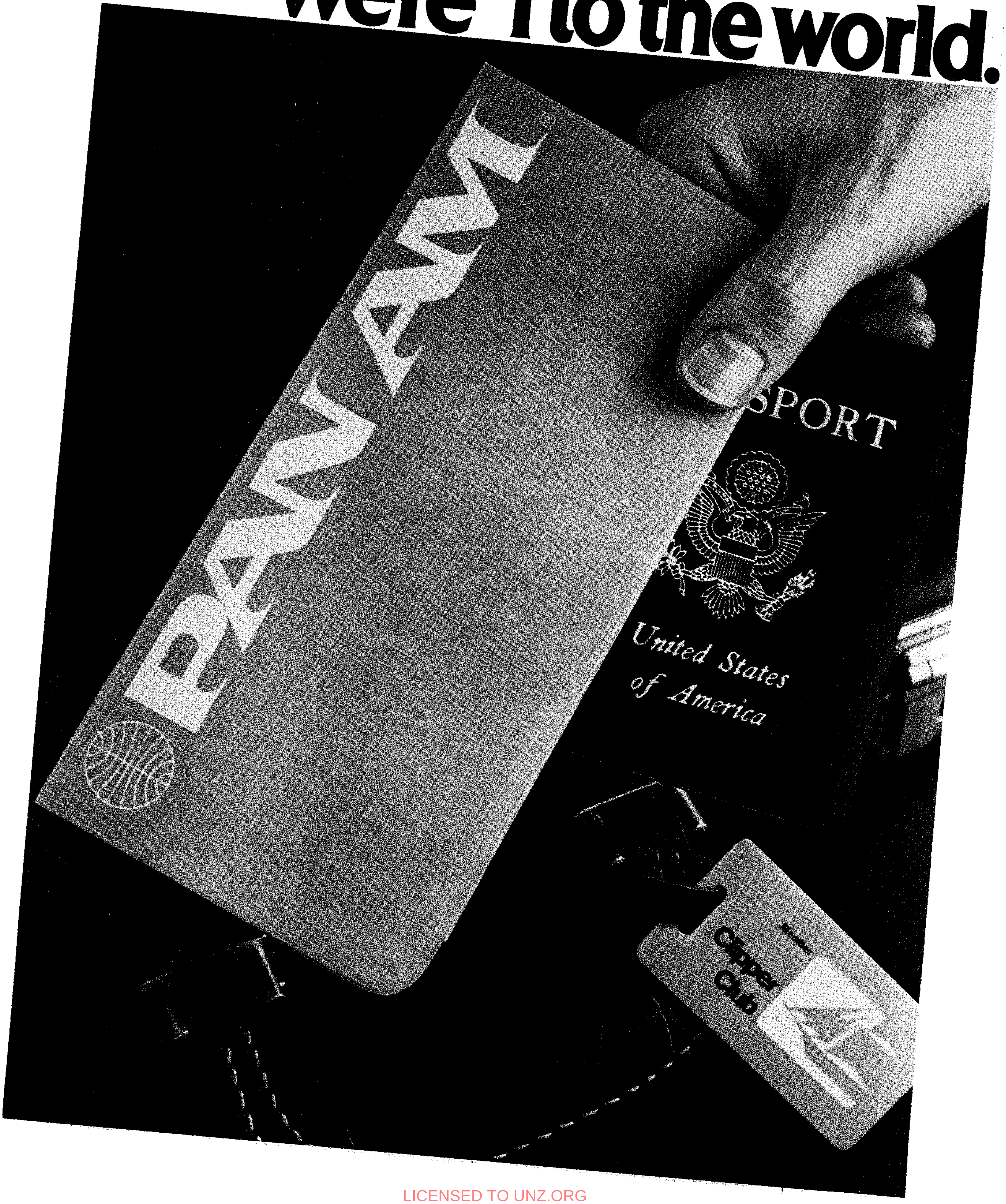
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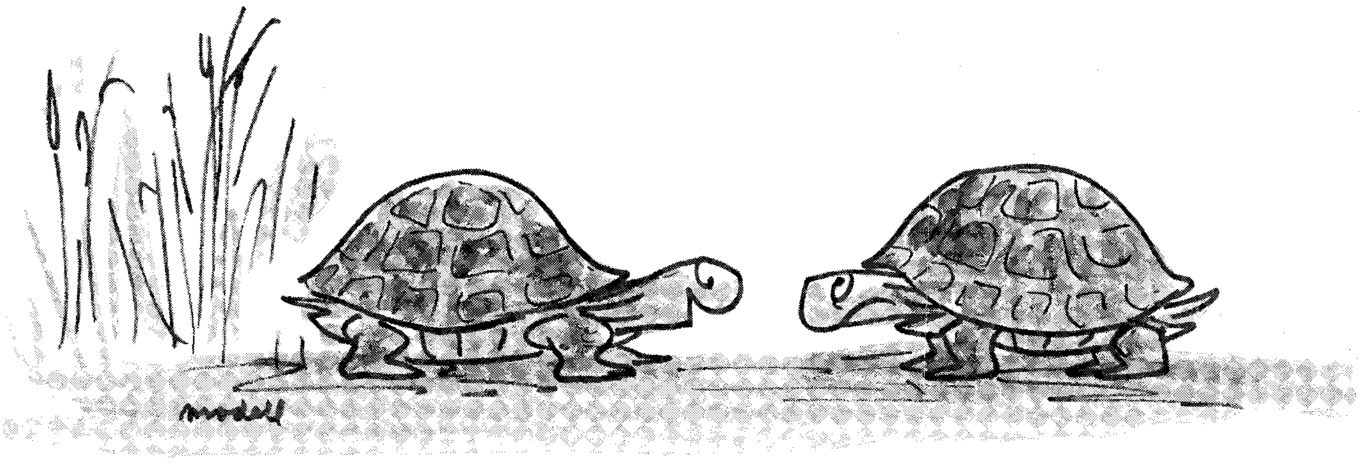

"Another good thing about being a turtle—we have wind resistance just about licked."

• •

her. A psychiatrist on the Clearview staff described her at this time as "dysfunctional even within the hospital environment." The court-appointed psychiatrist interviewed her and concluded that she should not be discharged. On December 19th, a Supreme Court judge and six jurors met and decided that Miss Frumkin should be continued on her present court commitment. She tried to escape as she was returning to Building 25, but she was restrained.

Between July and December, whenever Miss Frumkin had not been absent without leave from Creedmoor she had been receiving moderate doses of various neuroleptics, which didn't have any effect on her. She had tried to pull off the wigs that some of the female therapy aides wore, had changed her clothes ten times before she could be persuaded to leave the dormitory in the morning, had fought with female patients, and had had sex with male patients. Her medication was changed often, and she often demanded to see the medication cards accompanying her medication cups. On the morning of January 27, 1974, a therapy aide named Mary Dodd was giving out medication in Miss Frumkin's ward. When Mrs. Dodd handed Miss Frumkin her pills, she accused Mrs. Dodd of giving her the wrong medication. Mrs. Dodd told her she was simply giving her what the doctor had ordered. Miss Frumkin started screaming at Mrs. Dodd. When Mrs. Dodd tried to pour water into Miss Frumkin's medication cup, Miss Frumkin spit the pills at Mrs. Dodd and spilled water all over Mrs. Dodd and herself. Another patient assisted Mrs. Dodd by taking the medication tray. Miss Frumkin hit Mrs. Dodd. "I finally remembered that if anyone is having hysterics, a slap calms them; so I slapped her on the face, not in anger or to harm her but to calm her, which it did," Mrs. Dodd later reported. Mrs. Dodd was brought up on disciplinary charges, because at Creedmoor hitting a patient is forbidden, no matter what the provocation. After statements were taken from Miss Frumkin (whose account of the event varied each time she was questioned), from Mrs. Dodd, and from the patient who had assisted her, Mrs. Dodd was first given an official reprimand. She contested the reprimand, which the hospital eventually agreed to withdraw, for several reasons: Mrs. Dodd had worked at Creedmoor for nearly four years and had never done anything that required special counselling or disciplinary action; Miss Frumkin was the source of a good deal of conflict in the ward, because she frequently provoked attacks on herself, then greatly exaggerated or completely fantasized the behavior of others in these incidents; and in the opinion of her supervisor Mrs. Dodd's explanation of why she had hit Miss Frumkin indicated "scrupulous honesty as well as the need for training in the management of disturbed patients." Instead of the reprimand, Mrs. Dodd was given some training in the management of disturbed, assaultive patients. She worked at Creedmoor until her death, in 1980, and was never again brought up on disciplinary charges.

On January 19, 1974, Miss Frumkin's medication had been changed to eighty milligrams of Stelazine daily—the equivalent of sixteen hundred milligrams of Thorazine, and a higher dose than the total of the potpourri of drugs she had previously received. In late February, her condition took a turn for the better. Her personal appearance and behavior continued to improve in March. She started going home on visits and went to a typing program on the Creedmoor grounds several times.

In March of 1974, Harriet and Irving Frumkin met with the Clearview social worker to discuss Sylvia's discharge. The Frumkins had by then become active in the Long Island Schizophrenia Association. One member of LISA had given them a pamphlet about Gould Farm, a community rehabilitation center that occupied six hundred acres in the Berkshires, in western Massachusetts. Gould Farm's community was composed of about thirty full-time staff members, their spouses and children, and about forty guests—both men and women, most of them between the ages of nineteen and forty. Many of the guests had been in psychiatric hospitals, but Gould Farm accepted only people who were "in a reasonably good state of remission." The brochure made it clear that Gould Farm could not offer anyone a permanent home; most guests stayed for a period of between three months and a year. In early April, Miss Frumkin was given a week's leave from Creedmoor. The Frumkins had made an appointment at Gould Farm, and they drove Sylvia there for a required twenty-four-hour trial visit. They liked Gould Farm immediately. Sylvia was accepted

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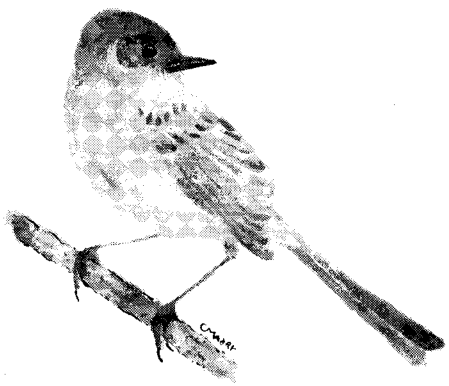
there. The Frumkins drove her back to New York. She returned to Creedmoor for a few days, had the court order dropped, and was discharged.

THERE were two residential buildings at Gould Farm, each supervised by houseparents. Guests had private rooms, and were required to take care of their rooms and their personal hygiene. They were also required to work six hours a day, helping in the dining room, in the kitchen, or on a hundred acres that were used for farming. Gould Farm raised most of its own meat and vegetables. Its dairy herd provided the farm with all its milk, its flock of chickens provided eggs. Chores were rotated. Miss Frumkin gathered eggs, set tables, and did her share of the seasonal chores—raking leaves, shovelling snow, clearing trails, making maple syrup. The guests had the rest of the day free to go to square dances, parties, and community meetings; to take trips to movies and concerts; to engage in sports; or to spend time in the weaving studio and the craft shop. At Gould Farm, Miss Frumkin learned to weave, to do needlepoint, and to crochet.

The first thing Miss Frumkin did at Gould Farm was to give up smoking—a habit with which she had always felt uneasy. The second thing she did was to start gaining weight on the ample breakfasts, lunches, dinners, midmorning coffee breaks, afternoon teas, and bedtime snacks provided. She was also caught skimming cream off the tops of bottles of unhomogenized milk in the milk room. After several months at Gould Farm, she weighed a hundred and ninety-six pounds. She decided to go to a Weight Watchers group in the nearby town of Great Barrington. The executive director of Gould Farm remembers her running compulsively from table to table snatching meat from other guests' plates, to be sure of having precisely the number of ounces of chicken or liver specified in the Weight Watchers diet; he came to regret having given his approval to her going to Weight Watchers. She lost some weight, but she did not stick with Weight Watchers long; diets lost their charm for Sylvia Frumkin as quickly as psychiatrists did.

During her first months at Gould Farm, Miss Frumkin was still taking eighty milligrams of Stelazine a day, which she had been advised to do when she left Creedmoor, along with six milligrams of Cogentin and some Dalmane (she had had some trouble sleeping). She was also taking megavitamins.

Gould Farm had a consulting psychiatrist, Dr. Dale Greaney, who came to the farm once a week to see the guests. A few months after Sylvia's arrival, Dr. Greaney began to see her every second or third week for between half an hour and forty-five minutes. Sylvia was always lucid but circuitous. In Dr. Greaney's opinion, she was no more and no less ill than most of the other chronic-schizophrenic guests he saw at Gould Farm, but three things did set her apart from the others. The first was her physical clumsiness and lack of coördination. Like several other psychiatrists who have treated Miss Frumkin, Dr. Greaney believed that she might have a neurological problem. He sent her to a neurologist for a consultation. The neurologist gave her a thorough examination and a test to rule out the possibility that she might have Wilson's disease, a hereditary condition characterized by toxic deposits of copper in many organs and tissues, including the central nervous system; the test was negative. The neurologist also determined that she didn't have any other neurological problem that would explain her behavior. (As a consequence of the neurologist's examination, Miss Frumkin came to believe that she did have Wilson's disease, just as insulin-coma therapy, which she had had in 1967, had convinced her that she suffered from hypoglycemia.) The second thing that made her different from guests at Gould Farm with whom she shared many of the symptoms of schizophrenia was her imperious behavior. Dr. Greaney knew many schizophrenics who were quiet, were neat and kept their rooms clean, and had good manners. Miss Frumkin was loud, her room was messy, and she irritated most people at Gould Farm by her social clumsiness. She grated on her fellow-guests and on the staff by literally and figuratively stepping on their toes; she seemed to lack any sense of where she ended and the next person began. The third thing that he believed set Miss Frumkin apart from other schizophrenics he had seen was her unwillingness to settle for the half life of halfway houses and "sheltered workshops," as so many chronic schizophrenics did.



Some months after Miss Frumkin began to see Dr. Greaney, her legs started to move back and forth involuntarily when she was seated. He changed her medication from eighty milligrams of Stelazine to six hundred milligrams of Mellaril, which was the equivalent of six hundred milligrams of Thorazine—a reduction of over sixty per cent in her medication. When Dr. Greaney went into private practice, in 1973, he had been antagonistic to medication. He had hoped to treat schizophrenic patients without drugs. Experience had taught him that he couldn't, but he continued to prefer talking to people (his main interest now is couples therapy) rather than medicating them. Eventually, he relinquished part of his job at Gould Farm to another psychiatrist, one reason being that "the work was almost all writing prescriptions." He now goes to Gould Farm half a day a week. Dr. Greaney changed Miss Frumkin's medication from Stelazine to Mellaril because he believed that, of all the neuroleptics, Mellaril caused the least hyperactivity. In choosing Mellaril (there were alternative ways to deal with the leg swinging), he chose one of the few drugs that could not be safely given in a dose comparable to eighty milligrams of Stelazine. Mellaril, unlike most neuroleptics, has an absolute ceiling—eight hundred milligrams. The manufacturer warns that higher doses can cause pigmentary retinopathy—a discoloration of the retina which impairs vision. Dr. Greaney didn't worry about decreasing Miss Frumkin's medication, and didn't even give her the maximum dosage of Mellaril. He regularly reduced the medication of guests at Gould Farm by anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent, because the guests worked six hours a day and he observed that they became too tired if they took the same medication they had been given while they were leading inactive lives in hospitals. He didn't notice any change in Miss Frumkin's behavior for several months after he lowered her medication. (Some patients "decompensate" twenty-four hours after a reduction or

SODA HOT DOG
FRANKS
Stan Hunt

"Oh, for God's sake, Cogshill must have had himself a three-Martini lunch."

• •

cessation of their neuroleptic medication, and some decompensate only after eighteen months, but the average time is about three months.) Dr. Greaney did notice that Miss Frumkin was suddenly talking a great deal about religion. He decided that her preoccupation with religion was nondelusional and therefore didn't do anything about it.

After Miss Frumkin had been at Gould Farm a year, the staff met with the director to discuss her future. Most guests either suffered relapses and went back to hospitals or improved sufficiently to go to a halfway house or return home. An occasional guest was allowed to stay on at Gould Farm if he or she was no trouble and fitted into the farm's therapeutic community. The staff told the director that no exception should be made for Miss Frumkin. They had hoped that they could change her behavior, and had expended a great deal of energy on her, but she was as obnoxious as she had been when she arrived. On June 1, 1975, Miss Frumkin was told that she would have to leave Gould Farm in three months. The Frumkins were distressed. "Gould Farm was such a wonderful time for us," Harriet Frumkin recalled some years later. "Sylvia was in reasonably good shape, she wasn't in a hospital, and she was *away*." The Frumkins knew from having had Sylvia living at home several times in the early seventies that it would be better for the whole family if she did not return there. The social worker at Gould Farm tried to get her into a number of halfway houses in Massachusetts, where she had placed other Gould Farm guests. Miss Frumkin was unenthusiastic about the halfway houses, and they were unenthusiastic about her. Between June and September, as she was threatened with the sort of change that had triggered psychotic episodes in the past, and was more vulnerable, because her medication had been lowered, she began to decompensate more visibly. She became increasingly preoccupied with religion. Unknown to some people at Gould Farm, Miss Frumkin had met a member of the American Board of Missions to the Jews one Saturday in 1972 on her way home from an internist's office where she was then working. Members of the A.B.M.J. are primarily Jews who believe that Jesus is the Messiah; they consider themselves spiritually reborn, and believe that their purpose in life is to bring the message of Jesus to other Jews. Miss Frumkin had not pursued the invitation to become converted to Christianity in 1972; instead, she had become a Buddhist in 1973. She had turned against the Buddhists after she was asked to leave the Hotel Martinique. At Creedmoor, after she ran away from Jewish services she had had several counselling sessions with Creedmoor's rabbi, and had once again seemed to accept Judaism. At Gould Farm, however, a guest who was a born-again Christian had converted her to Christianity. She considered herself born again and started to go to church. Although Gould Farm was nonsectarian, its director was an ordained Presbyterian minister, and a few of the staff members were evangelical Christians. As Miss Frumkin became obsessed with Christianity in the summer of 1975, two staff members at Gould Farm were counselled against proselytizing her. As the deadline for leaving approached, her room became "a disgrace," she stopped taking her medication, and she started running around without any clothes on. The director telephoned the Frumkins and told them they would have to come and get their daughter.

Dr. Greaney was on vacation on August 29th, when Miss Frumkin left Gould Farm; he was not surprised to learn later that her exit had been a dramatic one. He recognized that even though her ability to function had become increasingly impaired as she had grown older, her will to succeed had survived. The reason that the staff at Gould Farm felt that her prognosis was so poor was that they could not imagine an entry point into any normal life for Miss Frumkin. At staff meetings, they asked each other, "What would she do?" She couldn't even be hired as a clerk, because of the awkward way in which she presented

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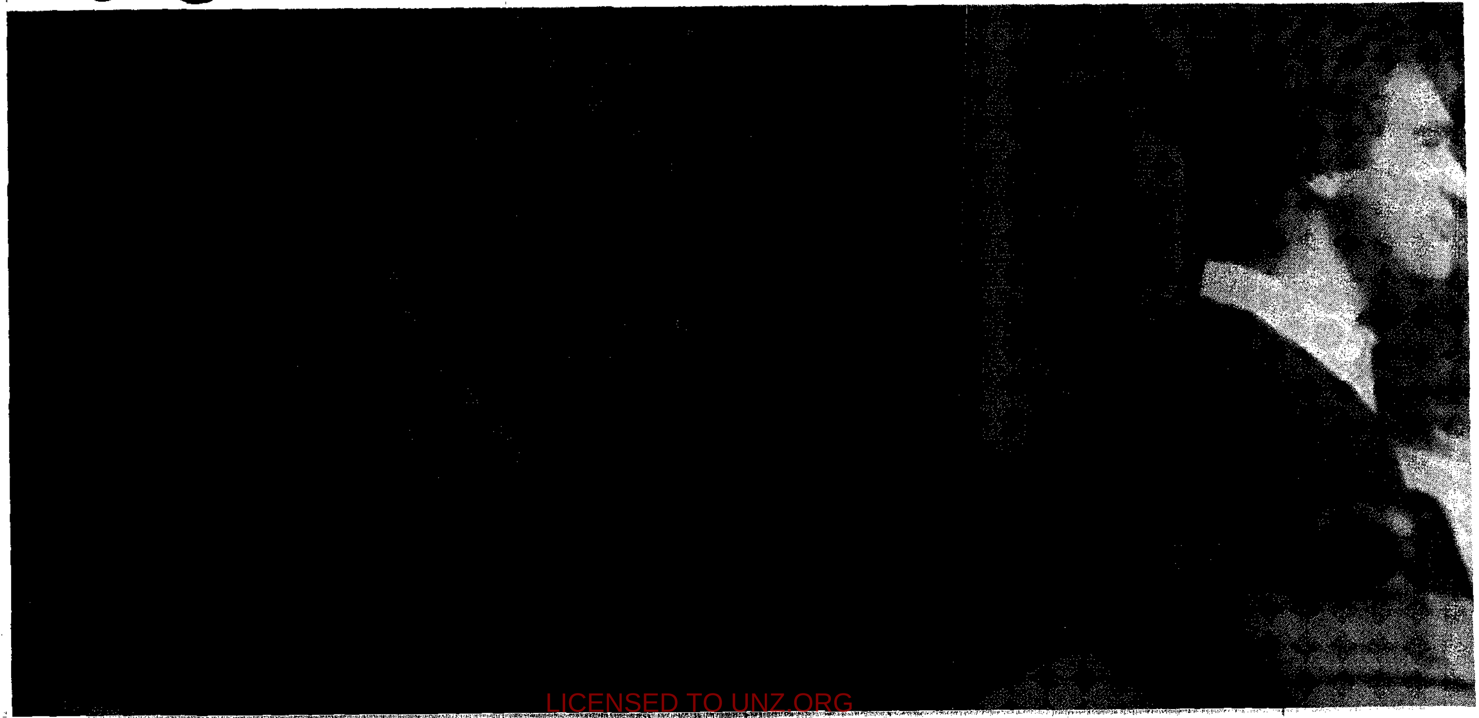

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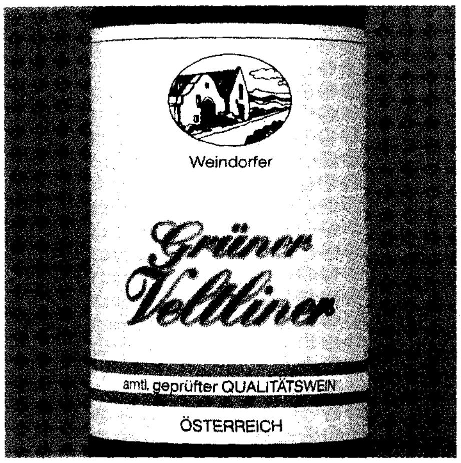
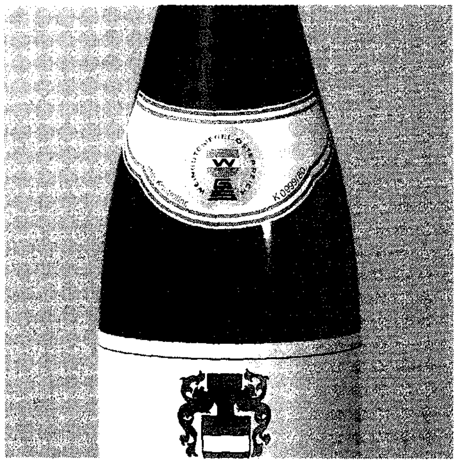
Weindorfer
Blaufränkisch

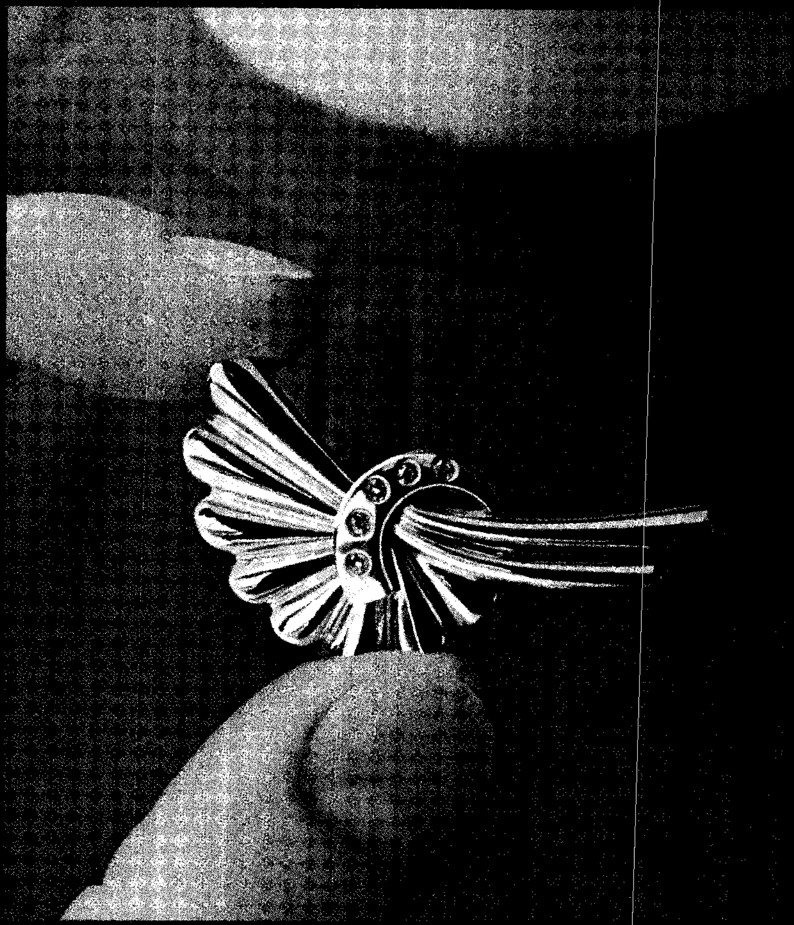
☐ *What does the label tell you? As a rule, the more information on the label, the higher quality the wine. Austrian wine labels contain everything you need to know. In the example below, you see the district of origin, Weindorfer; the grape variety, Grüner Veltliner; the quality designation, Qualitätswein; and the country of origin, Osterreich. Of course, on your bottle, the importer would also be listed.*



☐ *What is the significance of the seal? Austrian wines that are tested by the government and found to be true to their type are awarded the Austrian Quality Wine Seal, which also carries a control number. To earn this seal, grapes must originate in one of the wine-growing areas defined by law and they must be listed in the quality grape register. Sugar in the unfermented grapes must meet minimum degrees. Mature wines that pass these requirements get to wear the seal with the little Romer glass.*



"I know it's not
till next week,
but I couldn't wait."



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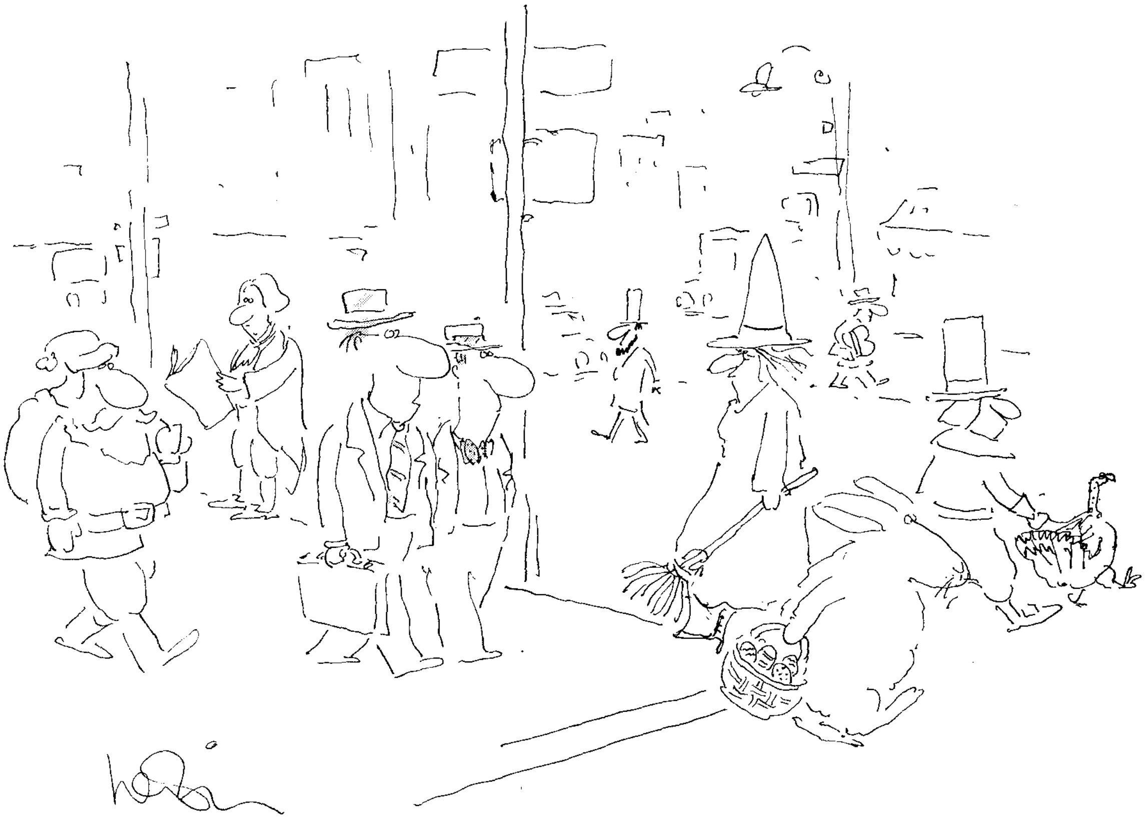
herself, and, on top of that, she didn't really want to be a clerk. She still wanted to be a star. Dr. Greaney believed that Miss Frumkin's combination of intelligence and grandiosity not only made her prognosis poor but also accounted for the Dionysian quality of her psychotic episodes. "If you have to be Sylvia Frumkin, maybe this is the way to be," he said not long ago. "Many schizophrenics are grandiose, but she has such a high intelligence coupled with her grandiosity. If you see yourself going from defeat to defeat, and the next awesome chasm presents itself and you can't cross it, maybe you stick with the grandiosity in your head instead of facing up to your homeliness and awkwardness and limitations. I think she's a genius at being insane."



"What do you think accounts for the holiday atmosphere?"

• •

FOR two days after her return home, Sylvia fought with her mother. One afternoon, she tossed some of her clothes and books into a small suitcase and ran out of the house. Several hours later, one of the Frumkins' neighbors happened to see her walking on the grass adjacent to the Cross Island Parkway and opening and closing her suitcase as she walked. He brought her home in his car. When she got there, Harriet Frumkin opened the suitcase. Sylvia's clothes and books were gone. In the suitcase were aluminum cans, cigarette butts, and pieces of old tires. Sylvia said she was "helping to clean up the ecology," because it was such a mess. When Mrs. Frumkin shouted at her daughter for losing her clothes and books, Sylvia ran out of the house again. The police found her on a nearby street and took her to Elmhurst. The Frumkins were told that Elmhurst was overcrowded; the hospital could keep her for only a few days before transferring her to Creedmoor.

Sylvia Frumkin didn't want to return to Creedmoor. She got down on her hands and knees and begged her parents not to send her back there. At one of many mental-health meetings that Mr. Frumkin had attended, he had heard of a man named Kenneth Wentworth, a celebrated practitioner of megavitamin therapy. Dr. Wentworth, the director of a clinic in Nassau County, took his private patients to Brunswick Psychiatric Hospital, in Amityville, New York. Sylvia's insurance would cover most of the cost of up to ninety days at Brunswick, but the Frumkins would still have to pay about four hundred dollars a month. Irving Frumkin was willing to send Sylvia to Brunswick. Although there was no proof that megavitamins had ever helped his daughter in the past, he clung to the belief that at Brunswick the megavitamins would be a panacea. Harriet Frumkin was willing, too, after Sylvia put her head in her lap and cried. Joyce Frumkin, Sylvia's older sister, was opposed to Sylvia's going to Brunswick, and told her parents so. For years, Joyce had been sympathetic to Sylvia. She herself had had a successful career in the fashion industry, going from one well-paid and challenging executive position to another, but she had had a series of unhappy love affairs and had been to a number of therapists in the hope of working out her problems. She and the various therapists attributed many of Joyce's troubles to her family environment. Joyce was especially inclined to blame her father, for putting terrible pressure on her as a child to do well in school and in everything else, but at least one of her therapists believed that while Mr. Frumkin had a bad bark, Mrs. Frumkin had a much worse bite. Joyce believed that she had got off more lightly than Sylvia because she had different genes, but she realized that she had not escaped. She wished she could be happier with herself. She wanted a good marriage and children. For years, whenever Sylvia was in a state of remission Joyce had tried to do the things she thought sisters should do for each other—she had fixed Sylvia up with blind dates, for instance—but by 1975 she had given up on the existence of a cure for Sylvia and on the possibility of having a sister she could turn to when she was in trouble. Joyce believed that her parents were sending Sylvia to Brunswick because it was better for them to see her in a beautiful hospital than in an ugly one, that they were deluding themselves with false hopes, and that they were throwing good money after bad.

Dr. Wentworth put Miss Frumkin on a special diet, and she lost weight at

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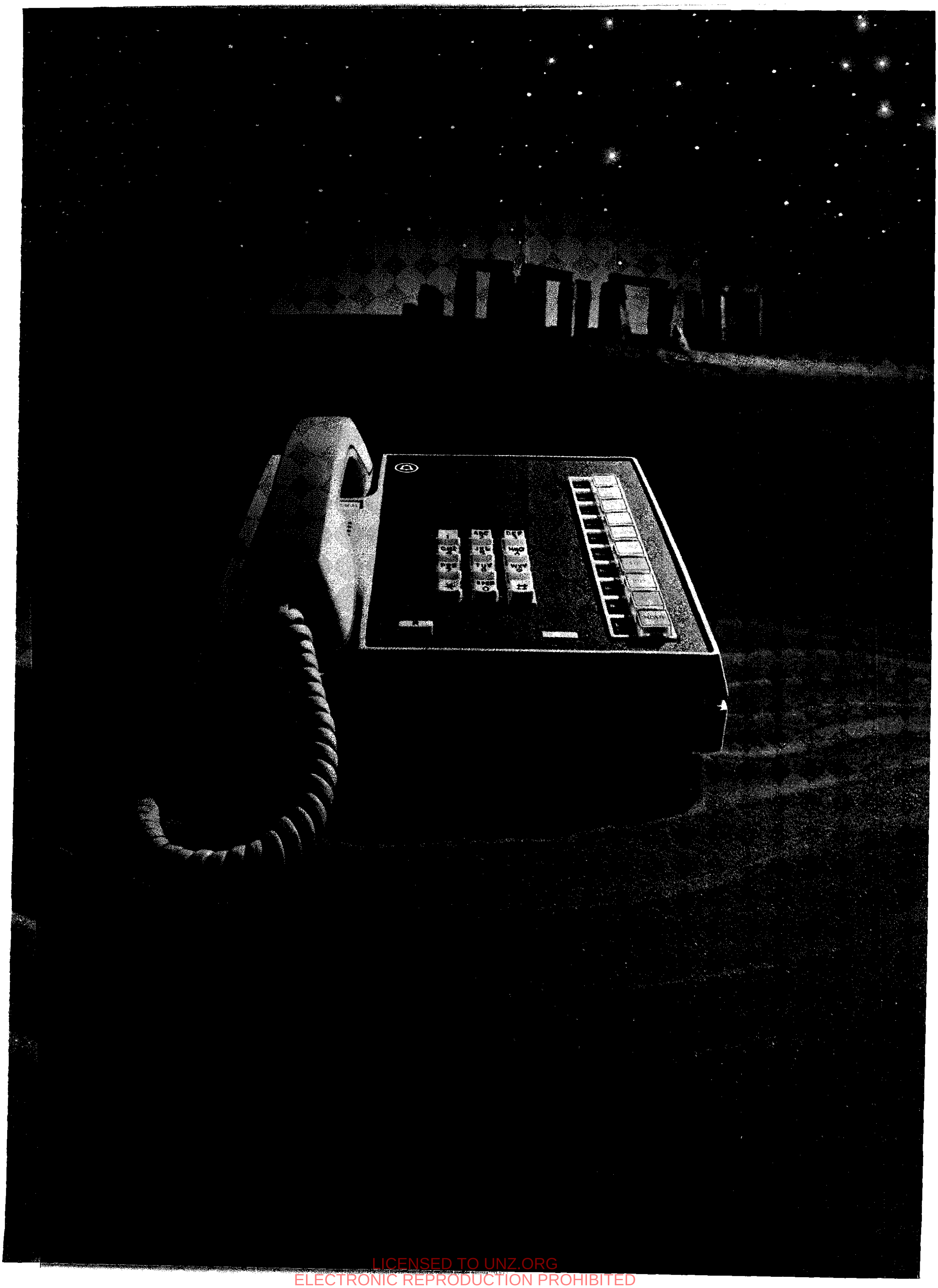

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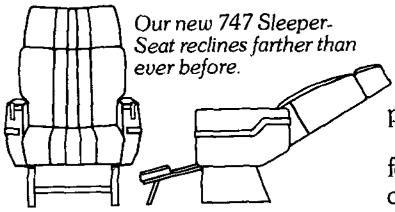

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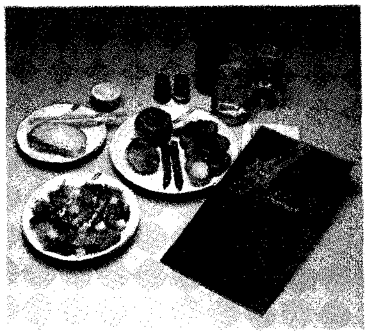

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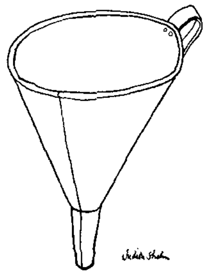
Brunswick, but though she was receiving neuroleptics and electroshock therapy as well as megavitamins, there was no more than a minor improvement in her condition during her stay there. She was depressed and cried a lot, and she was obsessed with being born again. While she was at Brunswick, Irving Frumkin felt terrible pains in his stomach one evening. He was rushed to the hospital and was operated on for bleeding ulcers.

As Miss Frumkin's ninety days at Brunswick were drawing to an end, her social worker talked to her about her discharge. He thought that an adult home would be the appropriate place for her. The Frumkins drove her to see an adult home called Rockaway Manor. It struck her as a far more horrifying place than Creedmoor. "You expect a state hospital to be awful, but you expect to be treated like a human being in the outside world," she said after seeing the lobby of Rockaway Manor. Mr. Frumkin wanted to place his daughter in the Richmond Fellowship, a transitional-housing program with an excellent reputation, but it had a long waiting list. While Miss Frumkin was still at Brunswick, she telephoned the Manhattan office of the American Board of Missions to the Jews. She spoke of her plight to a man named Alan Goldsmith, and he called George Klopfer, who was in charge of the A.B.M.J. office in Queens. Klopfer went to Brunswick to meet Miss Frumkin, and arrived when her parents were also visiting her. He was appalled at the way she abused them: she seemed to him to be half animal and half human when she yelled at them. He ordered her to quiet down, and she did quiet down. Mr. Frumkin was pale and gaunt after his operation. George Klopfer believed that Sylvia would cause her father's death if she went home with him. Klopfer and his wife, Nellie, lived in a building that the A.B.M.J. owned in Hollis, Queens. Two floors of the house were used for Bible classes and offices; the Klopfers lived on the third floor with a grown son and two young daughters. The Klopfers offered to let Sylvia live with them. Like Benjamin Wilder, an uncle with whom Sylvia had once spent part of a summer, they thought that what she needed was a structured environment, which they could provide. Unlike Benjamin Wilder, they believed that Sylvia was possessed by demons—a view of mental illness that was more prevalent in the fifteenth century than in the twentieth. The Klopfers knew that there would be tremendous battles with Sylvia, but they were convinced that they would prevail. Nellie Klopfer had been a registered nurse, and the Klopfers had had some experience with the mentally ill. The Klopfers told the Frumkins that Sylvia, who had studied art as a teen-ager, could teach their daughters to draw in exchange for her room and board. They agreed to give her megavitamins, although they did not believe in vitamins or any kinds of drugs. They believed in the power of Jesus Christ to overcome the forces of Satan.



For a week or two in December, right after Sylvia moved in with them, the Klopfers thought that their way of treating her was effective. Sylvia mumbled a lot. Whenever she mumbled, George Klopfer would intone, "Sylvia, I come against these forces that are making you mumble in the name of Jesus, and I demand by the blood of the lamb that you stop mumbling." Then she would speak clearly. Sylvia was also lazy. She wouldn't clean her room; some days, she wouldn't get out of bed. On her lazy days, Klopfer would recite, "There is power, there is power, there is wonder-working power in the blood of the lamb, in the precious blood of the lamb. I come against these forces in the name of Jesus, and I demand by the blood of the lamb that you dress yourself now. Lord God, we come against these symptoms." Sylvia wouldn't budge.

Sylvia often defied the Klopfers. They told her to read the Gospels of the New Testament; she read the Book of Daniel. They told her to play gospel music on the radio; she played the Top Ten. She was unable by now to draw, much less give drawing lessons. The Klopfers fought relentlessly with Sylvia, believing that her will had to be broken. They were soon battle-weary. She stayed up late, and they got little sleep. They developed sinus headaches. One morning right before Christmas, the Klopfers sat at the breakfast table and prayed that God would eliminate Sylvia from their midst, because they could no longer carry on the struggle. They believed that she was wearing them down as a family. George Klopfer called the Frumkins that evening to say that they had tried their best and failed, and that he was going to take Sylvia to Creedmoor. The Frumkins told him they would meet him there. Sylvia, who had been carrying on at the Klopfers and who continued carrying on in the parking lot near Building 40, which handled all admissions from four-thirty in the afternoon until eight in the morning, quieted down as soon as she entered the building. When the resident on night duty screened her for admission, she spoke softly and sensibly. As Klopfer and Harriet and Irving Frumkin all remember it, Sylvia put on a performance worthy of Sarah Bernhardt. "The resident gave us a lecture that made us feel we were monsters to want to put a healthy young woman in a mental hospital," Klopfer recalls. He told the Frumkins that he and Nellie would try again, and he drove Sylvia back to Hollis. Right after New Year's, the Klopfers went with Sylvia to a store in Flushing that was having a going-out-of-business sale. While they were shopping, Sylvia left the store and found two policemen. She told them that she was a drug addict and needed help. A few hours later, she was admitted to Elmhurst. She spent a month at Elmhurst, and then, on February 6, 1976, she was transferred to Creedmoor.

WHEN Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Creedmoor for the sixth time, the Clearview unit had moved to Building N/4, a custard-colored brick building that had opened in 1932. N/4's roof had started to leak in 1933, and the building had continued to age prematurely over the following decades. When Miss Frumkin was admitted, she gave her religion as Hebrew-Christian. She was preoccupied with religion, but declined to discuss her auditory religious hallucinations with the psychologist and the psychiatrist who interviewed her, because they were "too private." The diagnosis of Miss Frumkin's illness was schizophrenia, chronic undifferentiated type.

The psychiatrist who treated Miss Frumkin in the Clearview unit first prescribed a combination of Mellaril and Haldol for her. He gradually raised the dose of Haldol. On March 12th, he dropped the Mellaril and raised the daily dose of Haldol to fifty milligrams—the equivalent of twenty-five hundred milligrams of Thorazine—where he kept it for the rest of

THURSDAY, 1 A.M.
Hey, guess what's on tonight.
IT'S BUMMER THEATRE
Every week, something else that's not so hot happens.
Yes, we're going to have to sell the farm.
R. Chast

March and all of April. Miss Frumkin's condition appeared to improve. In April, she attended a sheltered workshop, where she did such benchwork-assembly tasks as packaging cutlery, paper napkins, and condiments in cellophane for use by airlines. In mid-April, she was transferred to the Clearview Motivation Center, a "hotel" on the Creedmoor grounds which had opened in 1975 for patients who no longer needed to be confined in a locked ward. In May, Miss Frumkin's psychiatrist lowered her dose of Haldol to forty milligrams. When her condition suddenly deteriorated in June, he raised it to fifty milligrams again. Her condition continued to deteriorate: a few weeks later, she had to be sent back to the ward; in July, she could no longer attend the sheltered workshop. The psychiatrist kept raising the dosage of Haldol—to eighty milligrams in late June, to a hundred and ten milligrams in July, to a hundred and fifty milligrams in mid-August, to two hundred milligrams at the end of August, to two hundred and fifty milligrams on September 1st. On this large dose of Haldol, Miss Frumkin at first showed some improvement, but by September 19th she was attacking numerous employees and was refusing to eat. On September 22, 1976, she weighed only *a hundred and eight pounds—a loss of* eighty-eight pounds altogether since the summer of 1974. While it was characteristic of her to hit attendants during episodes of acute psychosis, she usually gained weight during these episodes. On September 23rd, Miss Frumkin was given three hundred milligrams of Haldol—the equivalent of fifteen thousand milligrams of Thorazine. She was still experiencing delusions, hallucinations, and confusion, and had become extremely unsteady on her feet. After she had stumbled and fallen a number of times, her psychiatrist started to lower her dose of Haldol—to two hundred milligrams on October 13th, to a hundred and fifty milligrams on October 21st, to a hundred milligrams on November 15th. Her bad behavior continued, but she started to eat, and she gained weight rapidly. In December, another psychiatrist at Clearview looked at the record of Miss Frumkin's fifth Creedmoor hospitalization and learned that she had improved and had been discharged on eighty milligrams of Stelazine. On December 9th, she was therefore switched from Haldol to forty milligrams of Stelazine; on December 16th, this rose to sixty milligrams of Stelazine; on January 13th, to eighty milligrams. Her behavior improved almost as soon as she was switched to Stelazine. In January, she started to attend the Clearview Day Center. On February 8, 1977—a year and two days after her sixth admission to Creedmoor—she moved back into the Clearview hotel. In April of 1977, *she returned to the sheltered workshop* part time; she eventually dropped out of the Day Center and went to the sheltered workshop full time.

In the fall of 1976, when Miss Frumkin's condition was at its worst, *she had been brought to the attention* of Dr. Werner, the hospital's director. Irving Frumkin had written to Dr. Werner about the intolerable conditions in her ward at Clearview; as a result of one of his letters, in which he wrote that he had banged on an outer door of the ward for twenty minutes before being let in, doorbells had been installed next to the ward's outer doors. Dr. Werner believed that a psychiatrist should practice his trade, and he took a few hours each week from his directorial duties to hold individual therapy sessions with a few patients. Miss Frumkin had become one of them. She saw him once a week. When Miss Frumkin told Dr. Werner that she wanted to get out of the hospital, that her parents had made it clear they did not want her to live at home, and that she wanted to try out a new program that had recently opened on the Creedmoor grounds, Dr. Werner asked the social worker at the Clearview hotel to try to get her into this program. It was called Transitional Services for New York, Inc., and was conducted by a nonprofit agency whose purpose was to help the mentally ill return to their communities. The social worker didn't believe that Miss Frumkin was ready for Transitional Services but did the extensive paperwork necessary to get her discharged from Creedmoor and accepted there. Few social workers will resist a hospital director.

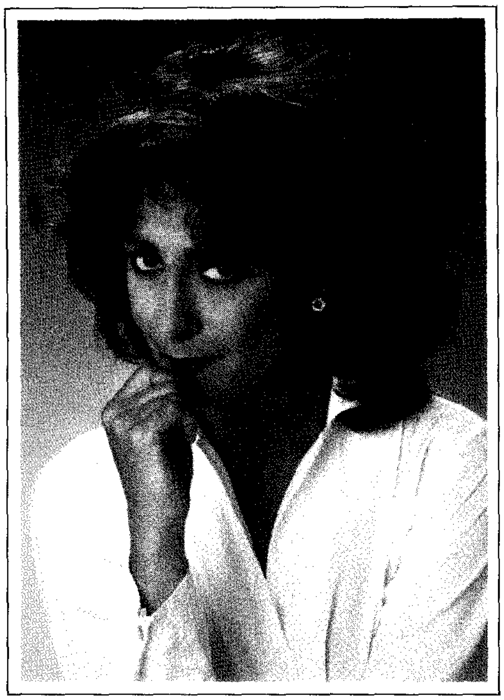
Harriet Frumkin was also opposed to her daughter's going to Transitional Services in the spring of 1977. She, too, didn't believe that Sylvia was ready for it. Sylvia had made weekend visits home, but they had not gone well. The progress notes that the therapy aides at the Clearview hotel wrote on Miss Frumkin frequently read as if they thought she should be sent back to the ward rather than on to Transitional Services. On May 10, 1977, one therapy aide wrote:

> Patient's hygiene and cleaning of her room area are still under supervision. Her clothing and makeup are examples of her impulsive, compulsive sets of decisions, as well as her supposed diet. Examples are: Makeup heavily smeared on her face, in dining room she sneaks around and eats other pts. desserts, salad, etc. Clothing is either too tight, too short, too long, unmatched jewelry, etc. The wilder her attire, the happier she seems to be. When Sylvia is approached, she resents the fact, and generally babbles off so much. It has also been brought to my attention that Sylvia relates only to doctors and those with authority.

On June 14, 1977, Sylvia Frumkin was transferred to Transitional Services.

IT is only a two-block walk along Creedmoor's Avenue A from the Clearview hotel to Building 20, a former staff residence that has been used since 1975 to house some of the clients in Phase 1 of the Transitional Services program, but it meant a great deal to

Elizabeth Ashley talks about her 'first time.'



ASHLEY: My first time was on the 'red-eye' from LA to New York.

INTERVIEWER: Gee, I had no idea you could get it on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But I assure you, it gets better and better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy it.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.

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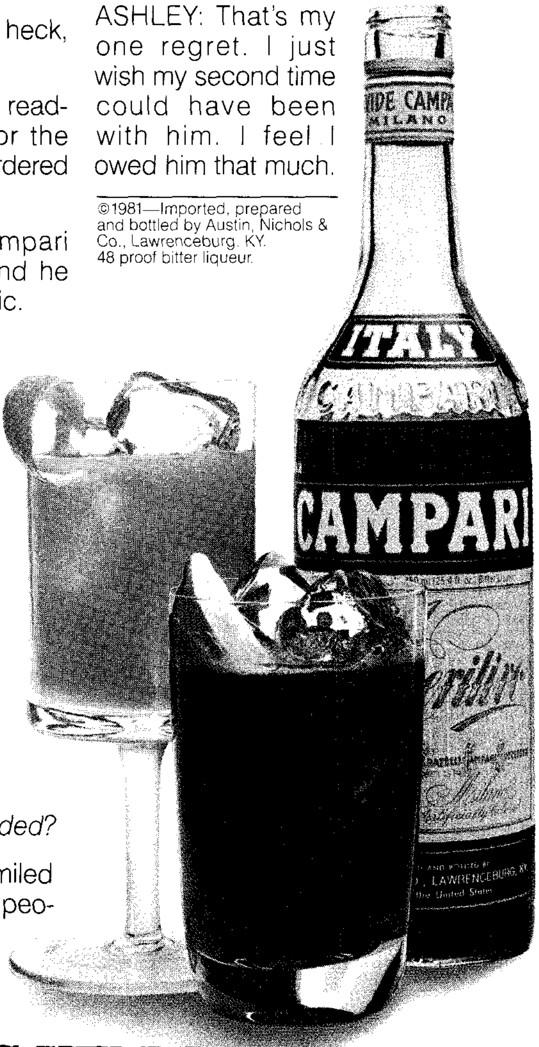
48 proof bitter liqueur.



CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.

Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition

The Chrysler Cordoba. So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

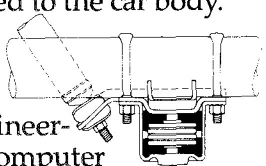
Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

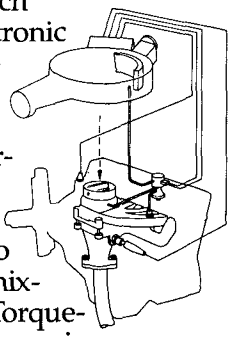
A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.

Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.



A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.**

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily. Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of $\boxed{17}$ est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.† Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.



Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome, and moldings were picked as fitting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

All this is the result of Chrysler's advanced planning in design and engineering. To illustrate this, Cordoba's paint job was chosen superior because its color was even throughout and the finish was smoother. To make Cordoba's finish long lasting, a seven-step dip-and-spray treatment to guard against corrosion is applied before the car receives the first of its four coats of paint.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits, finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall.

We'd like you to compare the Chrysler Cordoba and see why it won easily over Cutlass Supreme.

The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

Cordoba LS model prices start at $7,765.††

$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.

CHRYSLER

Plymouth

The New Chrysler Corporation

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*Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category. **Optional at extra cost.

†Use EPA est.MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Calif. ests. lower.

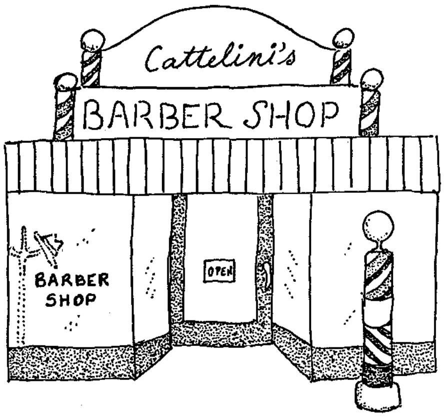
††Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS.

Miss Frumkin to be told that she could walk those two blocks. She continued to go to the sheltered workshop, to see Dr. Werner for therapy, and to live on the grounds, in a double room, but there were differences between being at the hotel and being at Transitional which may have seemed little to some but were not so little to Miss Frumkin. At Transitional, she had a key to her room. At Transitional, the food was better and the staff was friendlier. At Transitional, she was permitted to call her counsellors by their first names. As she got older, Miss Frumkin had come to resent the fact that some of the people with authority over her were younger than she was (it heightened her sense of time ticking away) and that she had to call them Mr. or Mrs. or Miss, while they called her Sylvia.

In Phase 1 of Transitional, clients were assigned to counsellors who taught them skills they would need when they progressed, after a few months, to Phase 2 (living under close supervision in small apartments, on the grounds or in the community, where they were responsible for doing their own grocery shopping and cooking) and then to Phase 3 (living under minimal supervision in apartments in Queens that had been rented by Transitional Services). While Miss Frumkin was in Transitional, she was taught how to plan a meal, shop for its ingredients (she was unfamiliar with such concepts as unit pricing), cook the meal, and clean up afterward. Her counsellors' notes indicated that she could cook quite well but didn't like to clean up and usually left the kitchen in a mess. "Instructions not needed—pushing was," one counsellor wrote. Miss Frumkin, whose weight had increased a great deal in recent months, tried Weight Watchers for a brief period but got discouraged and abandoned the diet. Another counsellor commented on her eating habits and tried to get a stopwatch, so that she would know just how fast she was eating.

A number of people—Joyce Frumkin is one of them—remembered that there were some days in the summer and fall of 1977 when Sylvia appeared "quite normal." Dr. Werner was another person who had that impression. In the summer of 1977, Dr. Werner decided to lower Miss Frumkin's medication. In July, he told her to skip taking her eighty milligrams of Stelazine on weekends. In August, he lowered her medication to seventy milligrams of Stelazine a day five days a week. On October 25th, he cut her Stelazine to fifty milligrams a day five days a week, and wrote in one of the reports he periodically sent to Transitional Services that she was making considerable progress "not only in living but in her ability to seek gainful employment" and that he would be gradually diminishing her Stelazine, "as Ms. Frumkin shows no sign of any serious emotional difficulties at this time." He concluded his report by saying that he hoped "she will eventually receive little or no medication." Two days later, the supervisor of the sheltered workshop wrote a note saying that Miss Frumkin was still doing excellent work. She added, "I find her extremely tense and withdrawn. Her periods of work are short and she will state that she can't concentrate and ask to leave."

Irving Frumkin came to Transitional Services to eat lunch several days a week while Sylvia was there. He also took her to Dr. Luis Santiago, a psychiatrist at a community medical center on Long Island. Dr. Santiago was testing Anafranil, a tricyclic antidepressant that is not yet commercially available in the United States. He gave Miss Frumkin an expensive series of tests—blood tests, urine tests, and hair tests. He interviewed her, and then told her father, "Mr. Frumkin, your daughter is not schizophrenic. She's compulsive." At the same time that Dr. Werner was progressively lowering Miss Frumkin's Stelazine (by January of 1978, he had it down to forty milligrams a day five days a week), Dr. Santiago was giving her fifty milligrams of Anafranil a day and megavitamins as well. Miss Frumkin's condition began to deteriorate. Her counsellors at Transitional noticed her deterioration shortly after her supervisor at the sheltered workshop had. Her room was filthy; she said she couldn't wash her clothes for a week, because she didn't have any money (she had spent it all on food); she said she could spend only ten minutes with a counsellor who had planned to spend an hour with her, because she had to watch television; she kicked another client at Transitional Services and was fined ten dollars; she appeared to be preoccupied with Christianity. One day in December of 1977, a counsellor at Transitional Services spoke to Miss Frumkin about her increased nervousness and changed behavior. Miss Frumkin said that she was unaware of these changes in behavior and that whatever anyone may have noticed was "nothing." The counsellor had spoken to Dr. Werner, who had agreed to let Sylvia take five extra milligrams of Stelazine in the morning. Transitional Services delayed Miss Frumkin's referral to Phase 2 for a month, but Dr. Werner was eager to have her proceed. She was transferred to Phase 2 on January 30, 1978.



Miss Frumkin moved into an apartment in another building on the Creedmoor grounds. She and her new roommate shared a bedroom; they also had a living room, a bathroom, and a kitchen. They didn't get along. Although Miss Frumkin had resumed smoking in 1976, when she was in the ward at Clearview, she had given it up again in 1977, when her condition improved—and, as was her custom, she then hated it when other people smoked. Her new roommate was a chain-smoker. She fought with her roommate about smoking, but the roommate wouldn't stop, and she further angered Miss Frumkin by using the same Brillo pad to wash dishes and ashtrays. Miss Frumkin irritated her roommate by staying up until one o'clock in the morning watching the TV set in the bedroom; the roommate liked to go to bed at nine-thirty. On the evening of February 5, 1978, Miss Frumkin called her parents to tell them she was suffering from nicotine poisoning. She soon started screaming. In the early-morning hours of February 6th, she was taken to Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, where she asked to be admitted, complaining that she was having extreme difficulty getting along with her new roommate, who smoked excessively. The admitting psychiatrist found her acutely psychotic. Hillside Hospital had merged with Long Island Jewish Medical Center in 1972, five years after Miss Frumkin spent four months at Hillside. By 1978, Hillside had some locked wards as well as unlocked cottages, and most of its patients stayed

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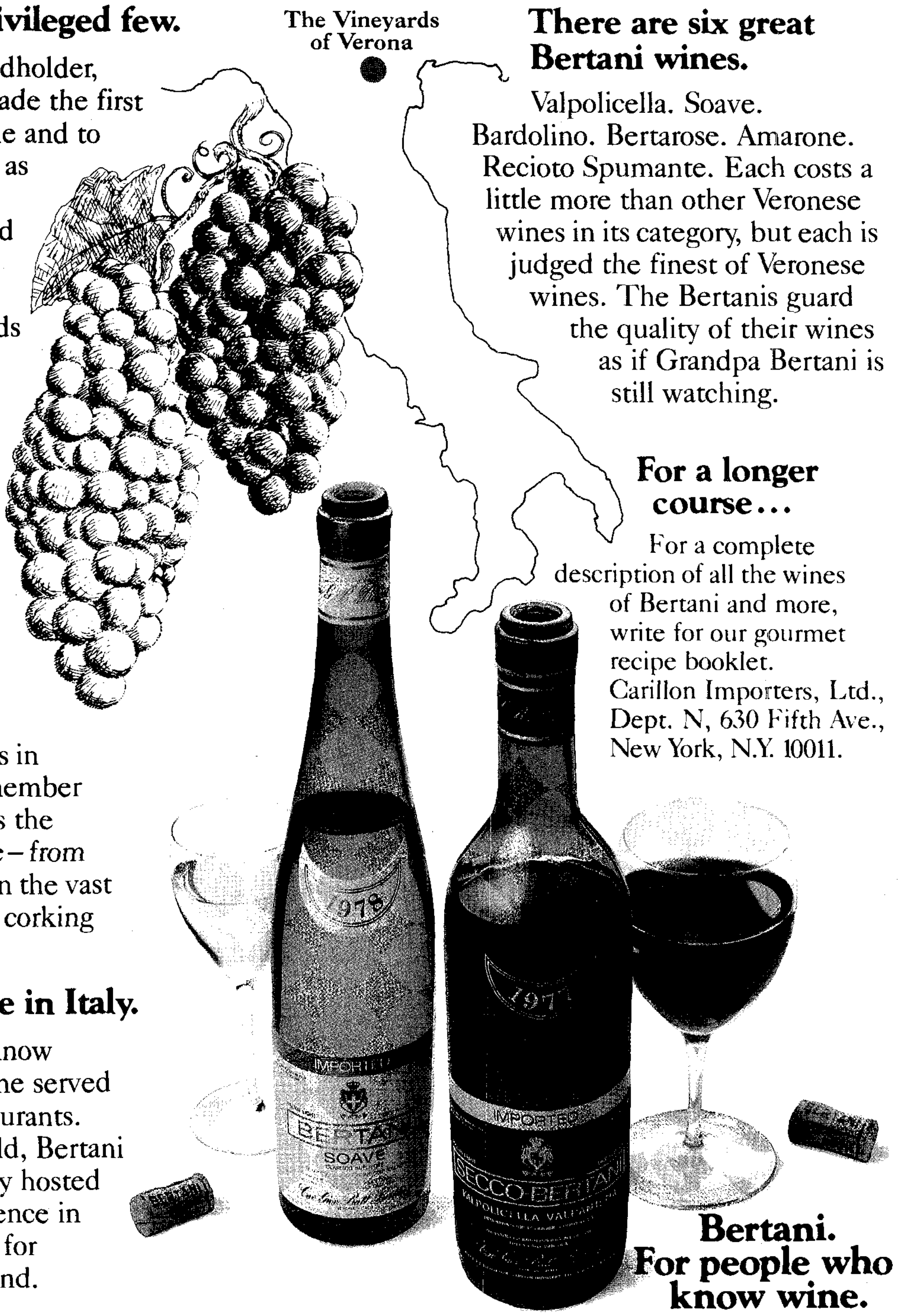

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only ninety days—until their insurance ran out.

A SPECIALIST in psychopharmacology who was familiar with Sylvia Frumkin's case history made a number of observations about the two-year period that began on February 6, 1976 (when she entered Creedmoor for the sixth time), and ended on February 6, 1978 (when she entered Hillside for the second time). "The psychiatrist who gave her Haldol at Clearview was apparently the first psychiatrist in her whole medical history who followed an essentially sound procedure in prescribing neuroleptics," he said. "I believe that when you receive a patient you choose a drug and make a commitment to it. You should stick with the drug and gradually increase the dose until one of three things occurs: one, the symptoms begin to subside; two, nothing happens, and you ought to suspect that you have one of a small minority of patients on whom some neuroleptics will not work; or, three, the side effects become intolerable. She was kept on the drug too long, and the dose was raised too high when nothing was happening and the side effects were becoming intolerable. The initial procedure was sound, but a critical error was made. It seems that no one had bothered to study her case history. One of the most striking things about Sylvia Frumkin's case history is that many psychiatrists—those she encountered, at least, and I don't think her case is uncommon in this respect—don't take the time and trouble to study case histories. No treatment she received over a period of thirteen years bore any logical relationship to a previous treatment. You get the impression that the psychiatrists pulled a drug out of a hat and gave her too little of whatever they pulled out, or that they dumped the contents of the hat out on a tray and gave her too little of several drugs. In December of 1976, she finally ran into a psychiatrist who made one of the few really intelligent moves in her case history—a psychiatrist who looked at her most recent chart, saw that she had responded well to eighty milligrams of Stelazine and had been released from Creedmoor the fifth time on that dose, and recommended it for her again. The same drug in the same dose that has worked in the past won't always work again, because we aren't the same person every day of our lives, but there's a reasonable chance that it will work, and it's worth trying. This psychiatrist could not have known that Stelazine had possibly caused the side effect of involuntary leg swinging at Gould Farm, because what had happened to Miss Frumkin at Gould Farm wasn't in her Creedmoor history. If one had known about the side effect at Gould Farm, and if one had been convinced that Stelazine had caused it, one would obviously have been wise to experiment until one found a neuroleptic that worked as well on her as Stelazine. She did not display the same side effect when Stelazine was used on her in 1976 and 1977 at Creedmoor. A neuroleptic doesn't always cause the same side effect when it is used a second time, and that may be a possible explanation. In any case, one cannot fault the Clearview psychiatrist who was conscientious enough to read her previous chart on this point.

"Had I been the psychiatrist, however, I think I would have wanted to give Miss Frumkin more than eighty milligrams of Stelazine. Her history as far back as her first hospitalizations, in 1964, indicates that she is much less responsive to drugs than most patients. Even on an optimum dose of the optimum medication, by 1976 Miss Frumkin would probably have required several months to get over a psychotic episode. The four principal symptoms of an acute psychosis are often agitation, hallucinations, delusions, and thought disorder. Neuroleptics will usually reduce the symptoms in that order. The first thing the patient will do is calm down. With higher doses or prolonged treatment, the hallucinations will go, then the delusions. What happens too often, especially when patients are drug-resistant, is that the dose is raised only enough to get rid of the agitation, the hallucinations, and possibly the delusions. The thought disorder and perhaps some delusional thinking remain. The patients are dischargeable from hospitals under current criteria, but the remaining symptoms keep them from functioning adequately on the outside and help to bring them back to the hospitals again.

"Dr. Werner should never, of course, have lowered Miss Frumkin's Stelazine, just as the psychiatrist at Gould Farm should never have lowered her medication when she was facing a crisis. For her, leaving Gould Farm and changing phases at Transitional were real periods of stress. During periods of stress, it is a serious error to reduce the medication dosage, as the patient requires additional pharmacological protection against the increased stress. Dr. Werner was seeing to it that she would eventually have to be rehospitalized even before she went to another doctor, who misdiagnosed her and put her on a tricyclic antidepressant that is often effective for obsessive-compulsives but not for the symptoms of schizophrenia. I knew and liked Bill Werner. He was a warm human being, but he suffered from an illusion common to many psychiatrists. He lowered her Stelazine for the same reason that he had the even more unrealistic idea of eventually taking her off drugs entirely. He thought that he could cure her. He was taught in medical school that schizophrenia is incurable, and he should not have forgotten that. A patient with Miss Frumkin's case history could not fail to do anything but decompensate if she was taken off drugs, and that is why Miss Frumkin has always decompensated when she stopped taking her medication herself. It always amazes me how many psychiatrists think of major mental illnesses as conditions that are curable, when most illness in our field and others is not curable. If you look at the average internist's practice, you'll see that he's dealing with such things as heart ailments, arthritis, and diabetes—all of them chronic illnesses, like schizophrenia. What you try to do with most illness is to keep it under control. You don't try to cure it, because you can't, certainly not with currently available therapies, although it is likely that someday cures will be found."

SHORTLY after her admission to Hillside on February 6, 1978, Miss Frumkin was started on Thorazine, which was eventually raised to twenty-eight hundred milligrams daily. In addition, Hillside gave her lithium (up to nine hundred milligrams a day) and Stelazine (up to ninety milligrams a day), but there was only minimal improvement. When tests showed elevated liver enzymes, the phenothiazines—Thorazine and Stelazine—were discontinued, and, because of her lack of improvement, so was the lithium. On April 18th, Miss Frumkin was put on Moban, one of the newest of the score of neuroleptics in use in the United States, and one with a different molecular structure from the others.

Miss Frumkin stayed psychotic during her first two months at Hillside. When Joyce Frumkin came to visit her there, she found her sitting on a mattress praying. Miss Frumkin had a weird look on her face and wore on her head a pointed cap with a tassel, which she had made herself. Other visitors remembered that she got up on tables and danced, that she broke her eyeglasses in a fit of rage, and that her speech was so pressured—so rapid and frenzied—that she would have to stop talking because she ran out of breath. In May, her hallucinations (which were primarily religious) and her bizarre behavior started to decrease. She was able to enjoy some of the many activities offered at Hillside, which has a ratio of staff to patients that is ten times as high as Creedmoor's. At the end of ninety days, however, the Hillside resident in charge of her case decided that she was not well enough to return to Transitional Services and needed continued hospitalization. She was transferred to Creedmoor. As soon as Hermine Plotnick, who has been Clearview's unit chief since 1974, saw that Miss Frumkin was back in her unit, she said, "The ninety-first day is always Creedmoor."

Miss Frumkin's seventh stay at Creedmoor lasted from May 9, 1978, to May 31, 1978. She was treated with Moban, and although it was noted that she had some religious preoccupations, she was friendly and coöperative. On May 31st, she was sent back to Transitional Services, Phase 1. After her return to Transitional, she attended a program at Hillside Day Hospital. She was in a music group, an occupational-therapy group, and a women's group. She dropped out of the women's group, because, as she remembers it, she was so deeply concerned with Christianity that the things said in the group were "very offensive" to her. On June 5th, a counsellor at Transitional Services noted that she was pulling the hair out of the front of her head. On June 13th, a counsellor noted that she was unable to sleep, was up all night, and claimed she wasn't sleepy.

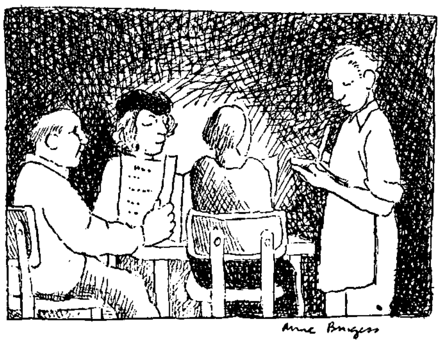
Shortly after midnight on June 16th, she fell on the floor of a bathroom at Transitional Services and cut her head. She suddenly thought that she was Mary Magdalene and Jesus Christ, but she remained calm. She went downstairs and showed her cut to the night supervisor. He decided to take her to the emergency room at L.I.J.-Hillside to have her cut examined. On the way to L.I.J.-Hillside, Miss Frumkin heard a Paul McCartney song on the car radio and imagined that Paul McCartney had fallen in love with her. She became highly agitated at L.I.J.-Hillside. At five-thirty on the morning of June 16, 1978, she was transferred to Creedmoor. She signed a voluntary form and was admitted to Creedmoor for the eighth time.

Several hours later, she was back in the Clearview unit. Shortly after noon, she was in a seclusion room. Two therapy aides who had known Miss Frumkin for many years walked out a back entrance to the building to go to lunch. They could hear Miss Frumkin screaming. They knew that her seventh Creedmoor hospitalization had been her shortest; they knew that the interval between her seventh and eighth Creedmoor hospitalizations had also been her shortest. They were distressed that she was back in the ward after only sixteen days.

"Is there anything to be done?" one of the women asked the other as they walked toward a nearby delicatessen.

Her companion shook her head and then said sadly, "Only in the past."

Miss Frumkin was psychotic during the second half of June and most of July, 1978. Although the psychiatrist who admitted her to the Clearview unit on June 16th, Dr. Sun Ming Wong, a native of Taiwan, diagnosed her as a manic-depressive, manic type—partly because his English was not proficient and partly because he had not read her case history—he treated her with neuroleptics. In late July, after she had failed to respond to what for her were low doses of Thorazine—eighteen hundred milligrams a day at most—she was given ninety milligrams of Haldol (the equivalent of forty-five hundred milligrams of Thorazine) for seven days. Her condition improved within the week. She was subsequently given Moban, at her request. In August, she started to attend Clearview's Day Center. In September, she was accepted part time by Creedmoor's typing workshop. In November, she had two pieces of bad news: she was turned down by Transitional Services, to which she had hoped to return, and she developed tardive dyskinesia—a side effect of neuroleptics whose symptoms include involuntary movements of the tongue, lips, and mouth, and, in more severe cases, other parts of the body as well. Her Moban was drastically reduced. In mid-November, she was allowed to drop out of the Day Center, which she had found "childish," and go full time to the typing workshop, which she enjoyed. In early December, she was transferred from the ward to the hotel. In late December, she started having religious hallucinations and delusions, which she mostly kept to herself. She also continued to gain weight. She had come to Creedmoor in June of 1978 weighing a hundred and sixty-two pounds. By January of 1979, she weighed a hundred and eighty-five. In early January, she met with the staff at the hotel to discuss her discharge. She informed the staff that she would not consider any placement except an apartment of her own. She had been told in December that she wasn't ready for an apartment, and had asked her social worker where she could go. The social worker had reflected that Miss Frumkin was indeed "a placement problem": she had already been to so many places, among them the best of their kind in the community, and none of them had worked out. The community was supposed to have a place for Sylvia Frumkin, but it didn't seem to.



In early February, Miss Frumkin suddenly had had enough of being at Creedmoor. Snow started to fall in New York City on the night of February 6th. Miss Frumkin usually went to bed around twelve o'clock, but she didn't feel tired that night and stayed awake reading the New Testament. In the early-morning hours, she heard voices. One of the voices she heard was the voice of God. He told her to get out of the hospital. Before daylight, the voices directed her to a place where she thought no one would think to look for her and where she thought she would be welcome to stay, at least for seventy-two hours—the length of time a voluntary patient had to remain away from Creedmoor before being automatically discharged. She got up at seven o'clock on February 7th, put on a matching skirt,

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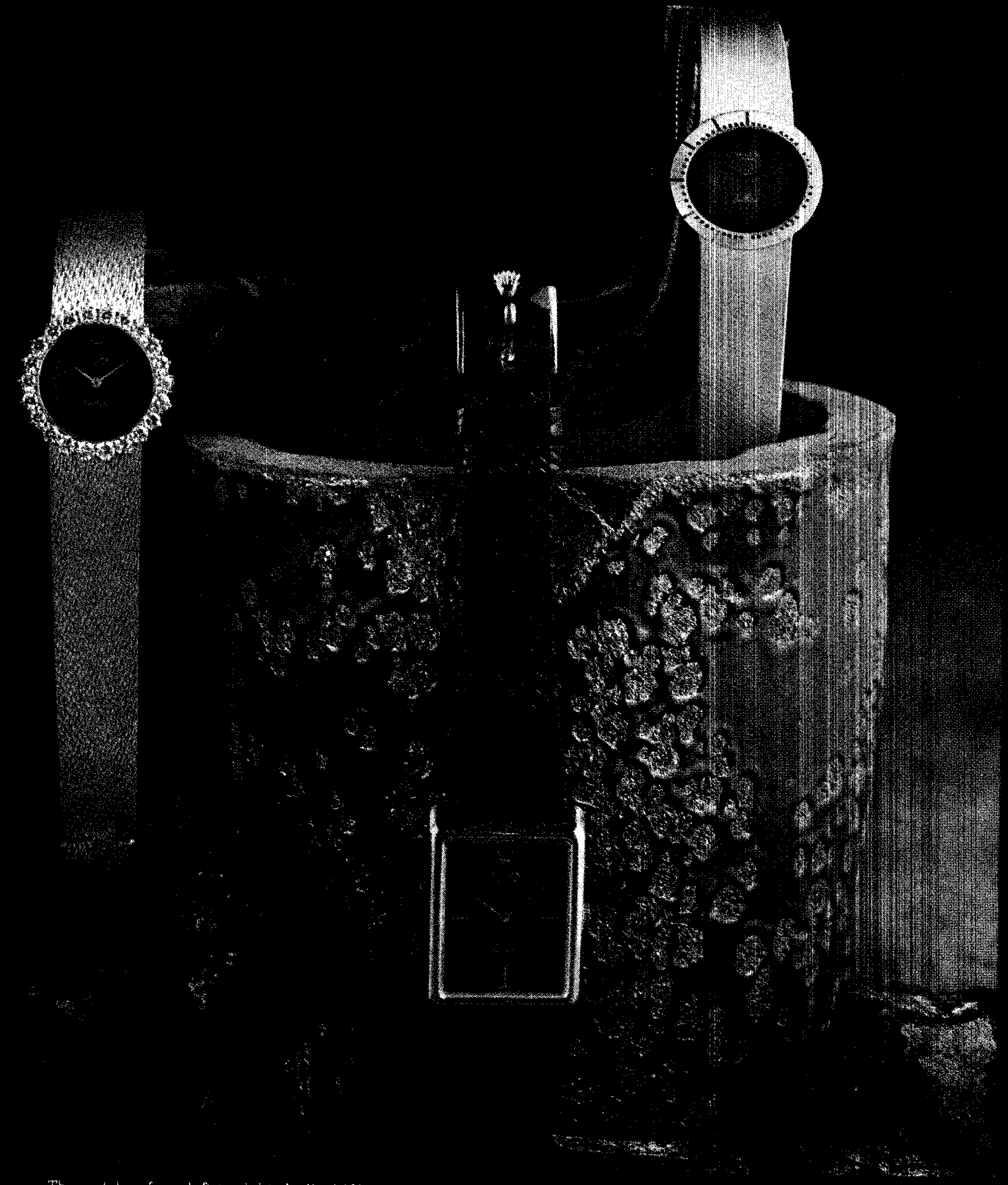

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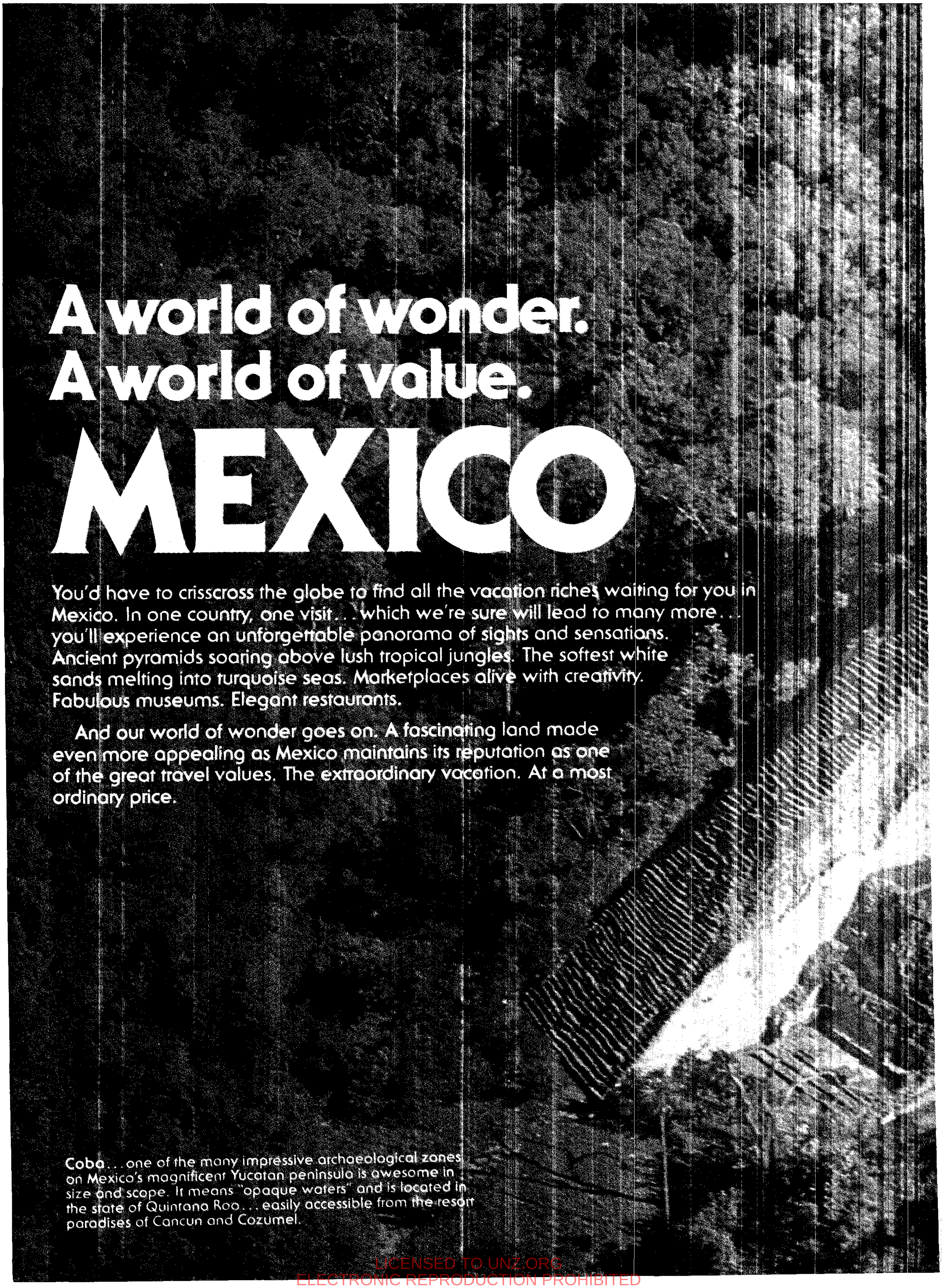

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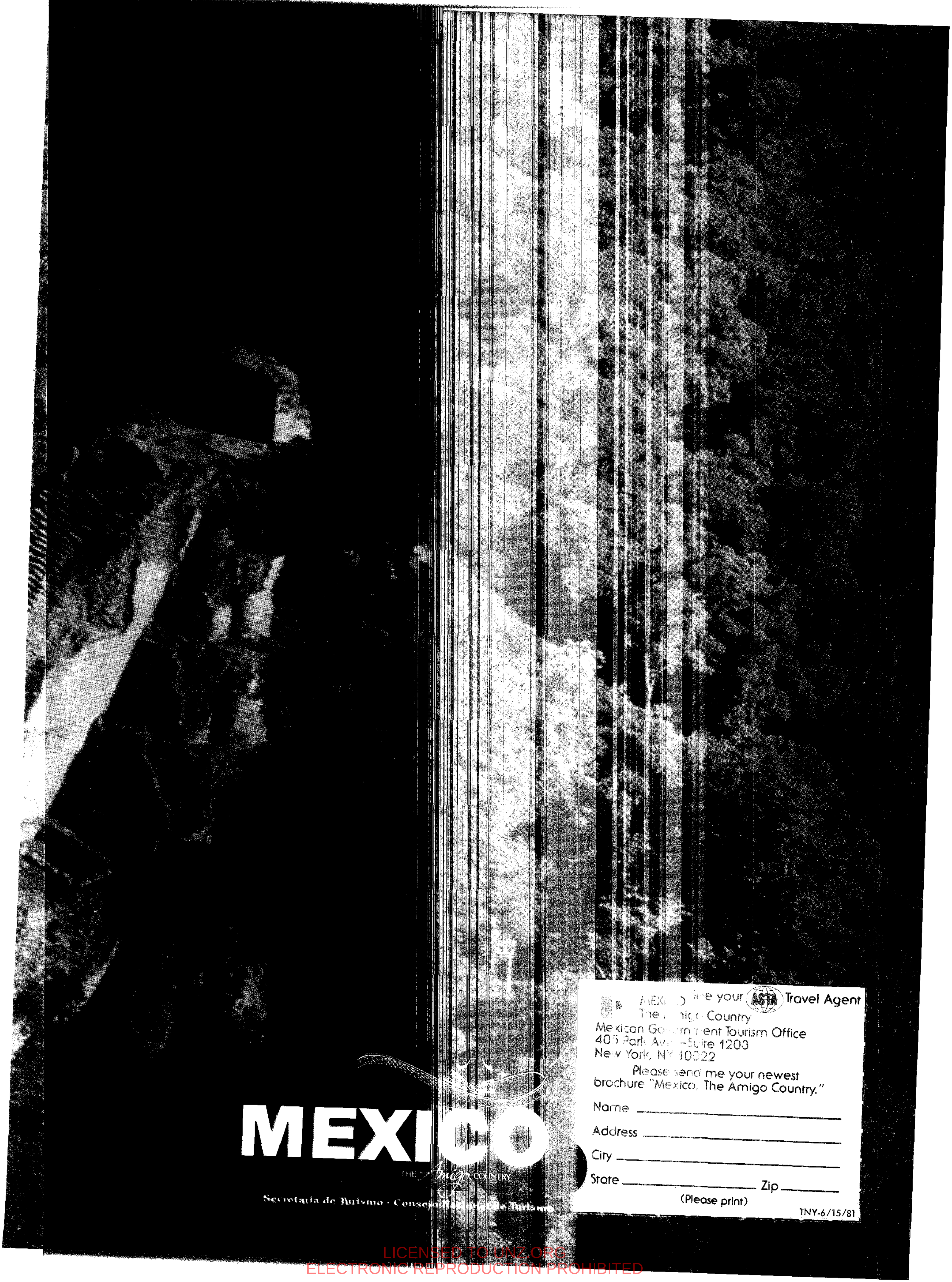
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blouse, vest, and jacket that her parents had bought her in December, and a pair of boots and a winter coat. She crammed the fifth piece of her outfit—a pair of slacks—into her handbag and left her room at the hotel. She went to get her morning Moban tablet, but she didn't swallow it; she had stopped taking her pills a few days earlier. Then she signed out for the day. Instead of going to breakfast in the dining room near the hotel, she walked out the hospital gate closest to the hotel on Hillside Avenue and walked down Hillside Avenue a few blocks to her bank. She withdrew two hundred dollars from her account. She walked from the bank to a bus stop and took a bus and a subway into Manhattan. She got off the subway at the Times Square stop and walked to the Port Authority Bus Terminal. One Friday evening in December, when she was attending classes at the A.B.M.J. center in Hollis, she had by chance met Nellie and George Klopfer on the street. They had been visiting friends who lived next door to the center. The Klopfers had told Miss Frumkin that they had left the American Board of Missions to the Jews and were now living in Middletown, a city in Orange County, New York. They were running a halfway house there and had a small church. The Klopfers had given Miss Frumkin their address and their telephone number. In the early-morning hours of February 7th, Sylvia Frumkin's voices had told her to go to the Klopfers'. She went to the counter of the bus line that served Middletown, bought a one-way ticket there, and learned that the next bus left in an hour and a half. During that time, she went to a few stores in the bus terminal. She had a snack and also bought a number of items: a crochet hook and several skeins of yarn (she felt like starting an afghan); a Timex watch, which she had wanted ever since she lost her last watch, in the spring of 1978; and a large tote bag. When she got on the bus, she had a hundred dollars left. She arrived in Middletown after a pleasant two-hour ride through parts of snow-covered New Jersey and New York. The bus stopped in front of the terminal. Miss Frumkin went inside and asked for directions to the Klopfers'. She was told that they lived a short distance away, at the top of a hill. After she walked to the bottom of their hill, she was too weary to trudge any farther through the deep snow. She saw a house, rang the doorbell, and asked the woman who opened the door if she might use her phone. She called the Klopfers. George Klopfer was surprised to hear from Miss Frumkin, and even more surprised to learn where she was. He told her he would come and get her in his car; he drove her up to his house.

Miss Frumkin immediately exacted from the Klopfers a promise not to tell anyone where she was until February 9th or 10th, so that she would be discharged from Creedmoor. She told them that if they called her parents or anyone at the hospital someone would come and get her and take her back to the hospital. She said she would rather die than return to Creedmoor. The Klopfers felt torn. They knew that the Frumkins would worry about Sylvia's welfare, but she seemed in better shape than she had been in late 1975 and early 1976. She said she was determined to "make it" this time. They sympathized with her wish to be out of the hospital, and agreed to take her in and not to call anyone for a couple of days. They gave her a room in their house. She gave them her remaining hundred dollars. On the night of February 9th, shortly after Miss Frumkin was discharged from Creedmoor, George Klopfer called her parents to tell them she was safe and sound. When the Frumkins learned that Sylvia had been in Middletown since February 7th, they were initially angry at the Klopfers for letting them worry about their daughter for two days, but they were relieved to learn that she was all right. Though the Frumkins didn't share the Klopfers' religious ideas—they were satisfied with Judaism—they thought that the Klopfers were well-meaning people, and were grateful to them for having given Sylvia a place to live after her release from Brunswick Hospital. Even if her previous stay with the Klopfers hadn't worked out, they had tried. Mrs. Frumkin disapproved of the various religious groups to which her daughter had turned, and associated some of Sylvia's psychotic episodes with her religious ideas or with what Mrs. Frumkin believed was a seeking for acceptance by a group—any group—but she said that Sylvia's mental condition was more important to her than her religion. "I'd rather have a healthy born-again-Christian daughter than a mentally ill Jewish daugh-

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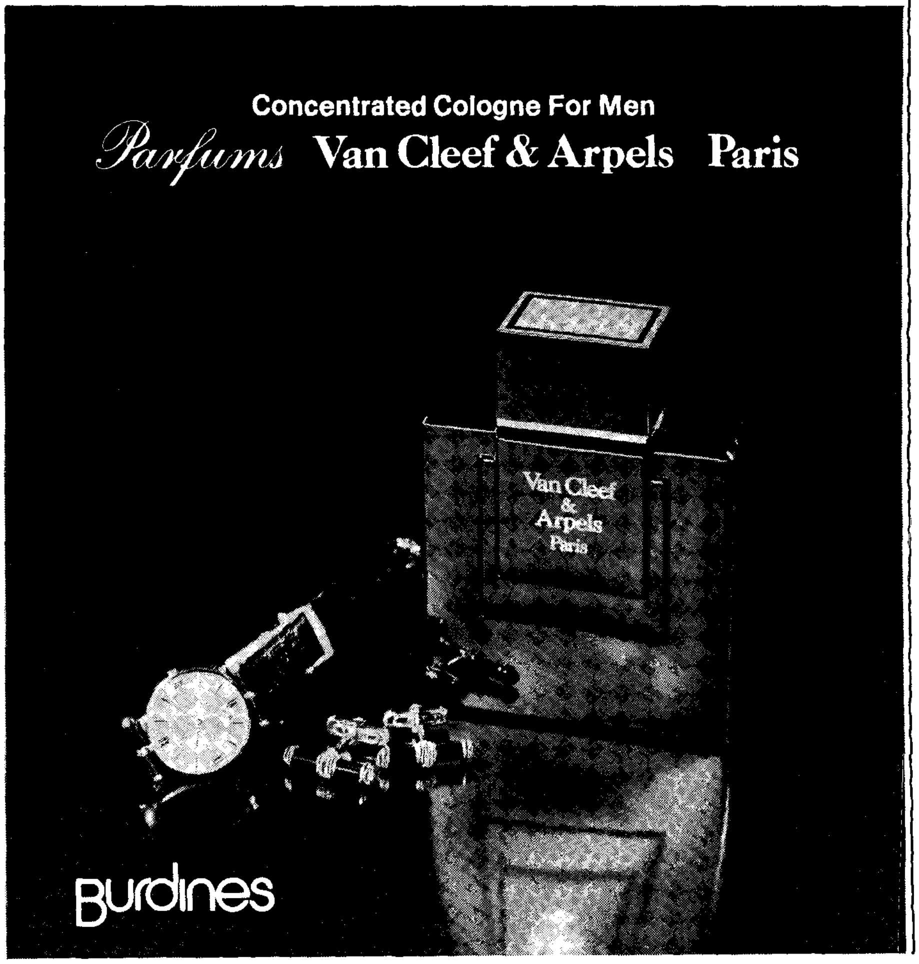

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ter," she told her friends. She was glad that Sylvia was out of Creedmoor and out of the city.

Miss Frumkin telephoned her parents the following morning. She sounded very happy. Her father told her that he would mail her her medication. She called her parents several times over the next ten days. She said that she was going on long walks, that she was losing weight, and that she hadn't been taking her medication for a while and felt fine. She asked her parents to mail her some winter clothes. For about a week, Miss Frumkin seemed content at the Klopfers, and made an effort to get along with them and with three troubled young men who were living with them. Miss Frumkin helped George Klopfer by doing some typing and filing for him. She went with the Klopfers to Bible classes they conducted in homes around Middletown. She ate reasonably. After a week, Miss Frumkin became less coöperative. She dieted at mealtimes but took food from the refrigerator between meals. She wouldn't clean her room. She didn't want to type or do any other work. On Saturday, February 17th, when George Klopfer asked her to help cut wood for a wood stove that heated part of the house, she said she wouldn't work on the Sabbath. The Klopfers were irritated with her for claiming to be Jewish when it suited her convenience. She fluctuated so much between Christianity and Judaism that they doubted whether she was a born-again Christian. On Saturday, February 24th, she again declined to work on her Sabbath. When Klopfer told her that her room was a pigpen and ordered her to clean it up immediately, she screamed at him. The Klopfers explained to her that in a small community like theirs everyone was expected to coöperate. They suggested that since she was unwilling to be coöperative she should leave on Sunday or Monday. "My voices told me when I came here I'd be with you only a short time!" she yelled. "My voices have just told me it will be even shorter than I thought. I'm leaving today." She stuffed her belongings into her tote bag. Klopfer offered to drive her to the bus terminal, but she insisted on walking. "I'm getting out of here, and I'm going by myself," she said. The Klopfers figured that Sylvia's food and telephone calls had cost them seventy-six dollars during her two-and-a-half-week stay. They gave her back twenty-four dollars. Shortly

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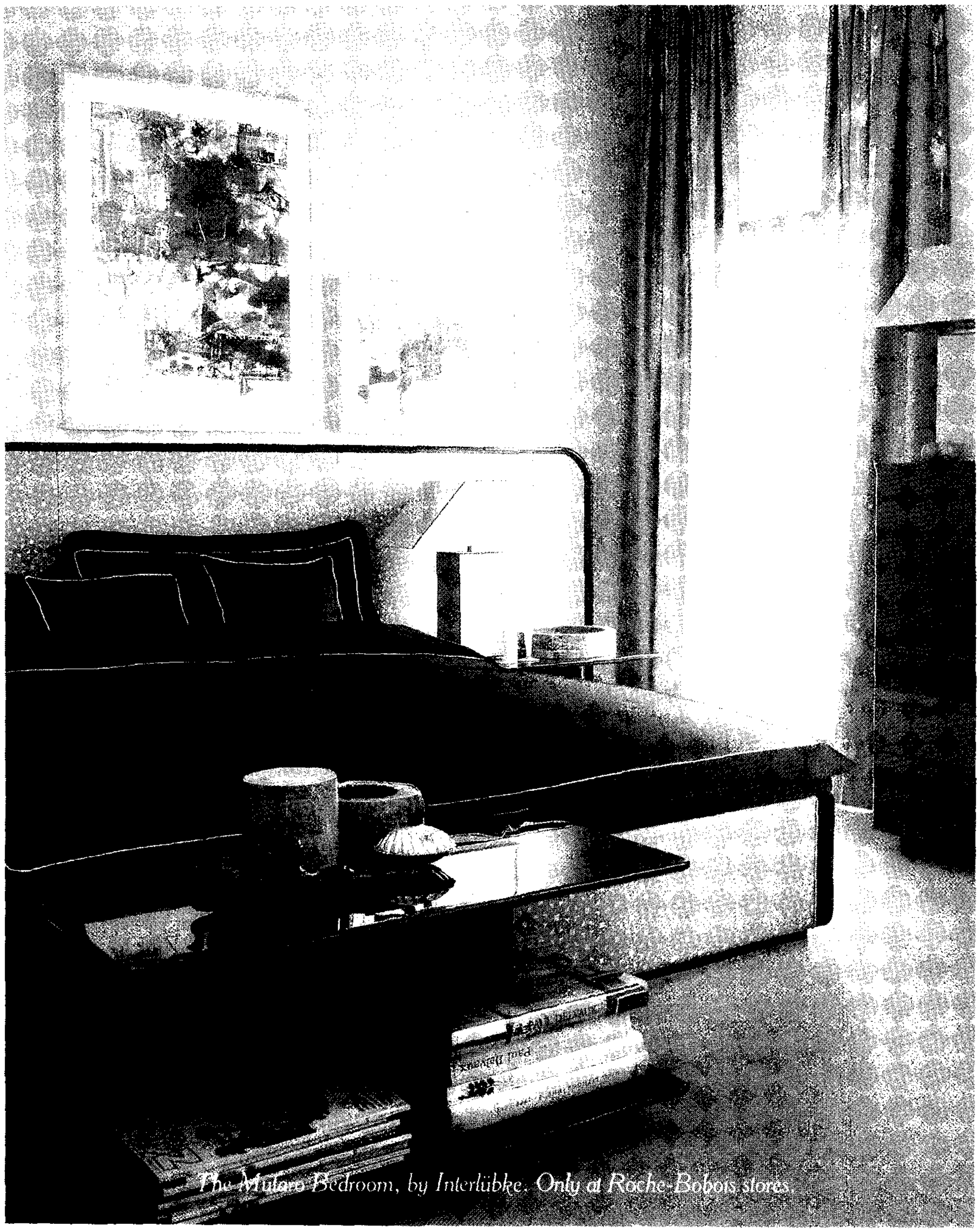

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after she left, Klopfer called the Frumkins to tell them that he was sorry things had not worked out for Sylvia at his house and that she was on the bus.

The Frumkins were disappointed. Up to then, they had thought that Sylvia was doing well. They had told their friends that the fresh country air was agreeing with her and that she would stay with the Klopfers at least until spring. They had hoped that that would turn out to be true. Mrs. Frumkin asked Klopfer if the winter clothes she had mailed Sylvia had arrived. When she learned that they hadn't, she asked him to mail the box back when it came. The Frumkins then telephoned the New York City Police Department, described Sylvia, and asked the police to meet the next bus from Middletown at the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The city police notified the Port Authority police, and two Port Authority policemen met the bus. Sylvia wasn't on it. The officers questioned the bus driver, and he told them that a young woman who fitted the Frumkins' description of Sylvia had got off the bus when it stopped in Paramus, New Jersey. The Frumkins had no idea what Sylvia might be doing in New Jersey. Two days went by before they learned where she was.

Once again, Sylvia's voices had told her where to go, and once again she had kept her destination to herself. She had often listened to WWDJ, a New Jersey radio station that broadcast sermons and religious music twenty-four hours a day. One of her favorite radio ministers was Charles Rizzo. When Rizzo spoke on WWDJ, he gave a box number in Oradell, New Jersey, as his address. It was raining hard in Paramus on Saturday afternoon, but Sylvia's voices had told her to go to Rizzo, and so she set out on foot for Oradell, a mile or so away. After she had walked along a road for a while, two policemen in a car saw her and stopped. She told them that she was walking to Oradell to meet a friend; they gave her a ride to a restaurant in Oradell, where she learned that Rizzo was the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in nearby New Milford. She called the church, and one of Rizzo's associates came to the restaurant and drove her there. When she arrived at the church, she asked Rizzo to perform a healing on her. He told her that she would have to make an appointment for that.

A member of the church drove her to Bergen Pines County Hospital, in Paramus, a general hospital with a

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psychiatric service. Sylvia was admitted to Bergen Pines on an emergency basis on Saturday evening. She was very excited—she later remembered that when she was introduced to Rizzo she believed he was Billy Joel, the rock singer. She told a psychiatrist at Bergen Pines that she wanted to go to the Christian Health Care Center, a private, nonprofit psychiatric hospital in Wyckoff, New Jersey, which she had often heard mentioned on WWDJ. She was permitted to telephone the Christian Health Care Center, and was told that its charge was fifty dollars a day and that it did not accept Medicaid. She decided that Bergen Pines was a good enough place to be for the time being: a psychiatrist had seen her right away; he and the many nurses on duty had been courteous to her; the food was good; and there were only four patients in a room. She refused to give the hospital her name on Saturday or Sunday. On Monday morning, when she was told that she couldn't stay at Bergen Pines, because she was not sick enough to require hospitalization, she gave a psychiatrist her name, her home address, and her psychiatric history. The psychiatrist at Bergen Pines called the chief psychiatrist in the Clearview unit at Creedmoor, who suggested that Miss Frumkin return there as a voluntary patient. She said she wouldn't go back to Creedmoor under any circumstances. She was assigned to a social worker at Bergen Pines, who telephoned her parents. The social worker told Mrs. Frumkin that her daughter had been at Bergen Pines since Saturday but could not stay there another night. She told her that the hospital would be able to keep her only until four o'clock. If the Frumkins couldn't arrange to fetch their daughter, she would be given a bus schedule and enough money to return home.

Mrs. Frumkin told the social worker that she would call back in a few minutes. She then telephoned Hermine Plotnick. She knew that Mrs. Plotnick had two sons, and appealed to her for help "as one mother to another." She told her what had happened, and asked her to drive out to New Jersey, get Sylvia, and drive her back to Creedmoor. Mrs. Plotnick calmly explained to Mrs. Frumkin that because she was an employee of Creedmoor it would be illegal for her to drive Sylvia back to Creedmoor against Sylvia's will. "For me to bring a discharged patient back to the hospital over her objections would be a violation of her rights," Mrs. Plotnick said. "It would be like kidnapping her." Mrs. Frumkin talked on for a while about how she had no one else to turn to except Joyce. She said she knew that Joyce didn't want anything to do with Sylvia and she realized that Joyce shouldn't be involved. She then asked Mrs. Plotnick if there was any way Sylvia could be certified by two Creedmoor psychiatrists and taken back there. Mrs. Plotnick told her that no psychiatrist at Creedmoor had seen Sylvia for three weeks and that a psychiatrist at Bergen Pines, who had seen Sylvia that day, had made a judgment that she didn't require hospitalization. Mrs. Frumkin said goodbye to Mrs. Plotnick, called Joyce at work, and asked her to drive out to New Jersey, get Sylvia, and bring her home. Joyce Frumkin knew that nothing would be worse for her parents than having Sylvia at home, but she realized that at the moment there was no alternative. If she didn't go after Sylvia, her parents would, so she agreed to spare them the trip to Paramus. Mrs. Frumkin called the social worker at Bergen Pines and asked her to please have the hospital keep Sylvia until seven o'clock—the earliest that Joyce could get there. The social worker said seven o'clock would be all right. Mrs. Frumkin then spoke to Sylvia and warned her that she could stay at home only if she didn't act up. The Frumkins had given up thinking that they could ever persuade their younger daughter to live peacefully under their roof, and didn't want to go through the ordeal they knew they were about to face. They had hoped in late 1978 and early 1979 that Sylvia would return to Transitional Services or be placed in a Jewish foster home. Once she had run away from Creedmoor and then from the Klopfers, however, they felt that they had to take her in if no one else would. Mrs. Frumkin often wished that there were some place on earth for her daughter besides Creedmoor or her house.

Joyce Frumkin left her office at five o'clock, went to her garage for her car, and reached Bergen Pines County Hospital shortly after seven. Sylvia got into her sister's car warily. The first thing she told Joyce was that the

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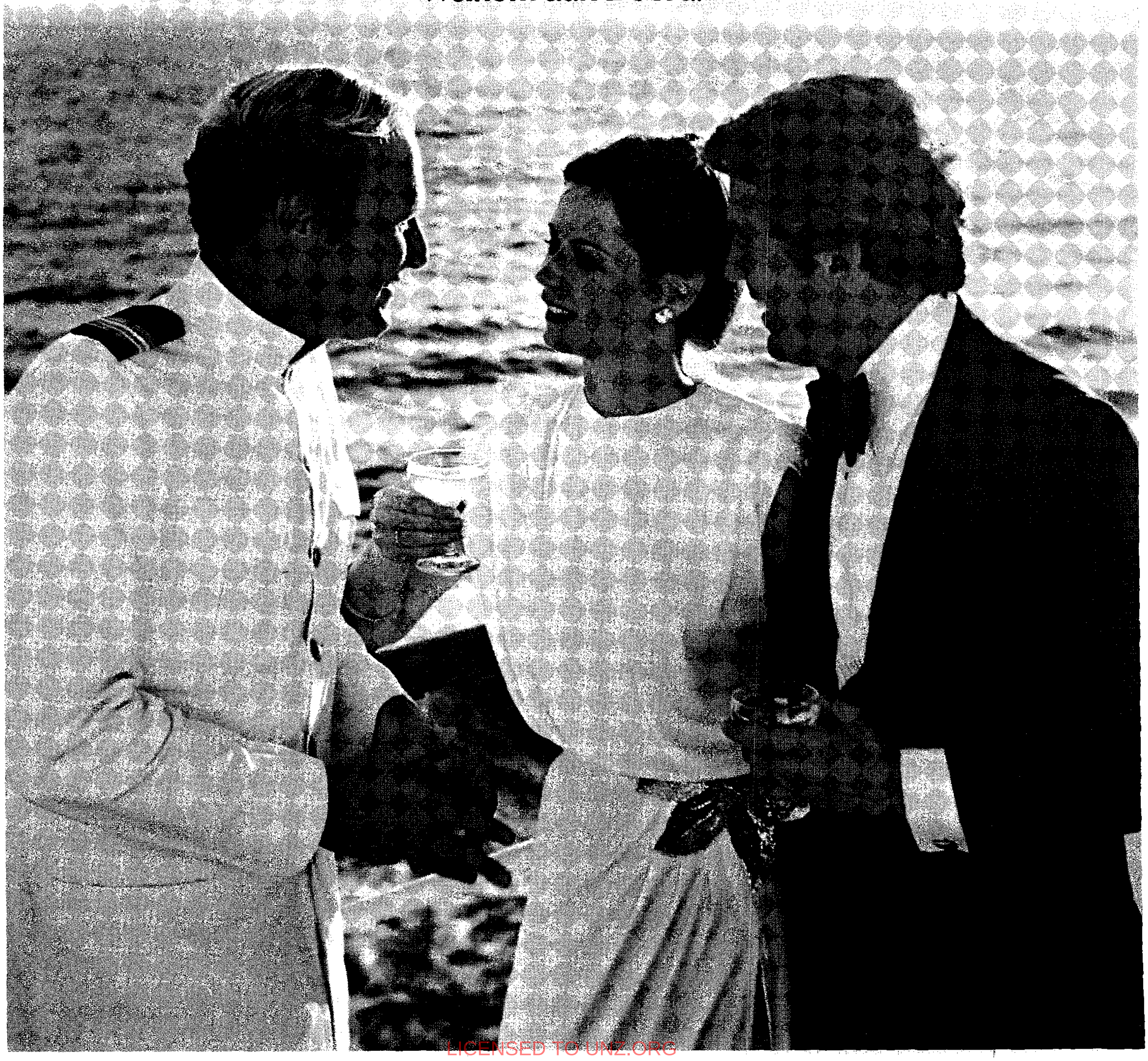


Klopfers had thrown her out. A few minutes later, she said they had told her that she would have to leave if she didn't pitch in with the chores like everyone else, and she complained that they had hassled her. She then said that Bergen Pines was the kind of hospital she should have been in, that it was much nicer than Creedmoor.

"Sylvia, you've been in Gracie Square, St. Vincent's, Hillside, and Brunswick," Joyce said. "How many more nice hospitals are you going to be in?"

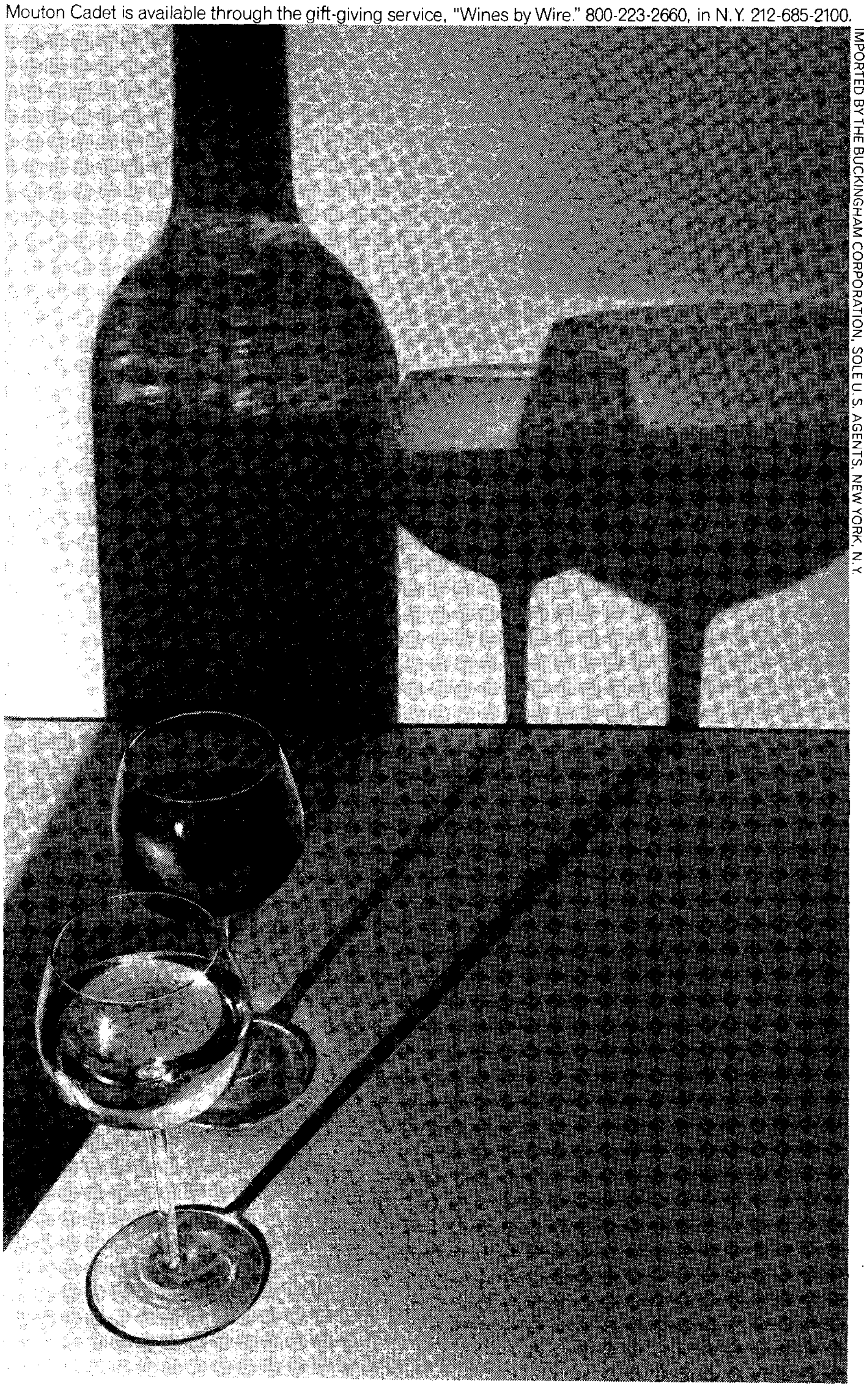
Sylvia looked at her sister angrily. "Don't hassle me the way the Klopfers did," she warned her sister, and she turned on the car radio. She fiddled with the dial until she got WWDJ, and then she listened to a different minister preach a hell-fire-and-damnation sermon every fifteen minutes. From time to time, she said "Amen" or "Praise the Lord" or "Hallelujah." Occasionally, she spoke out loud and laughed.

"What are you doing?" Joyce asked.

"I'm talking out loud," Sylvia answered defensively.

Joyce knew from experience that Sylvia was talking to her voices. Sylvia struck Joyce as surprisingly calm while they were driving across the George Washington Bridge, onto the Cross-Bronx Expressway, and over the Throgs Neck Bridge. As soon as they had crossed the Throgs Neck Bridge, however, Sylvia became edgy. "Are you sure you're taking me home, and not back to Creedmoor?" she asked several times. Joyce was tempted to drive Sylvia directly to Creedmoor, in the hope that if she did her sister would be admitted, but she didn't dare. Sylvia looked at her so menacingly that Joyce was convinced she would attack her physically if they headed south on the Cross Island Parkway, toward Creedmoor, rather than west, toward Beechhurst. As Joyce reluctantly drove west, she asked Sylvia why she had run away from Creedmoor. Joyce reminded her that she hadn't been in the ward but at the hotel, which wasn't so bad, and that she had been working toward getting out.

"I just couldn't stand Creedmoor any longer," Sylvia told her. "I'm going to live at home and go to Dr. Logan Stemple, at a Christian psychotherapy center in Manhattan." She told Joyce that she had called Dr. Stemple's office from Bergen Pines. He was booked up all that week, but his secretary had made an appointment for



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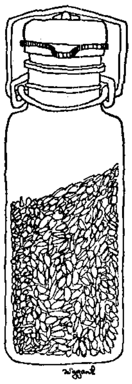
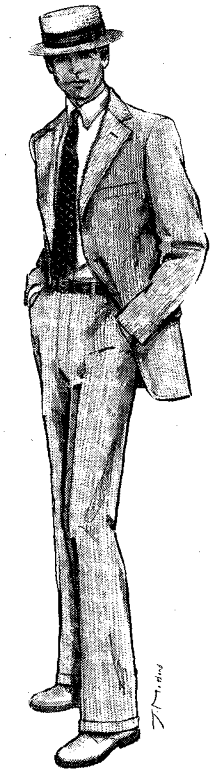
her with one of his associates for the following morning. She said she had first heard about Dr. Stemple in 1975 and had wanted to go to him ever since, because he was a born-again-Christian psychiatrist and she was convinced that he could help her. Joyce asked her how she was going to pay Dr. Stemple. Sylvia said that Dr. Stemple accepted Medicaid, and she was going to apply for it soon after she got home. She was going to pay for her first session with his associate, a born-again-Christian psychologist who didn't take Medicaid patients, with thirty-four dollars that she had left in her savings account.



Joyce and Sylvia Frumkin arrived at their parents' home at nine-thirty. Sylvia walked into the house and greeted her parents matter-of-factly. "I've found Jesus, everything will be great, and don't ask me what happened at the Klopfers'," she said. Her mother saw her new tote bag, noticed that its zipper was broken, and asked her what the tote bag had cost. When Sylvia told her mother she had paid thirty-five dollars for it, Mrs. Frumkin observed that salesmen could always spot suckers a mile away. Sylvia had told her mother about her new Timex watch when she telephoned home from the Klopfers'. Mrs. Frumkin didn't see it on her wrist and asked where it was. They rummaged through the tote bag; they both became hysterical when they couldn't find it. Sylvia remembered that she had had her watch at Bergen Pines, and said she had probably left it at the hospital. Mrs. Frumkin said she would call the social worker there the next day. She then warned Sylvia again that she could stay home only as long as she behaved herself. Sylvia said that she would be good and that she would clean her room. She went to bed.

ON the morning of Tuesday, February 27th, Irving Frumkin drove Sylvia into Manhattan, to the Christian psychotherapy center. She found the psychologist personable, but she wanted to see Dr. Stemple. The psychologist also believed that she needed a psychiatrist, who could prescribe medication. He was able to get her an appointment with Dr. Stemple early the next week. For the next several weeks, Miss Frumkin went to see Dr. Stemple once or twice a week for forty-five minutes. She told her parents he was a wonderful doctor, because he was a good listener, and because when she told him she heard voices and was in the possession of demons he didn't tell her she was crazy, as so many other psychiatrists had done. She also felt that she had a spiritual rapport with Dr. Stemple; they had both been born again, so they were "like brothers and sisters in Christ." Dr. Stemple diagnosed Miss Frumkin's illness as schizophrenia, schizo-affective type—an illness he described as a combination of schizophrenia and manic depression. (A year later, when the third edition of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* was published, schizo-affective disorder was no longer classified as a subtype of schizophrenia. It was also the only specific type of mental disorder for which there were no criteria for diagnosis.) In Dr. Stemple's opinion, her thought process was disordered, and her mood swung from great depression to great elation. He first prescribed a small dose of Trilafon, and gradually increased it to thirty-two milligrams a day—roughly the equivalent of three hundred and twenty milligrams of Thorazine. He told her that Trilafon was his favorite neuroleptic, because it had few side effects. He later gave her lithium, gradually raising her dose to eighteen hundred milligrams a day. The medication didn't seem to affect Miss Frumkin, who often told her mother that she felt "as high as a kite." Mrs. Frumkin occasionally replied, "I'll have to get an anchor to use on you as ballast."

Fighting broke out in the Frumkin house the day after Sylvia came home. She didn't clean her room. Within a few days of Sylvia's return, Mrs. Frumkin was complaining to Joyce that Sylvia's room looked as if it had been in the path of a tornado. She often found herself using weather-disaster analogies to describe rooms in her house. Just before Sylvia ran away from Creedmoor in early February, she had decided that she wanted to eat fettuccine Alfredo in a certain Italian restaurant in Queens. She hadn't got around to going there before her departure for the Klopfers'. In early March, she insisted on cooking fettuccine Alfredo at home. Pieces of butter landed on the kitchen floor. Dirty plates, bowls, and pots and pans piled up in the kitchen sink. Sylvia didn't like to wash dishes. Mrs. Frumkin,



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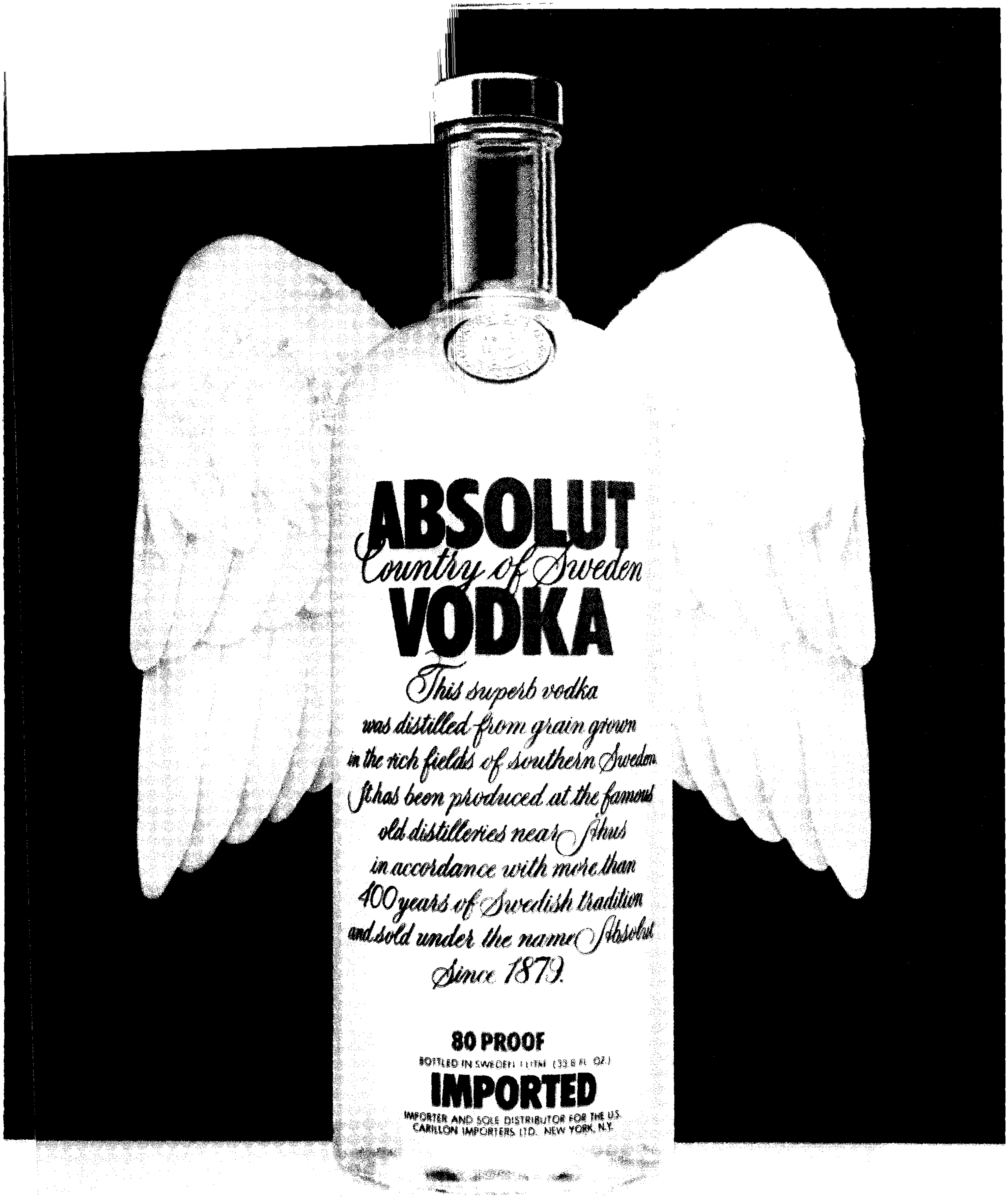
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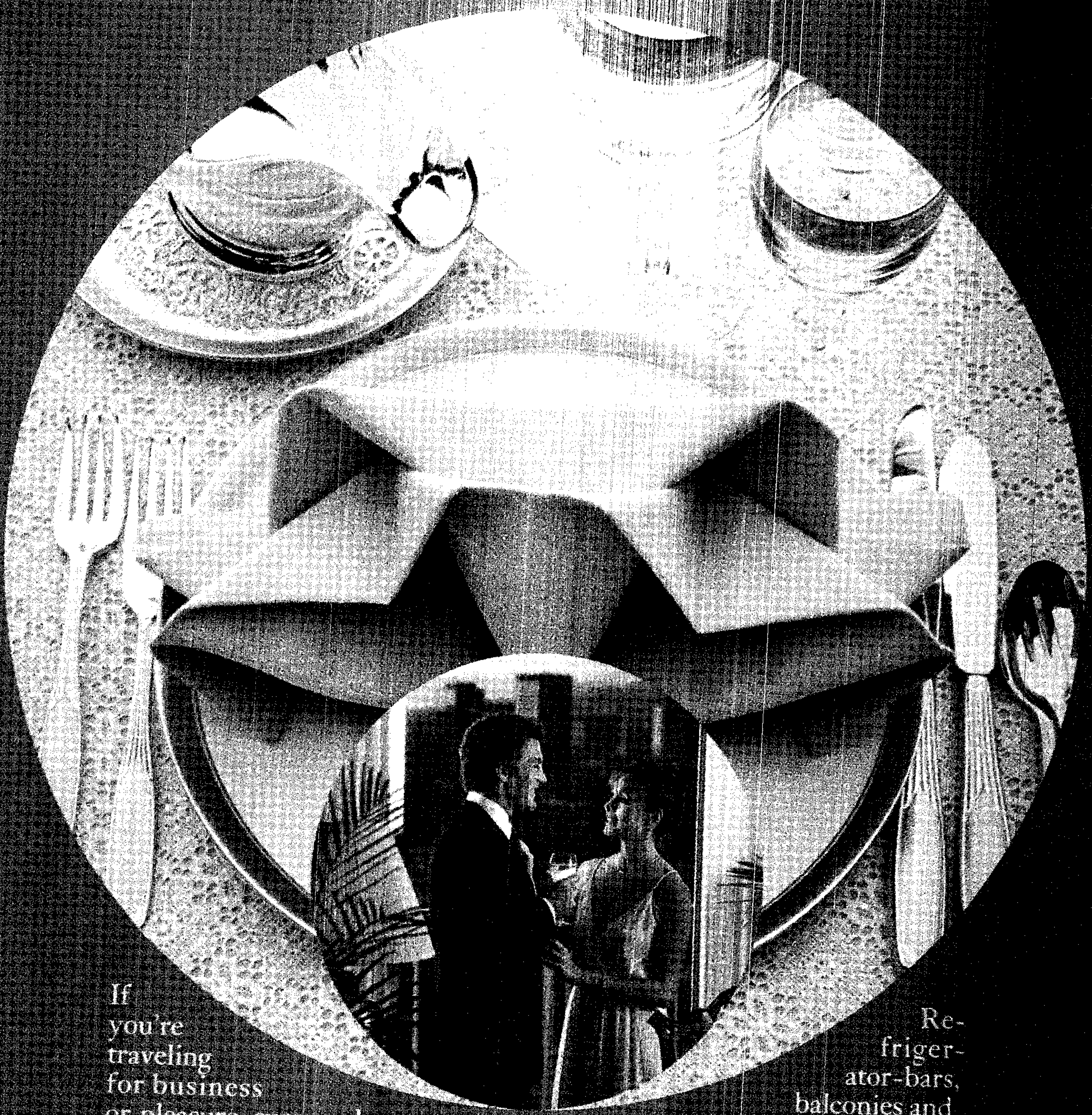

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who regarded the kitchen as her private preserve, told Sylvia she was too fat to be eating fettuccine Alfredo and ordered her out of the kitchen. Sylvia ran out of the kitchen carrying a pot filled with noodles, butter, and cheese, which she hurled on the living-room floor. "My kitchen and my living room looked as if a cyclone had hit them," Mrs. Frumkin told Joyce over the telephone that evening.

During her first three weeks at home, Sylvia Frumkin spent most of her time in her room. She went out only when she had an appointment with Dr. Stemple, and she was soon cancelling appointments with him at the last minute. She sat on her bed for hours at a time, her legs folded under her in the lotus position, picking at her fingernails until they bled. She often watched television until three o'clock in the morning or listened to religious radio stations, and she often telephoned the evangelists she had heard; the Frumkins' phone bill for March was sixty-five dollars. She refused to get dressed, and came to meals wearing an unbuttoned nightgown. Her father objected to her "indecent exposure." Her mother objected to the large portions of food she ate at mealtimes and to her post-midnight raids on the refrigerator, especially when Sylvia ate things that Mr. Frumkin had bought for himself—bland foods for his special diet, like sour cream, cream cheese, and coffee whitener. After a few days at home, Sylvia went on a diet. She had lost several pounds at the Klopfers', and she lost ten pounds at home while adhering more or less faithfully to a twelve-hundred-calorie-a-day diet for two weeks. During the time she was dieting, she chewed her food forty-eight times before swallowing it. "The Lord has given me such will power," she told her mother one evening. After three weeks of dieting, she weighed a hundred and seventy. By then, her will power had disappeared. She again began to eat great quantities of fattening foods. She stopped losing weight.

By the middle of March, Irving Frumkin had had enough of having his younger daughter at home. Her idleness, her eating habits, and her foul language exasperated him. He threatened to call the police and ask them to take her back to the hospital. "What are you going to tell the police?" Sylvia responded tauntingly. "That I don't clean my room? That I eat too much? They won't commit me for that." By the end of the month, Mr. Frumkin said he was ready to leave the house if that was the only way to get away from Sylvia.

April 2, 1979, was Harriet and Irving Frumkin's fortieth anniversary. Mrs. Frumkin recalled that on April 2, 1939, after their wedding reception, in a Brooklyn catering hall, they had arranged to go by bus to Washington, D.C., for a short honeymoon, and that as they were about to board the bus she had told her husband that she would like to have some chocolate to eat on the ride. Irving Frumkin had left the bus gate and walked into the terminal. Mrs. Frumkin had thought he would return in a few minutes with a couple of Hershey bars. Ten minutes had gone by, and the bus driver had just announced that he was about to pull out, when Mrs. Frumkin saw her new husband running toward the bus carrying a package under his arm. She had persuaded the bus driver to wait for him. Irving Frumkin had jumped on the bus and handed his wife a brown paper bag. Inside she had found a one-pound box of Whitman's Sampler chocolates. Mrs. Frumkin had enjoyed the chocolates. She had also liked the festive cross-stitch design on the yellow box they came in. After the honeymoon was over and the chocolates were gone, she had kept the box. On their first wedding anniversary, Irving Frumkin had handed his wife a package, saying, "This is a remembrance." He had given her another box of Whitman's Sampler chocolates. Each year on their anniversary, Harriet Frumkin had received a box of Whitman's Sampler chocolates from her husband.

On April 2, 1979, Irving Frumkin went to the supermarket. When he returned, he put the groceries on the kitchen table. "This is the first time in forty years I haven't bought you a box of Whitman's Sampler chocolates on your anniversary," he said. "I just feel too upset with life in this house to buy one. I'm sorry."

Mrs. Frumkin told him it didn't matter. "My life is so bitter you would have had to bring me a whole candy factory to sweeten it up," she said. "I know how you feel about wanting to

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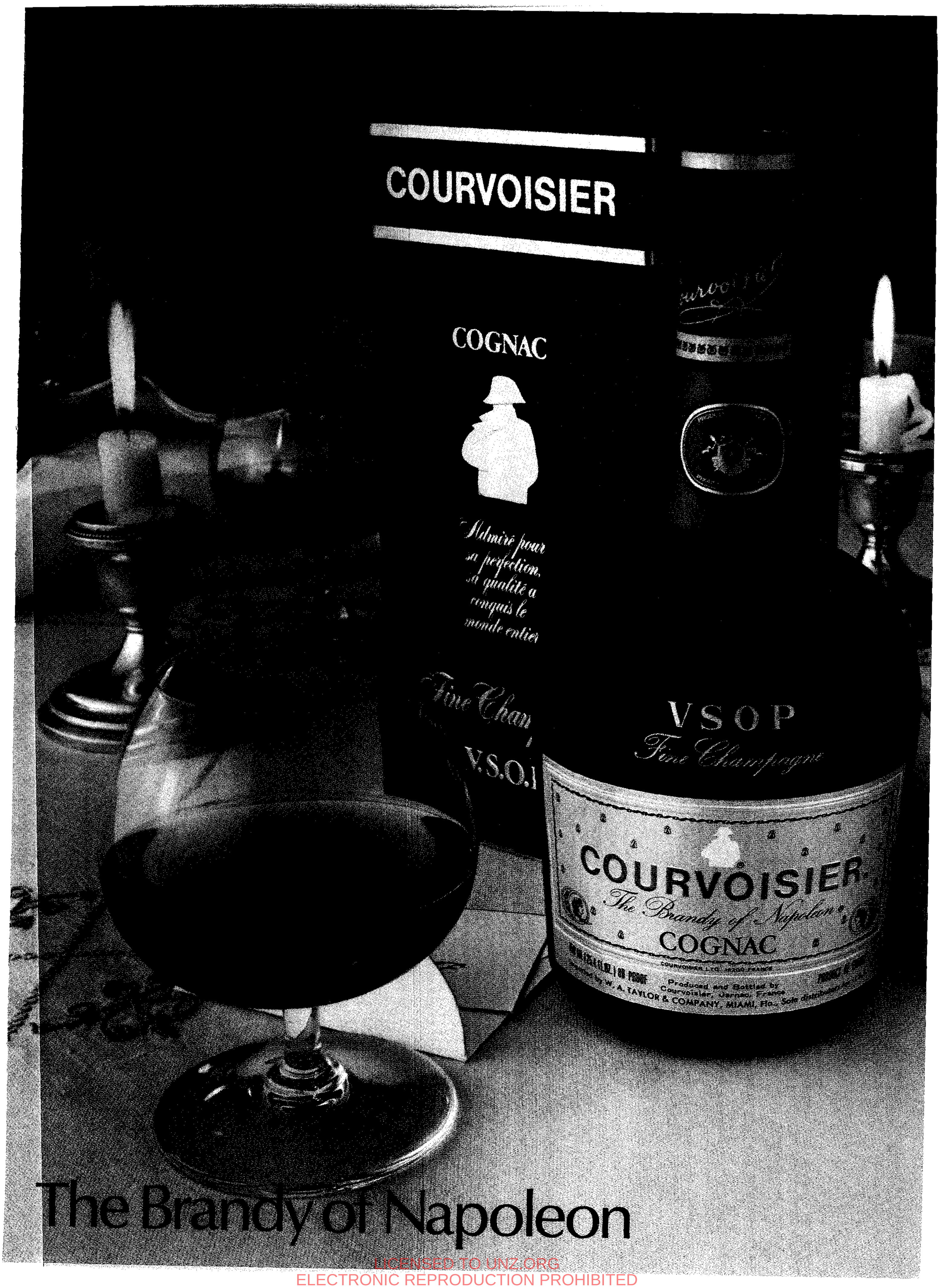
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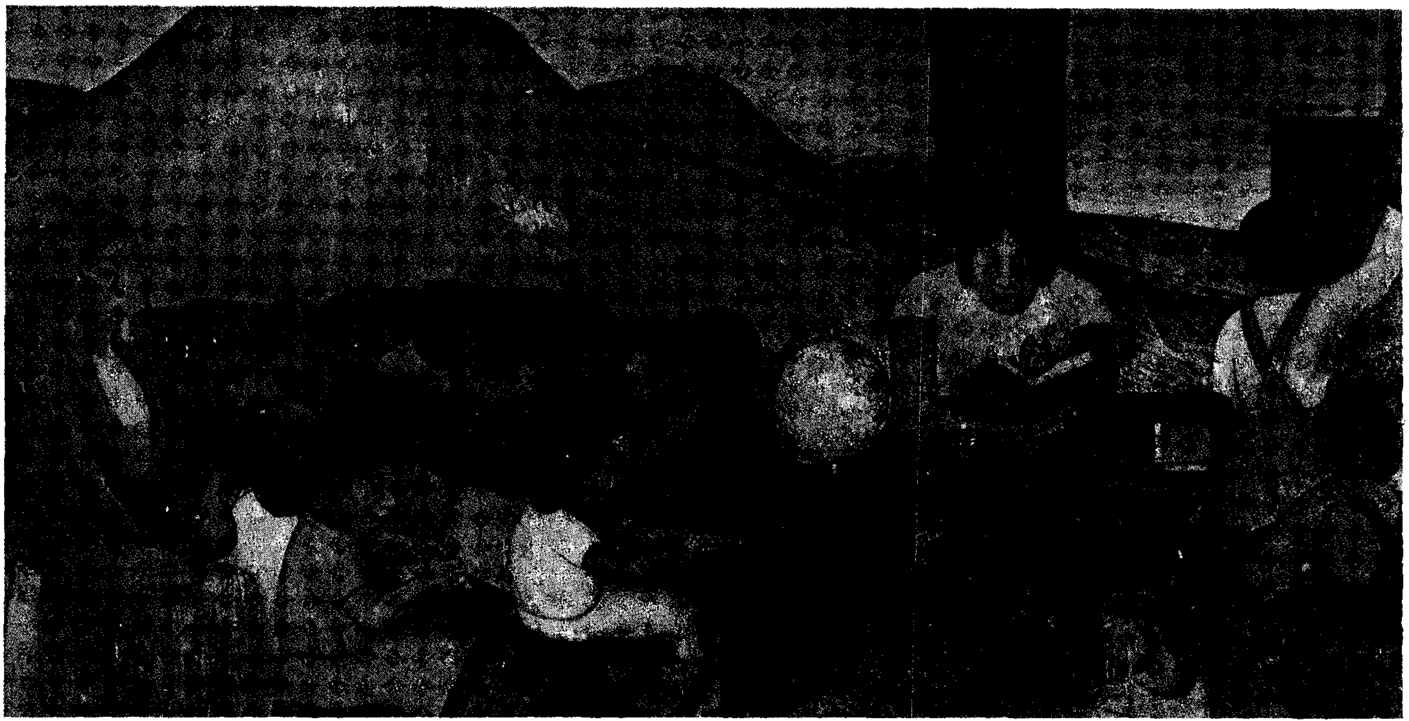
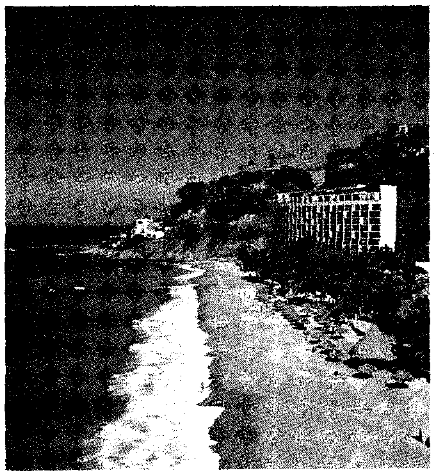


Ramon Alva Guadarrama, Open Air School (detail), Escuela Maestra Juana Palacios, Mexico City.



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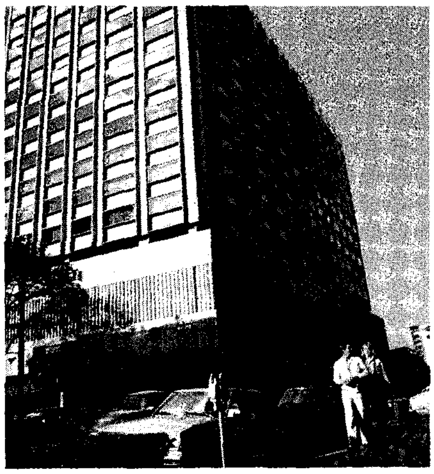

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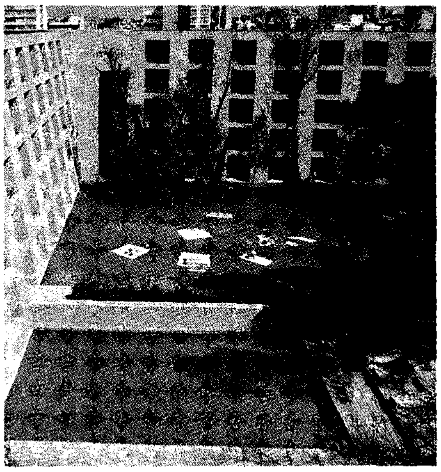

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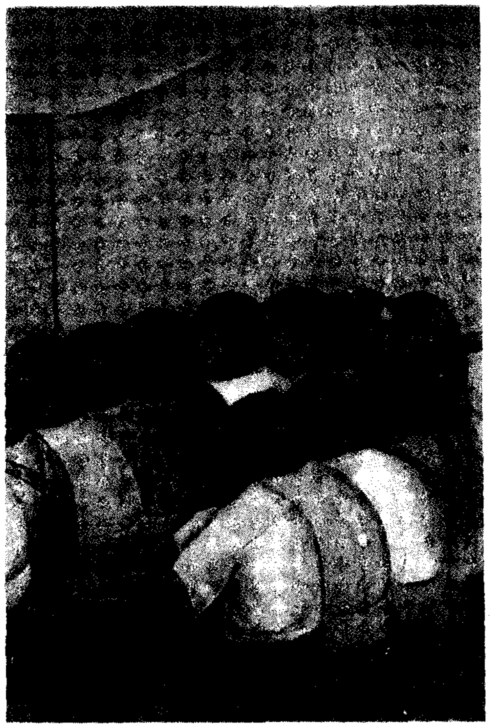
leave the house. If I didn't have my art students, I'd go right with you."

Joyce Frumkin had sent her parents an anniversary card and a gift. Sylvia didn't even wish them a happy anniversary.

Several days after the unhappy anniversary, Sylvia decided that she wanted to spend a few hours each day out of the house. She received a monthly Social Security Administration (S.S.A.) disability check. She was entitled to receive an additional Supplemental Security Income payment from the federal government each month when she was out of the hospital. She told her parents she would apply for S.S.I. right away, but pointed out that it would take some time for her to receive these checks, and asked them to give her five dollars a day in the meantime, so that she would have spending money; she promised to pay them back when her S.S.I. checks came. Mrs. Frumkin gave her the money; it was worth five dollars a day to have Sylvia out of the house for a few hours. Some days, Sylvia went job hunting. Some days, she went from one McDonald's to another. McDonald's was having a Gold Rush game. To win the grand prize, contestants had to acquire four game stamps numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. Each person who got all four stamps would receive twenty-five thousand dollars. Sylvia procured many No. 1 and No. 2 game stamps. At length, she got a No. 3 stamp and was certain she would be a winner. She expected to get a No. 4 in a few more days. For a couple of weeks, she went to various McDonald's restaurants in Queens, bought something to eat or drink, and asked for a stamp. Then she discovered that she could go into a McDonald's without buying anything and would be given a stamp if she asked for it. As she became more obsessed with winning the game, she started to go from table to table at various McDonald's restaurants asking customers if she might have their stamps. The manager of one McDonald's asked her to leave; some of the patrons had complained that she was annoying them. She left quietly. Some days, Sylvia used a good deal of her spending money for carfare to travel to McDonald's restaurants scattered all over the borough of Queens.

Other days, she spent two dollars on the round-trip subway and bus fare to Manhattan, and went to a few employment agencies. She thought that she would like to be a receptionist



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We want to extend special thanks to the Mexican National Tourist Council, who helped us obtain permission to photograph the murals pictured in this campaign.

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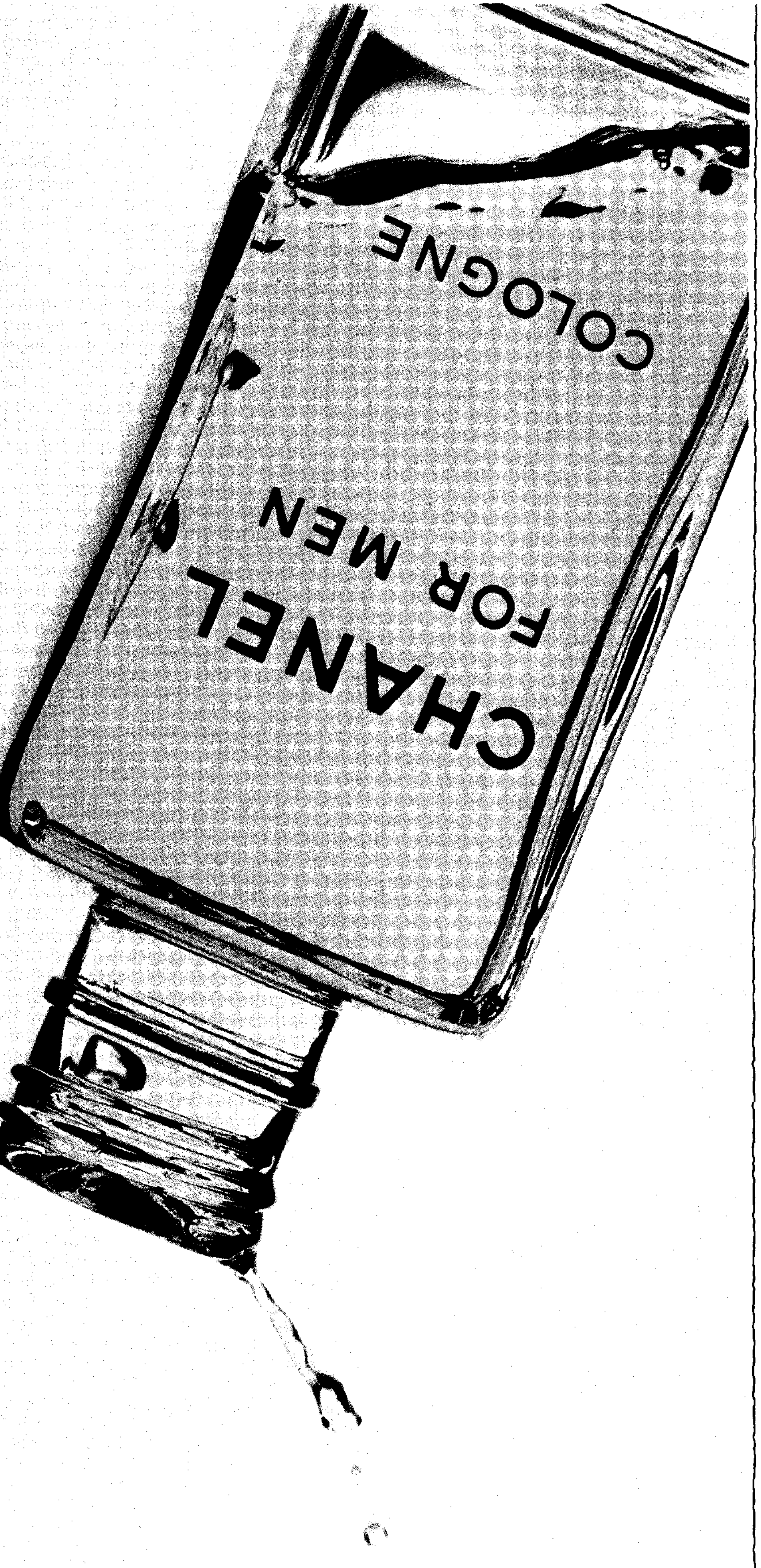

and that she was qualified to be one. Some days, she appeared reasonably calm, and agencies sent her out on job interviews. By the time she arrived at an interview, she was invariably keyed up, talked too much and too fast, and was turned down. She started to go directly to firms that had placed ads for receptionists in the newspapers, but she was never hired. Harriet Frumkin said she hoped her daughter would get a job but didn't think she would. "You get a job? Ha!" she said as Sylvia was leaving the house one morning. "As what—fat lady in a circus?"

Joyce Frumkin came home on April 11, 1979, for the Passover holiday. Mrs. Frumkin had wanted her house tidied up for Passover. "God, your room looks as if a hurricane had hit it," she had told Sylvia on April 10th. "Don't take the name of the Lord in vain!" Sylvia had shouted at her. Mrs. Frumkin had cleaned her daughter's room while Sylvia was out shopping that day. On April 11th, she prepared a nice dinner. She put grape juice on the table instead of wine, because she had been told that it was inadvisable for people on antipsychotic medication to drink alcohol. When the Seder dinner was ready, Mrs. Frumkin called the family to the table. Sylvia refused to budge from the living room, where she was watching television. "I don't want to eat your lousy food," she told her mother. Over the years, Joyce had grown weary of Sylvia's behavior and of her mother's way of dealing with it. She pleaded with her mother to ignore Sylvia. Joyce was sure that Sylvia would be unable to resist the idea of everyone else's eating and would come to the table. Mrs. Frumkin didn't listen to Joyce. She begged Sylvia to join them. Sylvia finally consented. "All right, I'll eat," she said, as if she were doing her mother a favor. She ate a large amount of food with very poor table manners. Then she suddenly noticed that there was no wine on the table, and accused her parents of blasphemy. "There has to be wine; it's the blood of Christ," she said.

Joyce had had enough. She was distressed by the deterioration in her parents' health since Sylvia's homecoming: her father's ulcers were acting up and he was losing weight, and her mother's arthritis was causing her pain. "You mean every time I have a glass of Beaujolais I'm drinking the blood of your Lord?" Joyce asked her sister. Sylvia picked up a glass of grape juice and threw it at her. Joyce ducked. The grape juice landed on the dining-room floor. "If you love Jesus so much, why don't you go off somewhere nice and far away and be a nun?" Joyce shouted. The Frumkins had purposely omitted the traditional Seder service for fear of provoking a born-again-Christian tirade from Sylvia. Now, after telling her family that their souls were damned because they hadn't found Christ, Sylvia left the table.

She stayed in her room the next morning, ate lunch alone, and left the house in the afternoon. Late that evening, she called home. She said she was down to her last dime and was in a McDonald's in Bayside, Queens, a few miles from Beechhurst. Mr. Frumkin had made numerous trips to fetch Sylvia when she called after losing her change purse or spending her last fifty cents on food. This time, Joyce went to fetch Sylvia, to save her father the trouble.

May 1, 1979, was Harriet Frumkin's seventy-first birthday. The day began with Sylvia's telling her, "You're my mother, and I'm supposed to love you more than anyone else in the world except my husband, if I had a husband, but I hate you."

"I hope I don't have another birthday," Mrs. Frumkin told Sylvia. Mrs. Frumkin said she wished she were dead almost as often as Sylvia said she wished she hadn't been born.

"So drop dead and jump into your grave," Sylvia said. "You're getting senile anyway. You've lived long enough. Go ahead and die and let me live my own life."

"I wish I could die, so I could get away from you and your big mouth," Mrs. Frumkin said. "Thank you for a lovely birthday."

Sylvia appeared to be untroubled by their conversation and soon left to apply for a job doing crocheting. That afternoon, when she returned home, still unemployed, her mother was giving an art lesson in her studio, in the attic. Sylvia decided to prepare a snack for herself. The directions on a package of frozen potato pancakes that she found in the freezer specified that they were to be heated without oil. Sylvia doused a few of the potato pancakes with oil and put them in a frying pan over a burner turned up high. A smoke detector in the kitchen went off. Mrs. Frumkin heard its screech and rushed downstairs. She took the potato pancakes off the stove, shouted at Sylvia, finished the lesson, and then cleaned up the messy stove, saying as she did

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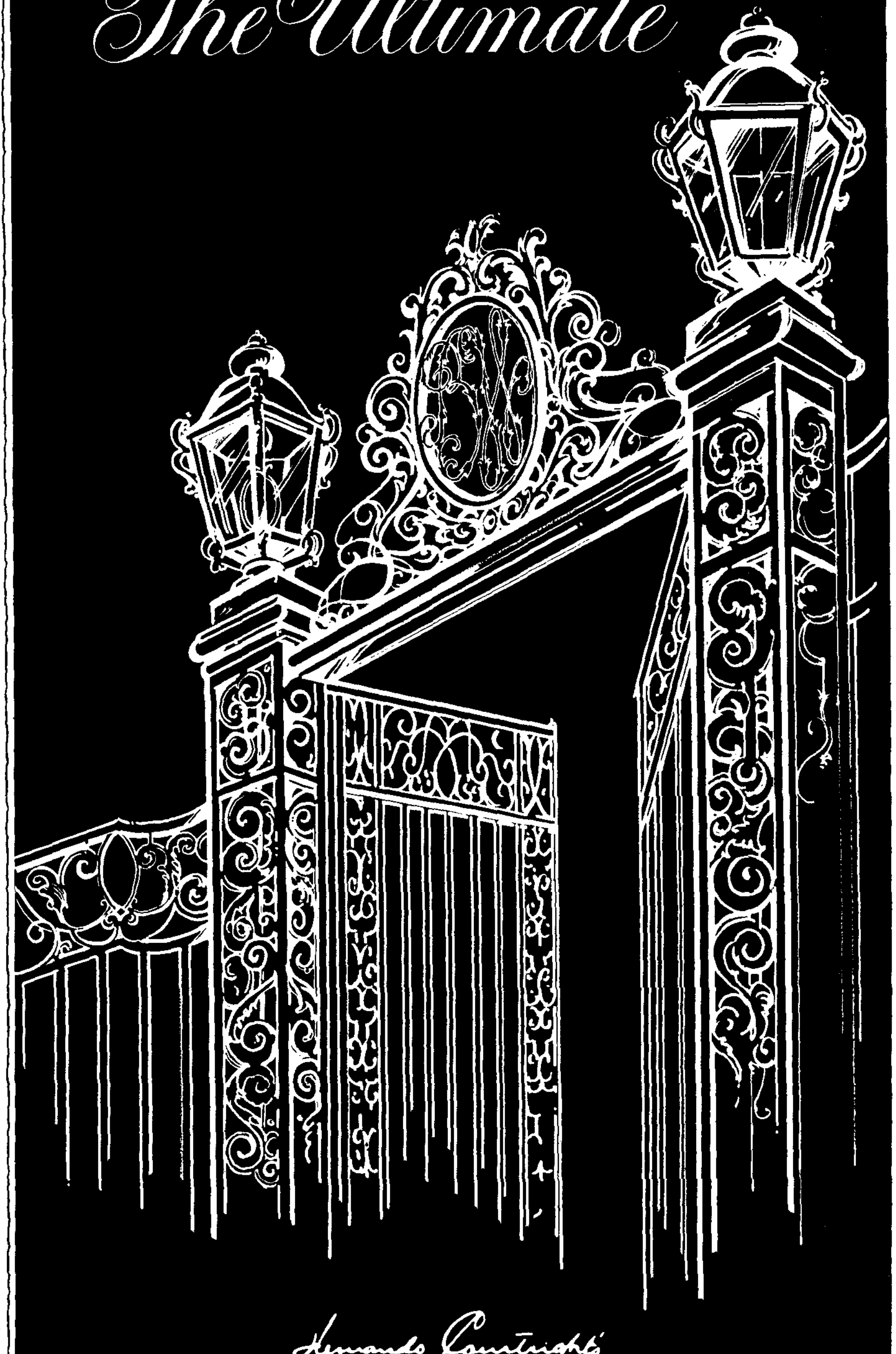

so, "Methuselah was an adolescent compared to me." Sylvia didn't apologize and didn't wish her mother a happy birthday. When she went to her room that evening, she was whispering prayers; there was a slight smile on her face.

Later that evening, Irving Frumkin went for a walk. He came home carrying a package, which he gave to his wife. When she opened it, she saw that it was her wedding-anniversary box of Whitman's chocolates. "I wanted you to at least have a present on your birthday," he said. "It's been over two months since Sylvia came home. I don't know how much more of this I can take."

Mrs. Frumkin nodded in seeming agreement. "If Creedmoor weren't so horrible, I wouldn't mind sending her back there, and if she were a little crazier than she is she wouldn't mind going, but some days she's almost normal and I can't bring myself to do it."

On Sylvia's worst days, Mrs. Frumkin telephoned Dr. Stemple. He was usually with a patient, so she would leave word with the secretary that it was impossible to live with Sylvia and ask Dr. Stemple to telephone her. Dr. Stemple often didn't return Mrs. Frumkin's calls; the relatives of his other patients didn't telephone him so frequently. One day, however, he made an appointment to see the Frumkins and Joyce to discuss Sylvia. They described her behavior and asked him if he could do anything to change it. "She was psychotic when she came to me, and she's still psychotic," Dr. Stemple said. "I'm not sure if she's even taking the Trilafon, and because she's had tardive dyskinesia I don't want to increase the dose. The way she is now, she'll soon wind up in a hospital, but she's so dead set against going back to one that I'm willing to keep trying to help her." The Frumkins asked Dr. Stemple about the sessions that Sylvia had with him. "She does ninety-nine per cent of the talking," Dr. Stemple told them. "She hardly ever asks me a question, and about the only time I get a word in edgewise is when she's gone on a few minutes past her session and I know my next patient is waiting. Then I finally have to interrupt her to tell her it's time to go." Dr. Stemple told the Frumkins that he thought he was helping Sylvia only because he understood the born-again-Christian terminology she used and because he sympathized with her suffering. The Frumkins left, favorably impressed by Dr. Stemple. He seemed to be a soft-spoken, well-educated man with a refined manner and good intentions.

In late April, Sylvia Frumkin had started to attend Fountain House, one of the oldest and most highly regarded rehabilitative programs for former mental patients in New York City. Fountain House, a nonprofit corporation, was started in the mid-forties, when a group of former patients from Rockland State Hospital, in Orangeburg, New York, got together to try to assist one another in making the difficult adjustment from life in the hospital to life in the community. In 1965, the organization had built a modern six-story clubhouse on West Forty-seventh Street. In 1979, many former patients were being referred to Fountain House by state hospitals and clinics, and most of those referred were quickly accepted into its day program. On any given day, about three hundred and fifty members came to Fountain House between 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. and participated in meetings and performed jobs essential to the day-to-day running of the clubhouse. Members worked in the clubhouse dining room or snack bar; as cleaners or tour guides; or in the clerical unit, which took attendance, operated the switchboard, and put out a mimeographed daily newspaper, *Fountain House Today*. Hundreds of other members came to Fountain House for social activities on evenings, weekends, and holidays.

Many members who did well in the pre-vocational day program went on to the transitional-employment program after a few months. Fountain House has arrangements with about forty businesses in the New York metropolitan area—banks, advertising agencies, department stores, restaurant chains—for a hundred and forty entry-level jobs, such as merchandise ticketers, messengers, and food-counter workers. Without the vocational services provided by Fountain House, many former mental patients would remain permanently unemployed and financially dependent. It saddens the small Fountain House staff, of about sixty people, including social workers, psychologists, and rehabilitation counsellors, that about twenty-five per cent of the people who come to Fountain House drop out in the first week and thirty-five per cent drop out within the first month.

Fountain House was one of Sylvia Frumkin's instant enthusiasms. In late

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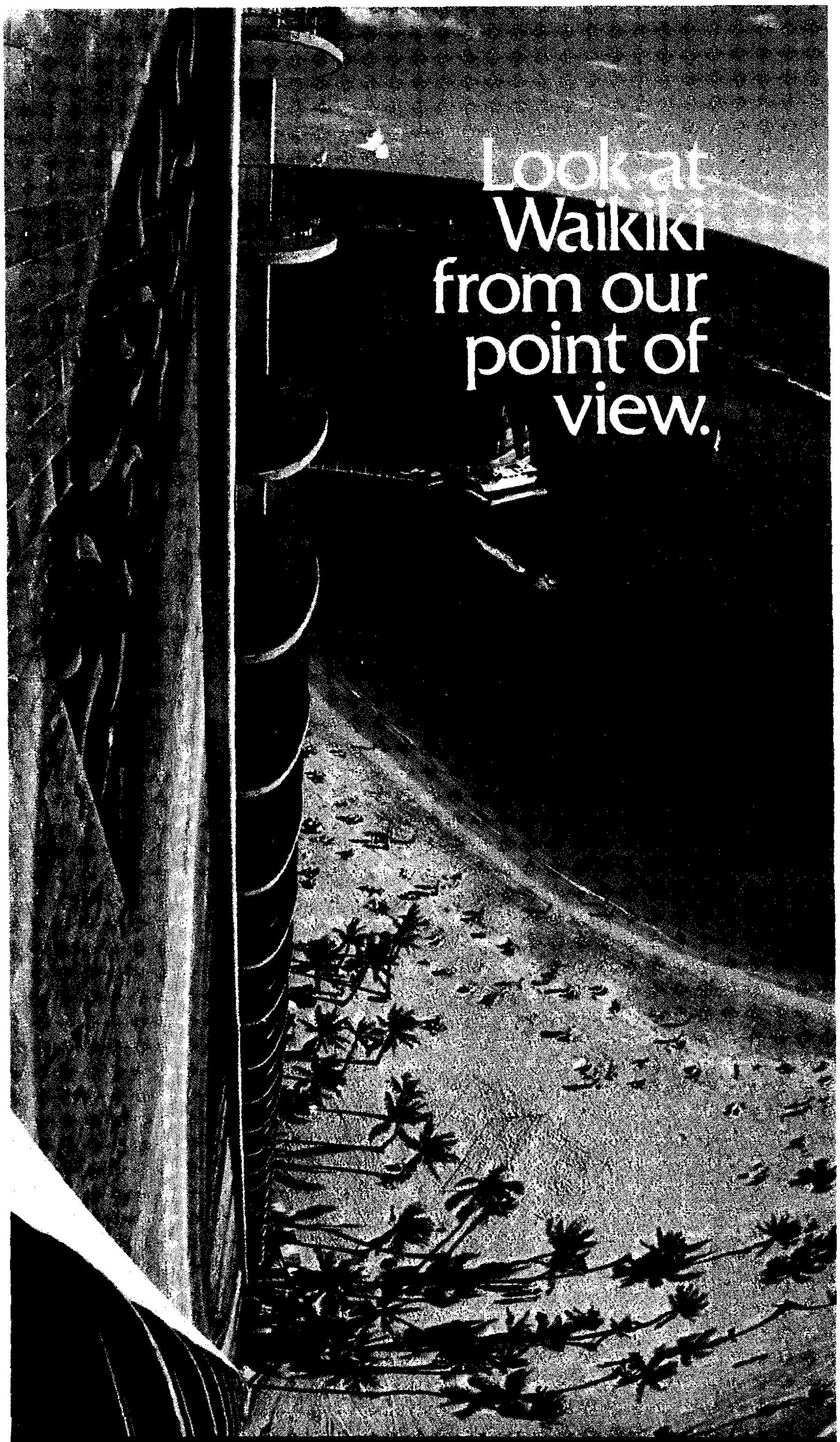
April, having gone there a few times for orientation, she told her parents that it was a wonderful place. She was especially enthusiastic because twenty-five-cent sandwiches, ten-cent cups of coffee, and five-cent cups of tea were served in the dining room. She chose to work in the clerical unit. She was not interested in the day program except as a quick means to an end. She disregarded her counsellor, who told her she would have to wait several months to be placed in a transitional job and perhaps longer to be placed in one of Fountain House's seventy apartments. In early May, she wrote several articles for *Fountain House Today*. In her articles, she expressed her dissatisfaction with residential programs she had previously been in, which had required shared cooking and food ("definitely not my bag"), and her longing for a Fountain House apartment, which enabled you to do your own shopping and eat what you pleased: "I'm my own person—I like to do what I want, when I want."

For about a week in early May, Miss Frumkin spoke favorably of Dr. Stemple and of Fountain House. She had given Fountain House her S.S.A. check on May 3rd and had asked the membership office to give her a few dollars a day, so that her check would last her all month—a service that Fountain House provides for many members. One afternoon, Joyce Frumkin ran into Sylvia in a store between her office and Fountain House. Joyce hadn't yet eaten lunch, and invited Sylvia to join her in a coffee shop. The two sisters talked amicably about Fountain House and about Joyce's job as a divisional merchandise manager at a midtown department store. For a few hours that afternoon, Joyce understood her mother's reluctance to have Sylvia return to Creedmoor. That evening, Sylvia telephoned Joyce. She accused her of taking Cozy Carrot, an orange stuffed dog they had shared as girls, to college with her, thereby ruining her life. Sylvia then hung up.

Miss Frumkin's enthusiasms tended to wax quickly and wane even more quickly. By the second week in May, she was breaking more appointments with Dr. Stemple and had turned against Fountain House. Writing for *Fountain House Today* was a waste of her reportorial talents, she said; she wanted to write for *Glamour* instead. She complained that most of the members of Fountain House were "crazies" and "sickies." Within a



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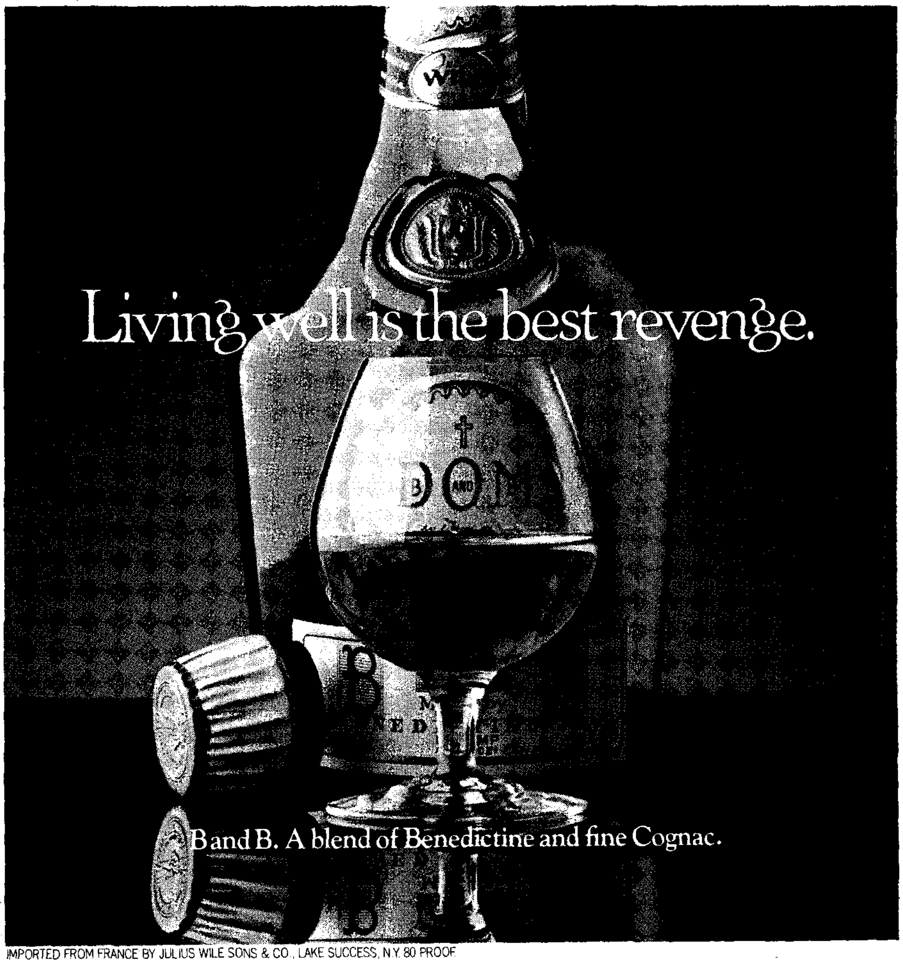

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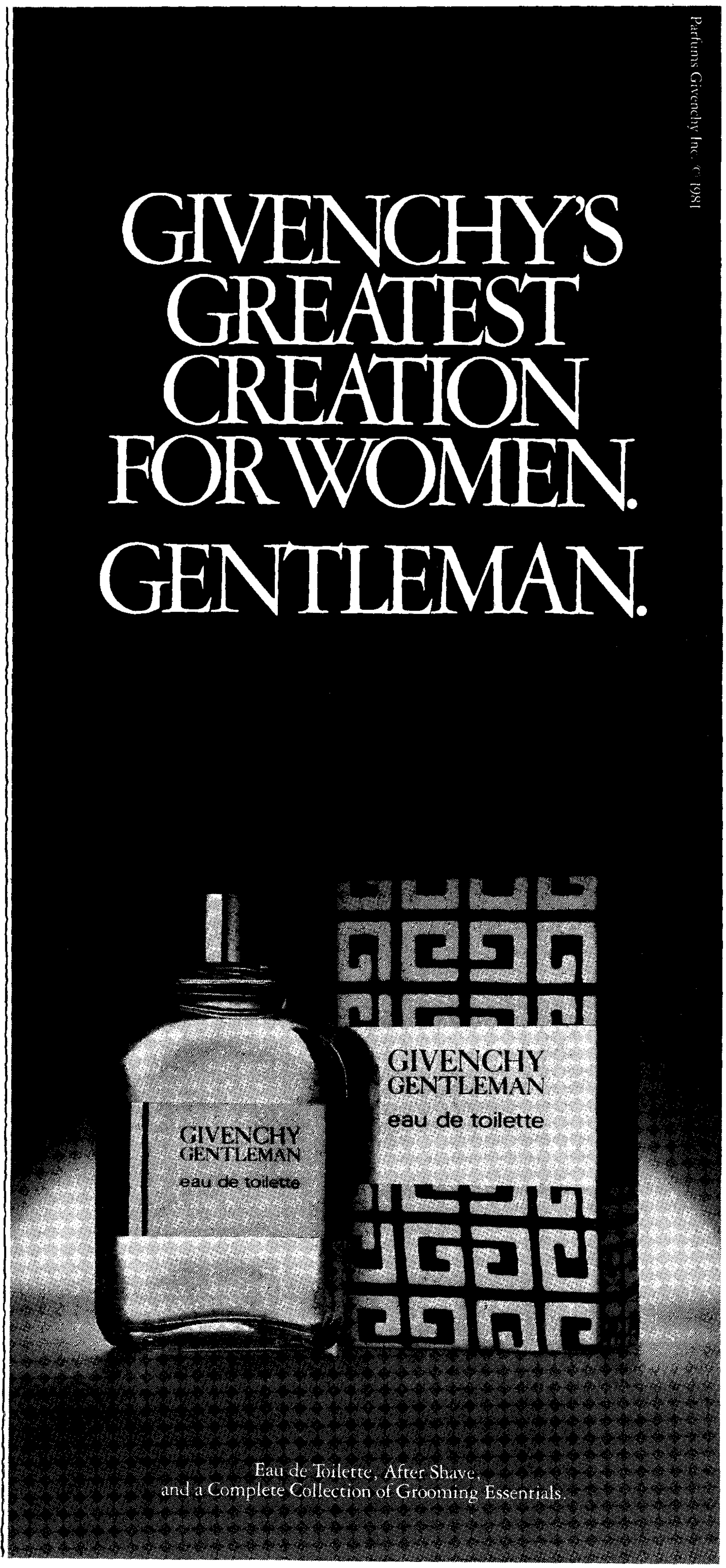
few days, she was no longer writing for the Fountain House newspaper and rarely showed up at the clerical unit. She considered dropping out of Fountain House and returning to Creedmoor's typing workshop as an out-patient. She continued to go to Fountain House only to eat lunch and get her daily money and because she liked coming into Manhattan to shop.

May 5, 1979, was Sylvia Frumkin's thirty-first birthday. Her parents, two family friends, and the Wilders—her mother's brother and his wife—gave her checks for her birthday. "I love money," she often said. "It's my favorite present." One day while she was searching her room for a book she had misplaced, she came upon a long-lost twenty-five-dollar gift certificate, which Joyce had given her the previous Chanukkah. Joyce had bought the gift certificate at a department store that specialized in selling clothes to women who wore large sizes. Sylvia persuaded the store manager to give her twenty-five dollars in cash instead of twenty-five dollars' worth of clothes. (Many people who saw Sylvia Frumkin recognized that there was something different about her, and did things for her that they would not ordinarily do. She often went into a restaurant, asked for a glass of water, and got it; the next person who walked in and made such a request would be brusquely informed that the restaurant didn't give out free water or would be charged ten cents for a paper cup.) At first, Miss Frumkin said she was going to spend her total of eighty dollars of Chanukkah and birthday money on cassettes of Christian music to play on her tape recorder. She really wanted to buy makeup. She hesitated because she thought it might be too "worldly," and then announced to her parents one morning, "The Lord wants us to look good." For a week, she priced makeup at half a dozen stores. The following week, she spent over sixty-five dollars on a facial and an array of lip glosses, mascara, eye pencils, and blushes at the Face Factory, a store on East Forty-second Street that sold makeup. Sylvia whiled away hours going to elegant shops on Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue. She admired the needlepoint kits at Erica Wilson, coveted a two-hundred-dollar pocketbook she saw at La Bagagerie, and often went into the F. A. O. Schwarz toy store. ("I wish I could live there," she told an acquaintance.) In early May, she bought a tiny, expensive papier-mâché box containing a small piece of chocolate at a chocolatier on Fifty-seventh Street for Joyce's birthday, which was at the end of September. On her shopping expeditions, she treated herself to numerous ice-cream cones from Baskin-Robbins.

Some days, Mrs. Frumkin was glad she was making the sacrifice of keeping Sylvia out of Creedmoor, and said she was learning to weather life with her exasperating daughter; she proudly told one friend that instead of cleaning Sylvia's storm-tossed room she simply kept its door closed and pretended there was one less room in the house. Mrs. Frumkin was nearly as mercurial as Sylvia. At five o'clock in the afternoon, she would tell a friend that Sylvia didn't belong in Creedmoor. At six o'clock, she would tell another friend that she didn't think she could survive another day with Sylvia in the house. In that hour, Sylvia might have thrown a plate at her (in 1979, Mrs. Frumkin had just two dinner plates left of her original set of wedding china), or might have spent an hour talking on the telephone when Mrs. Frumkin wanted to use it herself, or might have started speaking English with a heavy Russian accent and refused to stop. Some days, Sylvia came home unexpectedly early from Manhattan, and occasionally she found that her parents were out. Mrs. Frumkin spent a few hours once a week doing volunteer work at the office of a friend who worked for a national charitable organization. (She made use of the postage meter to send out some of her personal mail.) When the Frumkins were out, Sylvia had to go to a neighbor's house to await their return. She might then rage at them for not allowing "a woman of over thirty" to have a key to her own house.

Sylvia went out early on Saturday, May 12th, the day before Mother's Day. She returned home that evening holding a cardboard Baskin-Robbins box in her arms. She presented the box to her mother. Mrs. Frumkin opened the box and saw a large ice-cream cake. Written on the chocolate ice cream in yellow letters were the words "Happy Birthday, Happy Anniversary, and Happy Mother's Day." Because her mother loved art, Sylvia had had Baskin-Robbins surround the words with easels, paintbrushes, and palettes in many colors of icing. Mrs. Frumkin looked at the cake Sylvia had designed. "That will feed ten people," she observed. "Why couldn't you have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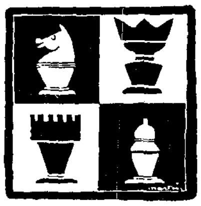
bought a small cake instead and a lovely card I could have kept forever?" She asked Sylvia how much the cake had cost. When Sylvia said it had cost ten dollars, her mother said that she had spent too much *money*, and that she should find out why her S.S.I. checks hadn't yet started to come, so that she could start to pay back the money she owed her parents and pay for her room and board and telephone calls. The Frumkins had a refrigerator with only a small freezer compartment. As Mrs. Frumkin removed all the other things she had in the freezer, including Sylvia's birthday present to Joyce, put the cake in, and rearranged the things she had removed to make room for the cake, she continued to complain about the amount of money that Sylvia was always wasting.



After her mother had expressed her displeasure for thirty minutes ("Joyce needs that chocolate like she needs a sick sister"), Sylvia, who had had fun designing the cake and had looked forward to giving it to her mother, looked sad. "You never appreciate anything I give you," she said. "You criticize everything I do."

"You spend too much time at Baskin-Robbins," Mrs. Frumkin answered. "Yesterday, you brought me a jar of fudge sauce from Baskin-Robbins. I'm as fond of fudge sauce as I am of arsenic."

Joyce Frumkin came home for Mother's Day. She told Mrs. Frumkin that her Mother's Day present would be a new haircut, hair coloring, and a manicure at her own hairdresser's in Manhattan on May 30th, the day before Mrs. Frumkin's students were to show their work at her annual art show. Mrs. Frumkin told Joyce that her hairdresser was outrageously expensive and that the trip into Manhattan was much too strenuous for her. She then agreed to go. "You only have one daughter as far as I can tell!" Sylvia shouted. "I'm just a second-class citizen! I'm your stepchild! You never loved me!" She cursed her mother. Mrs. Frumkin replied that she wished she weren't a mother, so she wouldn't be screamed at. Sylvia went to her room and started to pack. It was raining hard. Mrs. Frumkin suggested, "Why don't you wait until the rain stops before you run away?" Sylvia settled down in her room to watch television and stayed there until Joyce had gone.

Mrs. Frumkin told Joyce that she was tired of running after Sylvia and retrieving her possessions. She had recently sent the Klopfers a check for the money they had spent on postage to mail back the box containing Sylvia's winter clothes. She had also sent a check for postage to the social worker at Bergen Pines County Hospital, who had been kind enough to mail back the watch and several other things that Sylvia had left there. She had just spent two dollars at a shoemaker's to have the zipper on Sylvia's overpriced tote bag repaired. She also told Joyce that she had been worrying for the past few weeks about how Sylvia would behave on the day of the art show. She was afraid Sylvia would make a scene by accusing her, in front of her students and their parents, of loving her surrogate children more than she loved her, or that she would hand out born-again-Christian literature. Joyce had long since given up hope for Sylvia. Her concern was that Sylvia not continually destroy the peaceful old age that she wanted her parents, and particularly her mother, to have. Joyce asked whether her mother couldn't arrange to have one of her friends invite Sylvia out on the day of the art show. "It falls on a Thursday," Mrs. Frumkin said. "My friends will be working. You're going to be in Los Angeles. There's no one else who will take Sylvia. Your father just tunes her out. He goes to the supermarket, he takes walks, he reads his newspaper, and he talks out loud to the guests he watches on 'Meet the Press' and 'Face the Nation.' When we're talking and the telephone rings, he picks up the telephone and goes right on talking to me for five minutes before he says hello."

As soon as Joyce was gone, Sylvia came out of her room, threatened her mother with a bread knife, put the knife down, banged her mother's head against one of the kitchen walls a few times, and ran back to her room screaming about Jesus. "If you'd only accept Jesus, there would be peace and harmony in this house!" she shrieked. "This house is filled with evil spirits. When I go to sleep at night, I see demons."

On the morning of Monday, May 14th, Sylvia got up at six-thirty and left for Manhattan. After she had gone, Mrs. Frumkin got up. Her head still ached. She went into the kitchen, where she found a note and a religious pamphlet affixed to her refrigerator with a magnet. "Please read this pamphlet," Sylvia had written. "This is the meat and drink of my Lord. It could save our relationship." Mrs. Frumkin glanced at the cover of the born-again-Christian leaflet and tore it up without reading it. She then sat down at her typewriter and wrote Sylvia a letter, which read, in part:

> Sylvia, dear, please read this & ponder. Thank you for supplying us with your meat and drink. You can have it all but please stop stuffing it down our throats. It only antagonizes us and does *nothing* to improve our relationship. I don't see where all this Jesus business has improved your rages, tantrums, foul language, and hatefulness to your own family. It made it more a travesty of love and kindness which *your* Jesus preached. "Love ye one another"—do you? If this be meat and drink for the body and soul, why do you keep on constantly stuffing and gorging your former lovely lithe graceful body and ruining and blotching up your former beautiful velvety smooth complexion. Why? You not only do not "love ye one another" but you also hate yourself. Sit down calmly and think over how you appear to others and how you abuse those who love you.

Mrs. Frumkin left the note on Sylvia's desk. When Sylvia came home, she went to her room. At dinner, she said nothing about the note. After dinner, she went back to her room, where her mother could hear her reading the Bible aloud, praying, and listening to a religious radio station hour after hour.

On Tuesday, May 15th, Sylvia got up early and fought with her father over the mess she had made in the kitchen while she prepared her breakfast—an elaborate sundae, made with some Baskin-Robbins ice cream, some whipped cream she had brought home the previous day, and the jar of fudge sauce she had given her mother. When Mrs. Frumkin got up and went into Sylvia's room, she found the letter she had written to Sylvia on Monday on the bureau; she threw it away. On the morning of May 16th, Sylvia had another quarrel with her father. She didn't return home until one-fifteen in the morning on May 17th. Her father had gone to bed. Her mother had stayed up waiting for her. She asked Sylvia where she had been. Sylvia told her that it was none of her business but that she had been out with a group of fellow born-again Christians distributing tracts to passersby in Times Square. She said that she hoped they had converted a few lost souls to Christianity, and that it had been an exciting and joyful evening. She went right to bed.

She was up again at six-thirty. She

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had another fight with her father after he told her how thoughtless she had been to keep her mother up until all hours worrying about her. Sylvia left the house angrily and went to a Christian bookshop she had heard about the previous evening. When she got there, it was closed. She was supposed to be at Fountain House at nine o'clock. She arrived at ten-forty-five. She looked at her watch and saw she would have to leave immediately for an eleven-o'clock appointment with Dr. Stemple. She set off on foot for Dr. Stemple's office. She was eager to see him, in order to tell him that she had stopped taking her medication after her exhilarating evening of witnessing in Times Square. After she had half walked and half run two blocks, she saw that it was already after eleven, and realized that she would be very late for her appointment. She called Dr. Stemple's office from a phone booth and told his secretary that she would be at least half an hour late. The secretary told her that Dr. Stemple had another patient at eleven-forty-five, and gave her an appointment for the next morning. Few of Dr. Stemple's patients cancelled as many appointments as Sylvia Frumkin—if they did, he told her, he would not be able to pay his rent—but he had told his secretary that Sylvia was in greater distress than his other patients and that he regarded it as his Christian duty to try to help her.

Miss Frumkin walked slowly back to Fountain House to get her daily money and to eat lunch—a twenty-five-cent turkey-roll sandwich, two chocolate puddings, and three containers of chocolate milk. She started to talk about Jesus to a man and a woman who were already seated at the table where she chose to sit. The woman hurriedly excused herself. The man stayed, and told her he was also a born-again Christian. They both took out copies of the New Testament and started reading aloud. Each praised the Lord, without listening to a word the other was saying. After lunch, Miss Frumkin left Fountain House. While she was distributing leaflets the night before, she had heard about a program in the Bronx called New Life for Girls. According to her informant, a minister who was affiliated with the program also helped troubled born-again Christians find places to live. On Mother's Day, Miss Frumkin had made up her mind that she could no longer stand living at home. At Fountain House the next morning, she had been told for the fiftieth time that there was still a long waiting list for apartments. When she left Fountain House for the Bronx that Thursday afternoon, she was neatly dressed in a blouse, a skirt, and a jacket—three pieces of the five-piece outfit her parents had given her in December—but she was so excited that she was foaming at the mouth. That evening, she called her parents to tell them that she was spending the night in the Bronx with a young woman who was in the New Life for Girls program and that she had an appointment to see the minister who was affiliated with the program on the next morning.

On the morning of Friday, May 18th, Miss Frumkin called Dr. Stemple's office at eleven o'clock—the time she was supposed to be there to see him—to break her appointment. He came to the telephone. She told him that she was not going to take any more medication, because she no longer needed it. He told her that it would be all right not to take the medication over the weekend, but he asked her to promise to call him on Monday morning and make an appointment to see him. "I love you as a sister in Christ," he said. "God bless you." She then took the subway from the Bronx to Manhattan and went to Fountain House to get her daily money. May 18th was Miss Frumkin's last day at Fountain House; she became one of the thirty-five per cent of the participants in its programs who drop out within the first month. On Friday afternoon, she called home to tell her mother that she had not been accepted into the New Life for Girls program. The minister and his associates had been nice, she said, but they had explained to her that their program was for former alcoholics, drug addicts, and prostitutes rather than for former mental patients. She told her mother that she had six dollars and two subway tokens in her pocketbook. She said she was going to spend the six dollars on a ticket to a performance by a born-again-Christian comedian being given at eight o'clock that evening, at the Manhattan Church of the Nazarene, formerly the Lambs Club, on West Forty-fourth Street. She said that the comedian was a former pusher, pimp, and satanist priest, who had been rejuvenated since he had come into the bosom of the Lord. Mrs. Frumkin asked Sylvia what she was going to do about eating dinner, since she would have no money left after buying the ticket. "I don't have to eat," Sylvia said. "This is food and drink to me. This

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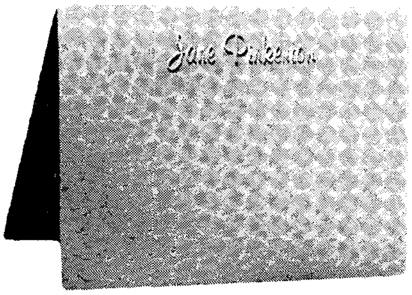

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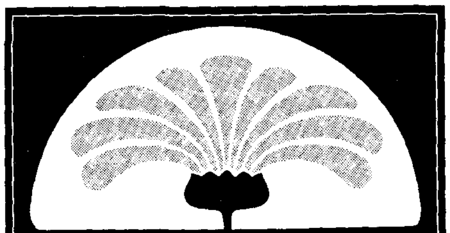

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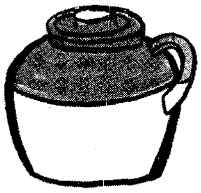
man is famous in born-again-Christian circles." Her mother told her not to come home too late. Sylvia said her mother shouldn't worry about her. "I won't be alone," she said. "My best friend, J.C., will be with me."

Miss Frumkin went to the Manhattan Church of the Nazarene and enjoyed the comedian's performance. Her parents waited up for her until after midnight. At twelve-thirty, Mr. Frumkin went to bed. His wife changed into her pajamas. A man sitting next to Sylvia in the audience had become quite ill during the performance; he seemed to be having seizures. Miss Frumkin asked him what was wrong. He told her that he had cirrhosis of the liver. She asked him where he lived and how he was planning to get home. He said he had a room in the Bronx and would get there by subway. She told him she would take him home. They left the church together, and she hailed a cab. The man gave the cabdriver an address in the Bronx. After he stumbled out of the cab, Miss Frumkin gave the driver her home address and rode in the cab to Queens. She rang the doorbell at one-thirty.



Mrs. Frumkin came to the door in her pajamas and slippers. She was surprised to see Sylvia on the doorstep with a stranger. Sylvia introduced the man as a cabdriver and asked her mother to pay him the seventeen dollars and fifty cents she owed him. Mrs. Frumkin asked her how she had managed to run up such a bill. Sylvia explained that on her way home she had taken a man who had cirrhosis of the liver from the church to his house in the Bronx. Mrs. Frumkin shouted at her daughter for squandering money on a man who was obviously an alcoholic. She asked her who the man was. Sylvia said she didn't know his name. "Jesus told me to take him home," she said.

"You're not the Salvation Army and you're not a missionary, and you can't be responsible for all the drunks in the world," her mother said. "You should have let him take the subway home."

Sylvia told her mother she had been afraid he would fall on the tracks, and asked her to just pay the cabdriver and be quiet. Mrs. Frumkin told the cabdriver she had very little money in the house. The driver told her she could give him a check, payable to cash. Mrs. Frumkin wrote out a check for seventeen-fifty. The driver left.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Frumkin went back to shouting at her daughter. "Sylvia, if you plan to stay here you'll have to change your ways," she shouted. "We don't see you for two days, then after spending your last six dollars you come home with a seventeen-dollar-and-fifty-cent bill. What kind of people are you consorting with?"

"That settles it!" Sylvia shouted back. "I'm leaving this house of perdition. Only demons live here. I disown you."

Mrs. Frumkin saw an expression of pure hatred on her daughter's face. She looked away from Sylvia's face to her legs, and said loudly, "Sylvia, your legs are bare. What happened to the two pairs of queen-sized panty hose I gave you Thursday morning? You can't run off bare-legged like this. Wait until morning."

Ignoring her mother, Sylvia ran to her room, tossed into her tote bag a radio that a family friend had given her as a belated birthday present, her tape recorder, and a few other belongings, and ran back out the front door. Mrs. Frumkin threw a coat over her pajamas and chased her daughter up the street. She called to her to come home. Sylvia was running fast. When she looked back and saw her mother pursuing her, she shouted, "Get home, you! I'm not coming back!"

Mrs. Frumkin ran after her daughter for two blocks, crying out once or twice, "Please don't make me chase after you!" After she had run for three blocks, Mrs. Frumkin fell to the pavement. She couldn't get up. "Sylvia, please help me," she called.

"You go home and Jesus will help you!" Sylvia called back, and she kept running. Mrs. Frumkin sat on the sidewalk for a few minutes and then slowly picked herself up. She could no longer even see Sylvia. It was two o'clock in the morning, and the streets in the Frumkins' quiet residential neighborhood were deserted. As she stumbled home, she didn't feel like herself. It made no sense for her to be abroad at two o'clock in the morning—she rarely ventured out of her house after eight in the evening. She had felt a peculiar sense of unreality, she told a friend the following day—as if she were taking part in a nightmare. Irving Frumkin heard his wife come back into the house. When she told him what had happened, he offered to

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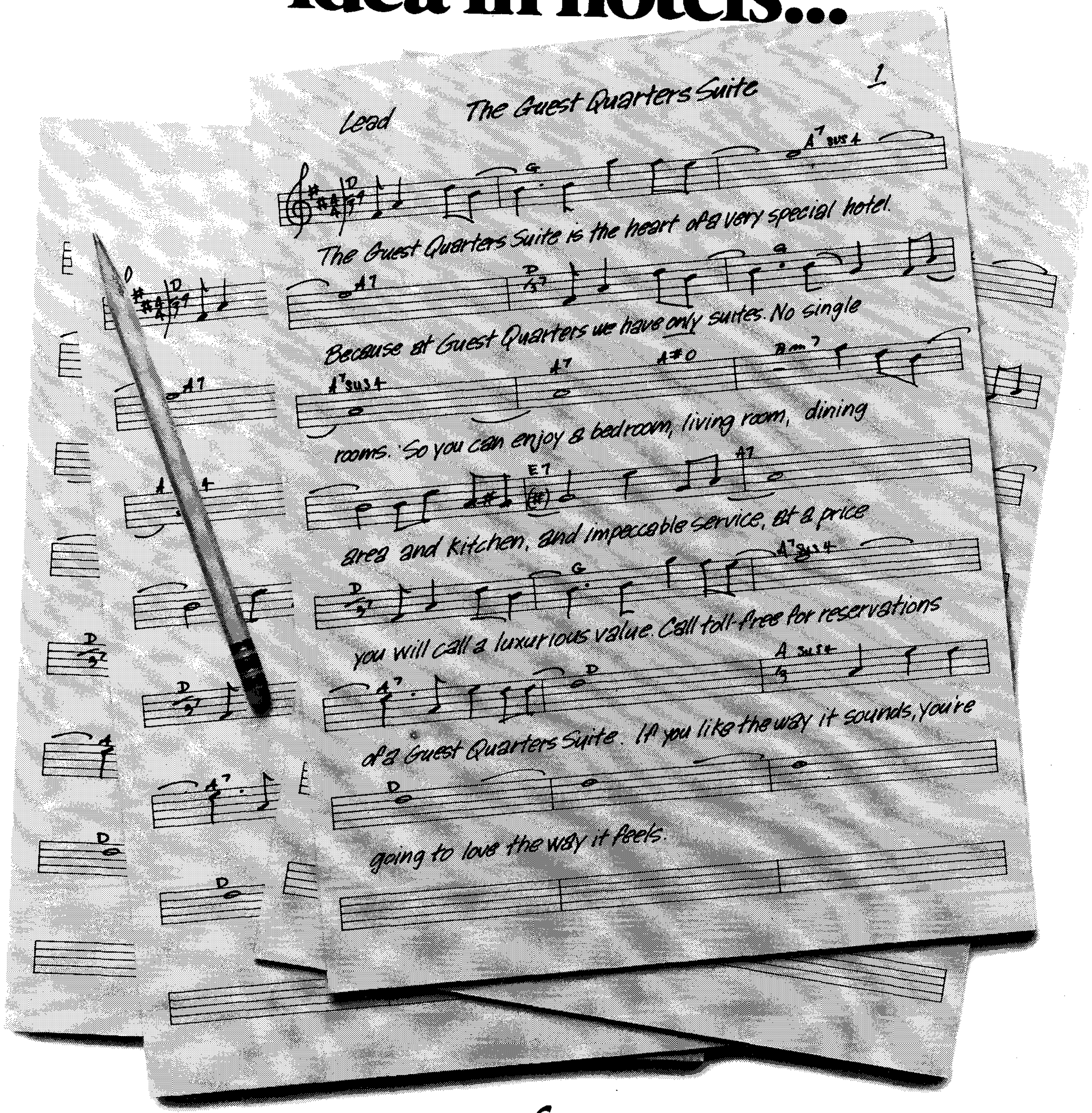
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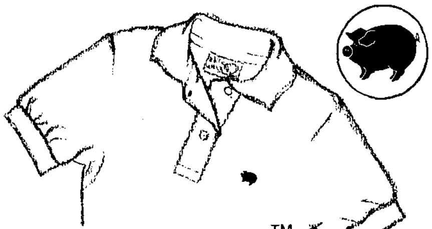

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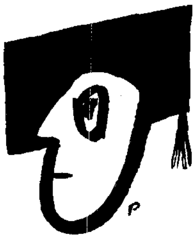
call the police. Mrs. Frumkin said that that wouldn't help. He went back to sleep. Mrs. Frumkin lay down on the bed and cried.

SYLVIA FRUMKIN ran for a while after her mother had fallen. She heard God's voice telling her to go to Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center. After she had run a considerable distance, she came to a bus stop, where she knew she could catch a bus bound for L.I.J.-Hillside. She waited a long time for the bus. It was 4:45 A.M. on Saturday, May 19th, when she walked into the L.I.J.-Hillside emergency room. She gave her correct name and address to a nurse, who spoke to her first; complained of suffering from tension as a result of a family argument; and told her that God had led her to Hillside. A doctor then gave her a brief physical examination and took a brief psychiatric history. Miss Frumkin told the doctor that she had been mentally ill for over fifteen years, that she had stopped taking her Trilafon and lithium three days earlier, because she had thought she could do without medication, and that she hadn't slept in three nights. The doctor's impression of her was that she was suffering from chronic schizophrenia, decompensated. He referred her to the psychiatric resident on duty, Dr. Margaret Ramirez, who agreed with his diagnosis. Dr. Ramirez found Miss Frumkin dishevelled and highly agitated, with very pressured speech, loosening of associations, and auditory hallucinations; she found her to be so acutely psychotic that her judgment was severely impaired. Dr. Ramirez decided that Miss Frumkin required hospitalization in a locked ward, because she was dangerous to herself and others. At eight-thirty in the morning, Dr. Ramirez telephoned the Frumkins. Mrs. Frumkin answered the telephone. She hadn't slept all night. She had lain on her bed until eight o'clock. A student was due for an art lesson at nine, and she had just put on some clothes and makeup.

Dr. Ramirez told Mrs. Frumkin that her daughter was at L.I.J.-Hillside and that in her opinion she required hospitalization in a locked unit. Mrs. Frumkin immediately asked her to admit Sylvia to Hillside. Dr. Ramirez said she couldn't: there was a waiting list for beds in Hillside's locked units. Mrs. Frumkin begged Dr. Ramirez to let Sylvia sleep on a cot in a hospital corridor until a bed in a locked unit became available. Dr. Ramirez said that that would not be possible. When Mrs. Frumkin continued to plead with her, Dr. Ramirez said that Mrs. Frumkin had two choices. If she thought she could cope with her daughter at home, Dr. Ramirez could send her there and Mrs. Frumkin could seek treatment for her on an outpatient basis, but Dr. Ramirez advised Mrs. Frumkin against that choice. Or she could let Dr. Ramirez call Creedmoor to see if Sylvia could be transferred there. Mrs. Frumkin said she didn't think it would be wise for Sylvia to return home, because she would probably just run away again. Dr. Ramirez told Mrs. Frumkin she would telephone Creedmoor. She reached Dr. Charles Ling, the weekend on-call doctor, and he told her to send Sylvia to Building N/4, where he would screen her. Dr. Ramirez called Mrs. Frumkin to say that Sylvia would soon be taken to Creedmoor in a city ambulance. Mrs. Frumkin called the Clearview unit before Sylvia's arrival, spoke to a therapy aide she had known for years, and asked her to lock up Sylvia's watch, her tape recorder, her portable radio, her tote bag, and the good clothes she was wearing, so that they would not be stolen. The ambulance arrived at Hillside for Miss Frumkin at nine-forty-five. Ten minutes later, she was back in Ward 043, Clearview's women's new-admissions ward, to which she had been admitted on June 16, 1978, and where she had lived until December of 1978, when her condition improved sufficiently for her to be transferred from the ward to the Clearview hotel.



According to Dr. Ling's admission note, Miss Frumkin was restless and hyperkinetic. She talked incessantly and admitted that she heard voices. The voices kept whispering to her about "God and devils." She believed that people were after her on the street. Dr. Ling's diagnostic impression was schizophrenia, chronic undifferentiated type. He justified Miss Frumkin's admission by describing her as dangerous to herself and others, and wrote that because of her acute psychotic symptoms she required skilled care and treatment in a hospital setting. Miss Frumkin did not contest the admission. She signed a voluntary-request-for-hospitalization form. Two

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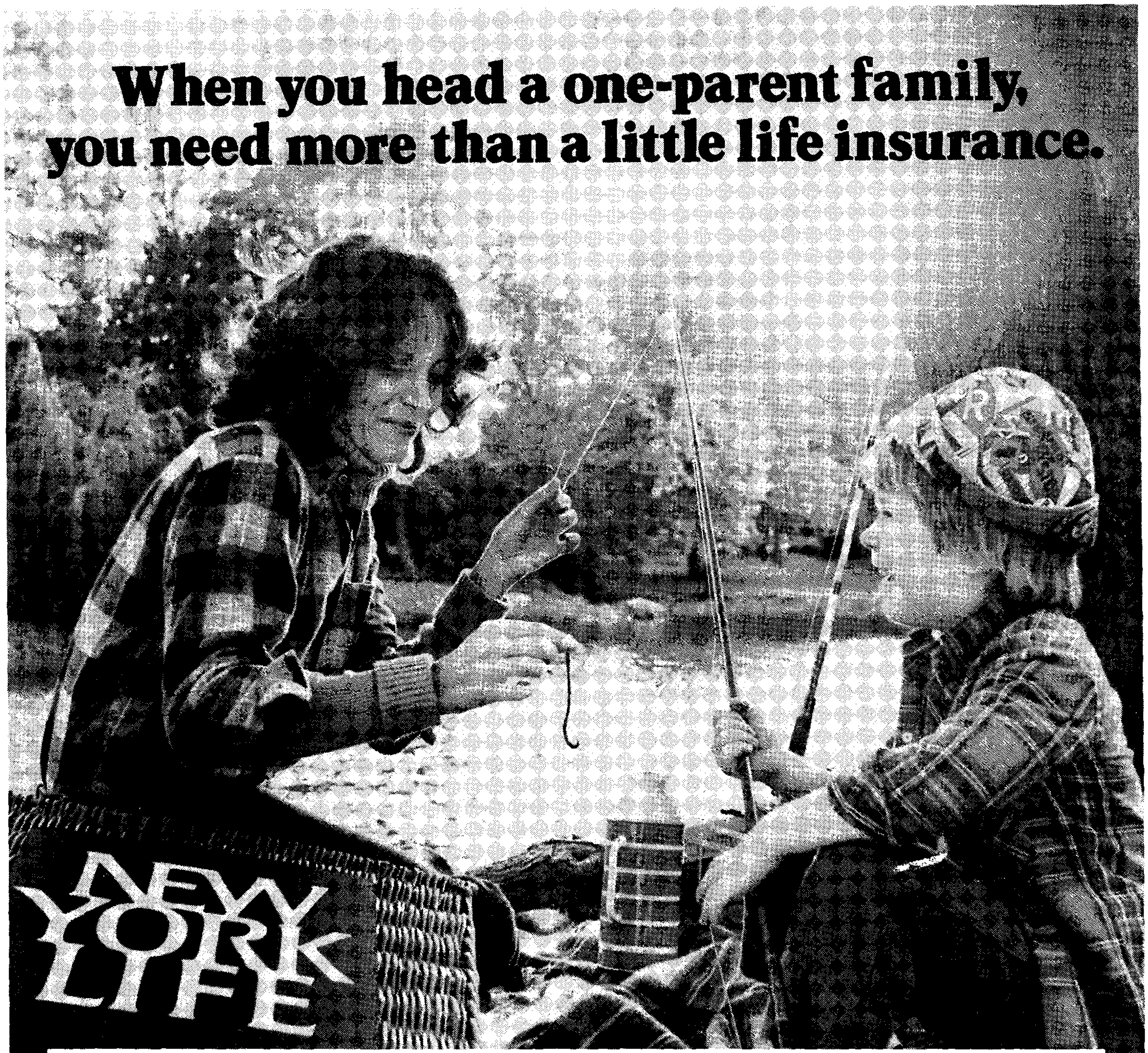

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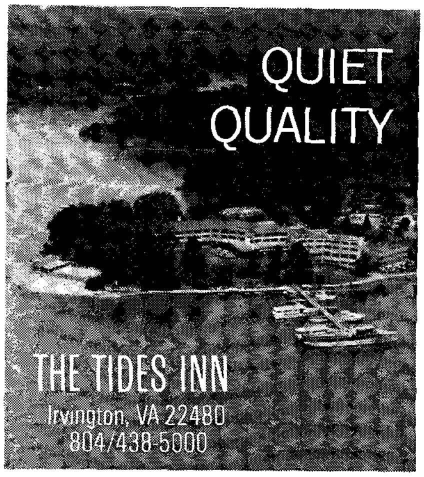

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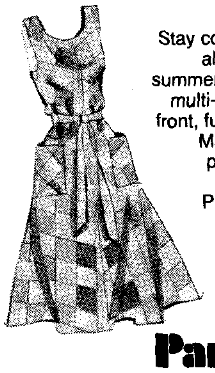

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days later, she was rescreened by Dr. Sun Ming Wong, the doctor who had admitted her on June 16, 1978, and had diagnosed her then as a manic-depressive, manic type. He gave her the same diagnosis on May 21, 1979.

MANY of the Clearview attendants who had taken care of Miss Frumkin during her eighth Creedmoor hospitalization, which had lasted from June 16, 1978, to February 9, 1979, took care of her again during her ninth, which began on May 19, 1979, and continued into 1980. They had a terrible sense of déjà vu. Miss Frumkin came in as acutely psychotic in May of 1979 as she had in June of 1978, and, if anything, the course of her hospitalization was worse in the various ways by which it could be measured than it had been a year earlier.

In June of 1978, she had spent thirty hours in a locked seclusion room during her first five days back in the Clearview unit, and a hundred hours during her first two weeks. In 1979, she spent a hundred hours in seclusion during her first five days and two hundred hours during her first two and a half weeks. She had been extremely assaultive in 1978. During the late spring and summer of 1979, she attacked more patients and was hit, bitten, and scratched to an even greater extent than she had been the previous year. Occasionally, she was bitten by one of the same patients who had bitten her in 1978: Barbara Herbert, who had been in and out of Creedmoor in 1978, was also in and out in 1979. In August of 1979, a male patient punched Miss Frumkin and broke her nose; it was the first fracture she had ever had after fifteen years of being struck by or leaping from automobiles and fighting in hospital wards. She was far more abusive to the hospital staff in 1979 than she had been a year earlier. She hit one therapy aide on the head with a book, bit another on the hand, and threw water at a third. She slapped an aide on the face for refusing to give her the keys to a plastic shield that protected the television set in the dayhall, and she broke another aide's eyeglasses. She spit in several employees' faces, she pulled the hair of a few therapy aides and practical nurses, and she pushed a treatment-team leader across the floor of the ward. She hit or threw shoes at attendants, dining-room employees, and cleaners, and she threw chairs at visitors. She engaged in more infantile behavior in 1979 than she had in 1978, she dressed in more fanciful costumes, she disrobed more frequently, and she applied more esoteric makeup to her face; she also ate some lipstick and said it was candy. She broke two pairs of her own eyeglasses (in 1978, she had broken only one pair), she refused more medication, and she called more black therapy aides "nigger bitches." She remained acutely psychotic for a longer time, perhaps because she was given an even smaller amount of medication. In 1978, after five weeks she got ninety milligrams of Haldol—the equivalent of forty-five hundred milligrams of Thorazine—and that proved to be a therapeutic dose. In 1979, she was never given more than thirty milligrams of Haldol. In 1979, Dr. Sun didn't diagnose her as a manic-depressive and medicate her as a schizophrenic, as he had in 1978. This time, he diagnosed her as a manic-depressive and, after prescribing neuroleptics for her for several weeks, he put her on lithium in combination with a small amount of Trilafon, as Dr. Stemple had. The lithium did not help her any more than it had in the past. The small amount of Trilafon eventually stabilized her at a marginal level. In 1978, it had taken Miss Frumkin from June 16th to July 31st to be given grounds privileges for the first time. In 1979, it took her from May 19th to August 24th to get an hour of grounds privileges.

WHEN Miss Frumkin returned to Creedmoor in 1979, conditions in the Clearview unit were as deplorable as they had been in 1978. The wards remained so understaffed that Hermine Plotnick did not think that Clearview met the minimum staffing ratios mandated by a district court in a celebrated case (*Wyatt* vs. *Stickney*) that had been won against the State of Alabama in the early seventies on behalf of a retarded youth and former employees of a mental institution to which he had been committed. The Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, in its opinion affirming in part the decision of the district court, had ruled that "mental patients have a constitutional right to such individual treatment as will help each of them to be cured or to improve his or her mental condition." The district court had laid down minimum staffing ratios for every two hundred and fifty patients. Clearview was a hundred-and-fifty-bed unit. Using the same formulas that the district court had em-

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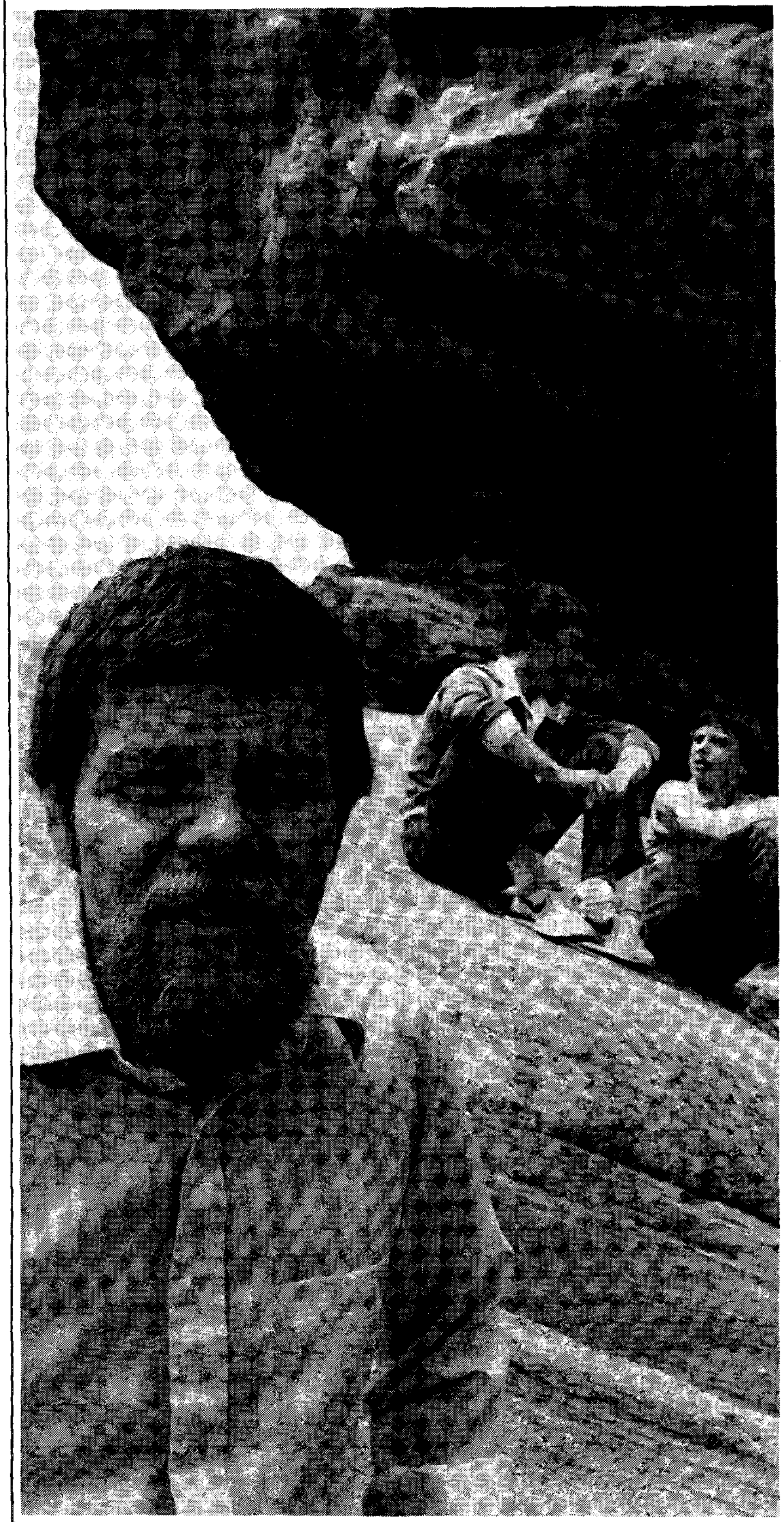

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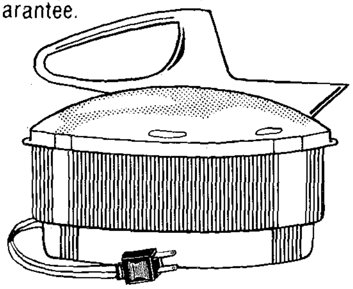

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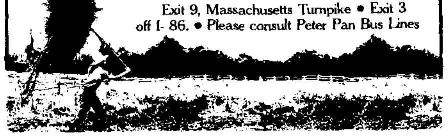
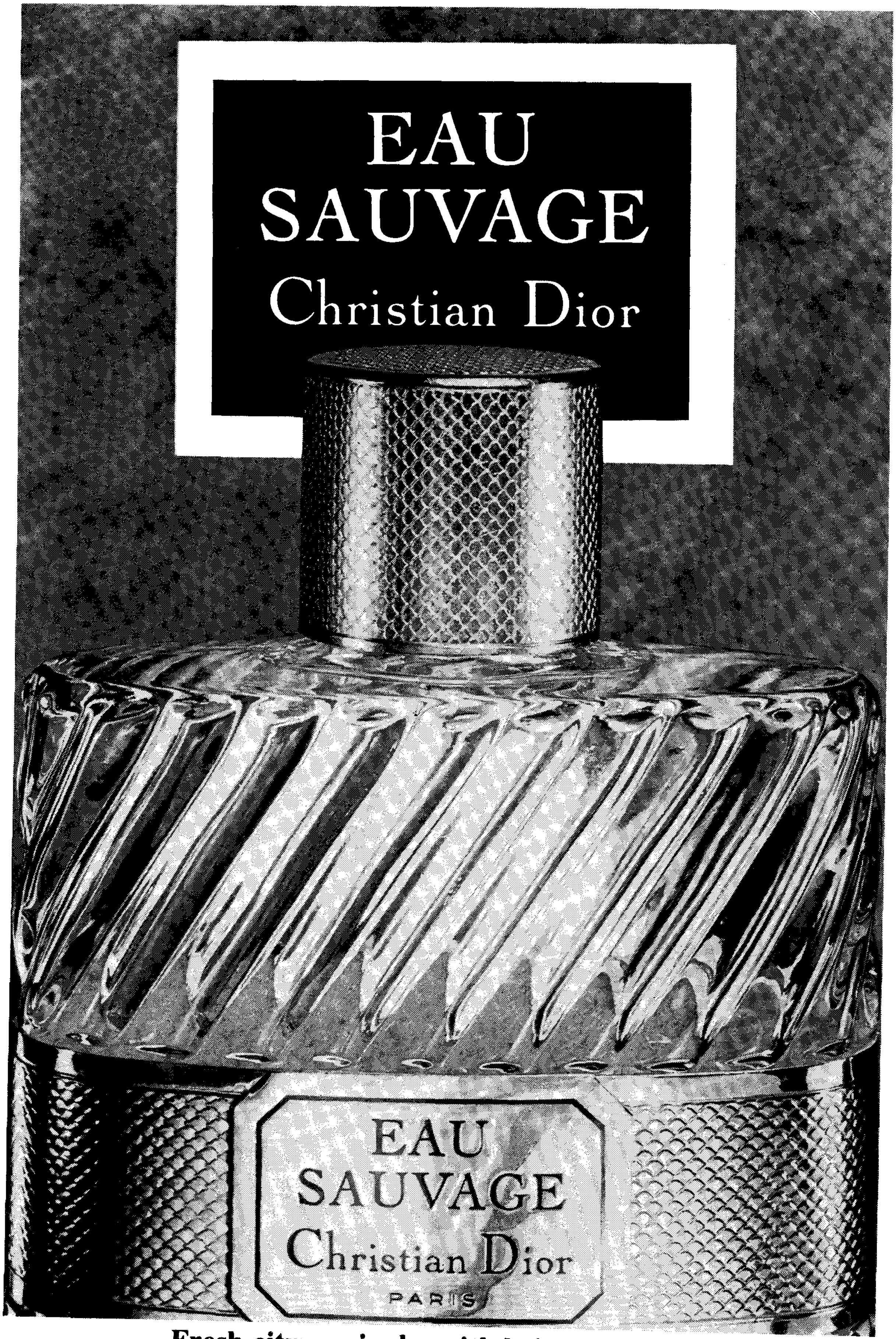


ployed, Mrs. Plotnick calculated that Clearview's staffing ratios were below the minimum required and that its living conditions were also not up to those which the district court had enjoined in *Wyatt* vs. *Stickney*. In 1979, the morale of the overworked and poorly paid therapy aides was as low as ever. To maintain a decent standard of living, many continued to hold second full-time jobs: several worked at other hospitals or at nursing homes; one was the manager of a Nathan's restaurant. Some received welfare; some sold Avon cosmetics. Many had their paychecks garnisheed. The wards were still dingy; the main reaction of someone who had happened to see "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" the day before he paid a visit to Clearview was that the state mental hospital vilified in the movie was so much cleaner. Supplies were still short; periods of deafening noise and sporadic violence still alternated with periods of dullness, when shabbily dressed patients milled about idly. Most of the psychiatrists were foreigners (in 1979, more Indian psychiatrists were practicing in the United States than in India), and they still spoke to their patients across a formidable linguistic and cultural barrier. The food remained starchy. In 1979, Creedmoor spent a dollar and eighty cents per patient per day for food—less than New York City paid to feed a police horse for a day. After one particularly tasteless meal, Miss Frumkin recalled that the best food she had ever eaten at Creedmoor was the TV dinners the patients were served during an employees' strike in November of 1968.

SOON after Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Clearview on May 19, 1979, her parents were advised to stay home, just as they had been a year earlier. Once again, the staff didn't believe that it would be beneficial for the Frumkins to see Sylvia when she was at her worst, and they didn't think that it would be in her best interest to see her parents. Mr. Frumkin had disregarded the staff's advice in 1978, and he did so again in 1979. He came to the hospital in May and June, and was hit, ignored, and verbally abused by his daughter. One day when he visited Sylvia, she was barefoot. He asked her why she wasn't wearing shoes. She told him that she was a dancer and that dancers didn't wear shoes. She then shouted, "Get out of here, you! Leave!" After another visit, Mr. Frumkin described Sylvia to his wife as "completely deranged." Mrs. Frumkin hadn't seen Sylvia from June 11, 1978, to August 2, 1978, and she didn't see her from May 19, 1979, to September 1, 1979, although she telephoned the hospital frequently. As a result of her first phone call—the one she made on May 19th, before Sylvia had been transferred to the ward from Hillside—the Clearview therapy aides had locked up Sylvia's tape recorder, her watch, and her tote bag. The radio had disappeared between the time she ran out of the house and the time she arrived at Creedmoor. The clothes she had been wearing on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth had disappeared after she reached Creedmoor. They might have been locked up in the private-clothing room, might have been taken out of there and put in the state-clothing room by mistake, and then might have been given to another patient. In 1978, a Peruvian poncho that Sylvia had worn to the hospital on June 16th had disappeared; it showed up in tatters in the fall of 1979 in Clearview's state-clothing room, looking as if it had made the rounds of all the washing machines in every unit on the Creedmoor grounds.

On May 24th, when Mr. Frumkin came to Clearview to see Sylvia and to take her belongings home, Mrs. Frumkin learned about Sylvia's missing radio and clothes. She telephoned Mrs. Plotnick for the first time since February 26th, when she had called to ask for her help as one mother to another. Mrs. Frumkin was enraged. She accused Mrs. Plotnick of being personally responsible for Sylvia's missing belongings, and implied that Clearview's employees had stolen the radio and the clothes. After hearing Mrs. Frumkin out, Mrs. Plotnick quietly said that it was impossible to know even when the radio was lost: three hours had passed between the time Sylvia ran out of the Frumkins' house on the morning of May 19th and the time she turned up in the emergency room of L.I.J.-Hillside—hours that were unaccounted for. Mrs. Plotnick said she would ask Sylvia's treatment-team leader to look for the missing skirt, blouse, and jacket. "I'm sick of this delegating, you're always delegating," Mrs. Frumkin said in a hostile tone. "I will not listen to any excuses." At Joyce Frumkin's insistence, Mrs. Frumkin telephoned Mrs. Plotnick several days later to apologize. Her apology took the form of a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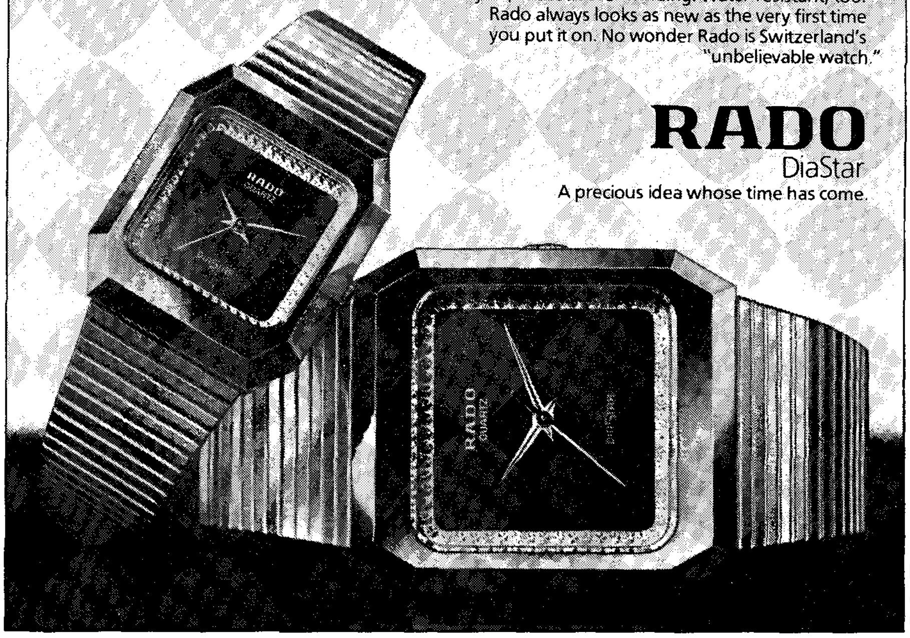

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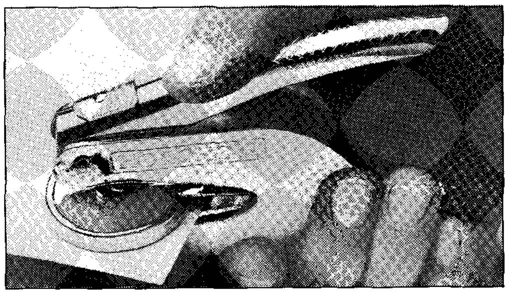

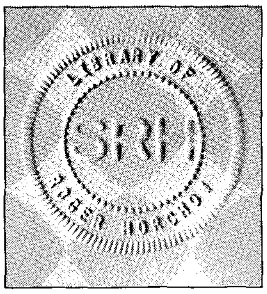

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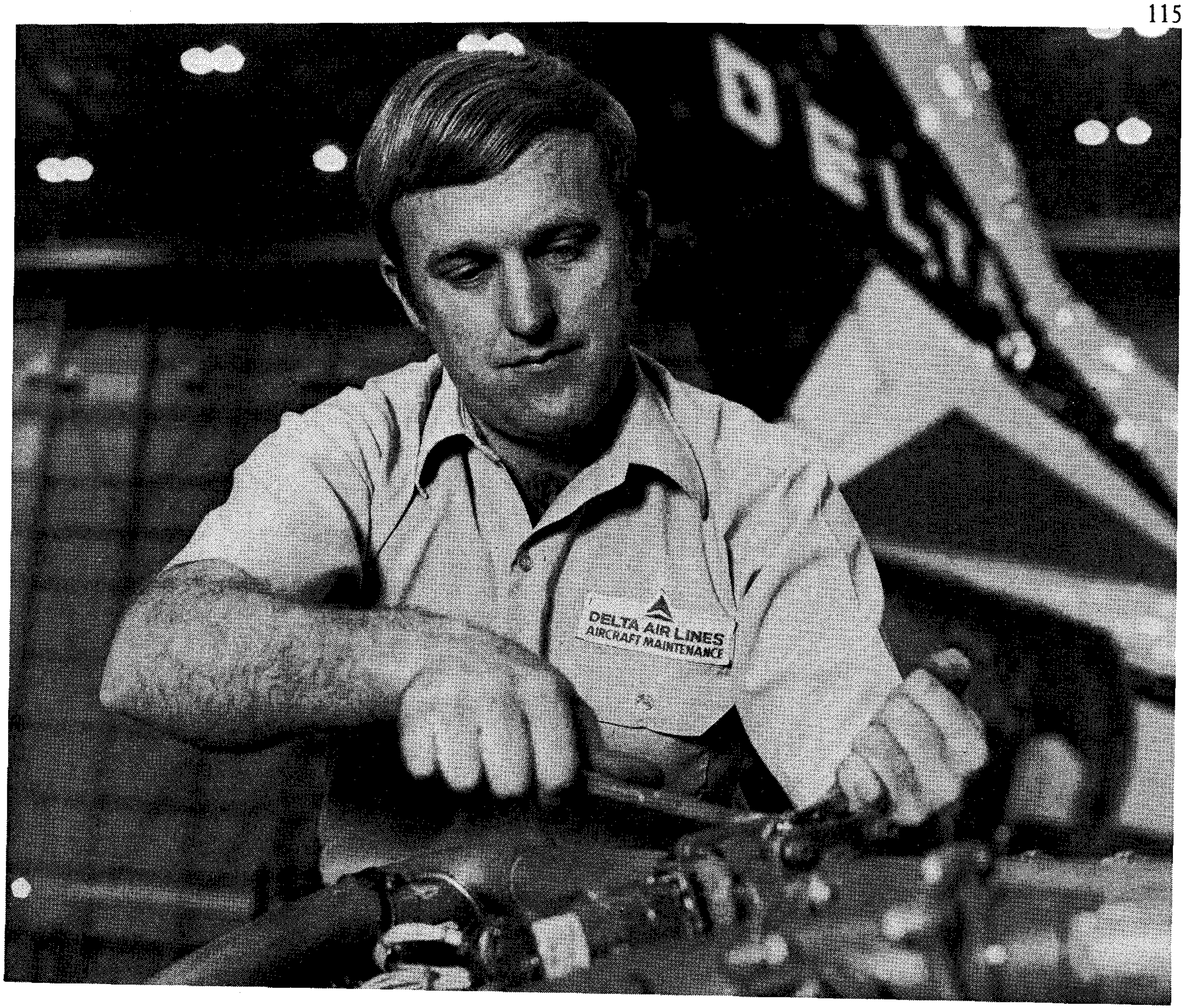
question and three statements. "Why did all this have to happen to us?" she asked. "We deserved better. She deserved better. Mental illness is a fate worse than death."

A friend of Mrs. Frumkin's who had heard her complain about life with Sylvia from the day Sylvia returned from the Klopfers' to the day she ran away spoke to her on May 21st. The friend said she assumed that Mrs. Frumkin must be relieved to finally have Sylvia out of the house. Mrs. Frumkin denied that she had any feeling of relief. She said that it was impossible to be happy if you had a daughter in Creedmoor—and that having a child there was worse than having a dead child. She described the early-morning hours of May 19th to her friend and told her she felt guilty for having caused such a scene after Sylvia came home with the cabdriver. "I paid the man anyway," she said. "So I should have been kinder to Sylvia. Maybe I should have said, 'Hello, darling,' and let her go to bed quietly. Maybe I should even have thanked the cabdriver for bringing her home safely, and given him a tip. I always do the wrongest things."

The friend knew that before Sylvia's departure Mrs. Frumkin had been particularly worried about how Sylvia would behave on the afternoon of Thursday, May 31st, while Mrs. Frumkin's art show was in progress. She called Mrs. Frumkin that evening to ask how the show had gone. Mrs. Frumkin said that her students had all produced fine portraits, seascapes, and cityscapes, and that Joyce had helped her print up a nice souvenir program, but she also said, "Who could enjoy an art show when their daughter is locked up in a seven-by-nine-foot seclusion room with nothing but a mat on the floor?" She told her friend that if Sylvia had still been living at home on May 31st she would not have been the slightest problem. "I had figured out exactly how Sylvia would spend the day," she told her friend. "She wanted so much to see 'Annie' and she loved eating out, so I had planned to give her money to see the play in the afternoon and then to eat dinner afterward." The friend didn't point out to Mrs. Frumkin that there were no afternoon performances of "Annie" on Thursdays, and she kept her thoughts to herself when Mrs. Frumkin went on to say, in a wistful tone, that the house was too quiet without Sylvia. "She was like a storm brewing," Mrs. Frumkin said. "First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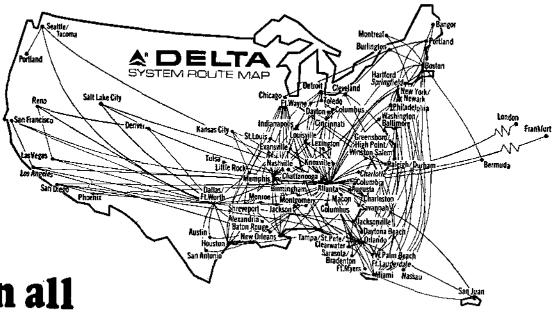
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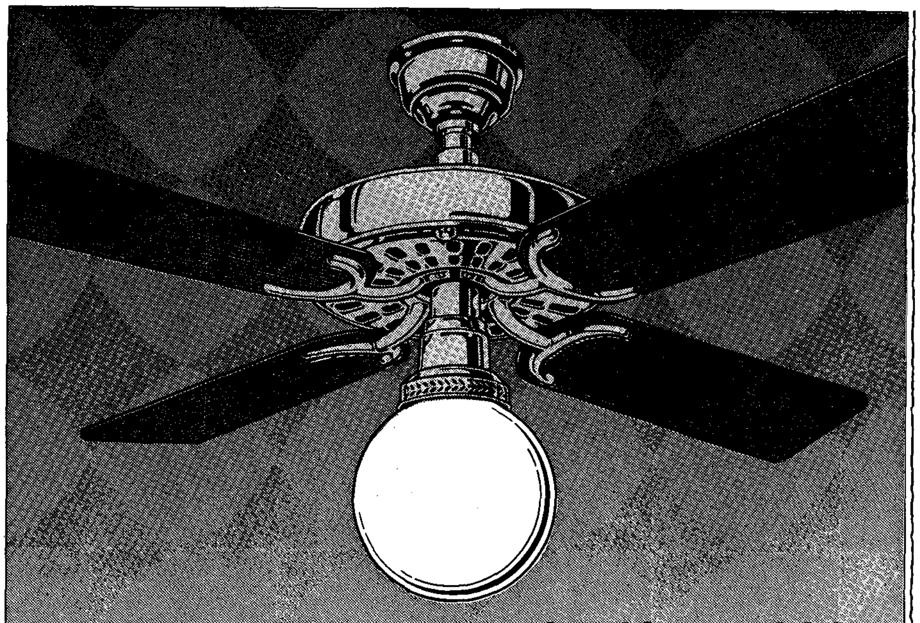
you see the sky darkening. Then you see bolts of lightning and hear claps of thunder. Then the rain comes down in buckets. Then the storm is over and the air is too still."

Sylvia Frumkin was allowed her first home visit on September 15, 1979, and went home to live on convalescent care in January of 1980. While she was home on visits and then while she was living at home, she attended the typing workshop during the day and fought with her parents in the evenings and on weekends. One evening, she prepared fettuccine Alfredo again. Her mother came into the kitchen, slipped on a piece of butter that Sylvia had dropped, cut her head on a drawer that Sylvia had left open, and had to be taken to the emergency room at Flushing Hospital for back pains. Sylvia ate constantly. By the summer of 1980, she weighed two hundred pounds—an all-time high—and described herself ruefully as a balloon with arms, legs, and a head. She lost numerous possessions—library cards, wallets, all the makeup she had bought at the Face Factory, and the Timex watch she had bought on her way to the Klopfers'. In the fall of 1979, on Yom Kippur, she threw a spoonful of cream cheese at Joyce; in the spring of 1980, at Passover, she broke her mother's next-to-last wedding-china dinner plate; on Mother's Day of 1980, she threw tea bags at the walls and ceiling of the Frumkins' kitchen; on Father's Day of 1980, she ran out of a restaurant where she had eaten dinner with her parents, her sister, and two family friends, because she felt they were slighting her. In December of 1979, Sylvia had gone to live with a couple she had met who offered her a foster home. She had fought with them, and had left their house after two days. On April 1, 1980, while Sylvia was living at home in disharmony and Creedmoor was trying to place her in another foster home, a social worker at Creedmoor drew up contracts for Sylvia and the Frumkins to sign, in the hope that parents and daughter might make more of an effort to coexist if they made certain commitments in writing. Sylvia signed a contract in which she said that she would not throw glasses or dishes; that she would not hit her mother and father; that she would keep her room clean; that she would attend to her personal hygiene (bathe, wash, do her hair, dress appropriately); and that she would not eat the



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food intended for her father's special diet. In the contract that Harriet and Irving Frumkin signed, they agreed not to mention Sylvia's medication to her; to try to compliment her on something each day (staying in a program, attending a class, improving her personal appearance); not to chase after her when she left the house in anger; and not to discuss her weight or her eating habits. Three days after signing the contracts, Sylvia and Mrs. Frumkin told the social worker, in separate conversations, "Those contracts aren't worth the paper they're written on."

Three months after the contracts were signed, and the whole family had violated every provision of them, Sylvia Frumkin took a leave from Creedmoor's typing workshop. In July and August, she attended a summer-school bookkeeping course at Flushing High School. After completing the course, she refused to return to the typing workshop; she had again decided to sever all her connections with Creedmoor. In late August and early September, she busied herself with a new pastime: collecting coupons. She filled her room and the Frumkins' garage with coupons she had clipped from newspapers and magazines she had bought, picked up on the street, or found in trash cans. Miss Frumkin tore up all the boxes she could wheedle from neighbors or compliant strangers. She saved box tops, box bottoms, and box sides for future use. She peeled off can labels and filed candy wrappers, too, acquiring a good-sized "proof of purchase" collection for money-back offers she hoped to learn of. While she was clipping, tearing, and filing, she ate to even greater excess: her weight went up to two hundred and five. In mid-September, Miss Frumkin returned to Fountain House. On her first day back, she told her mother how much nicer the Fountain House clients were than the typing-workshop clients. Miss Frumkin's second set of visits to Fountain House was shorter than her first. In the summer of 1980, a doctor at Creedmoor had lowered the small amount of Trilafon she was taking with the lithium, and in early September she became increasingly violent. One day, she slapped her father. Another day, she grabbed her mother's hair, held on to it, and banged her mother's head against a wall. On September 18th, Sylvia Frumkin was discharged from Creedmoor. Joyce Frumkin came home on September 20th for Yom Kippur; Sylvia

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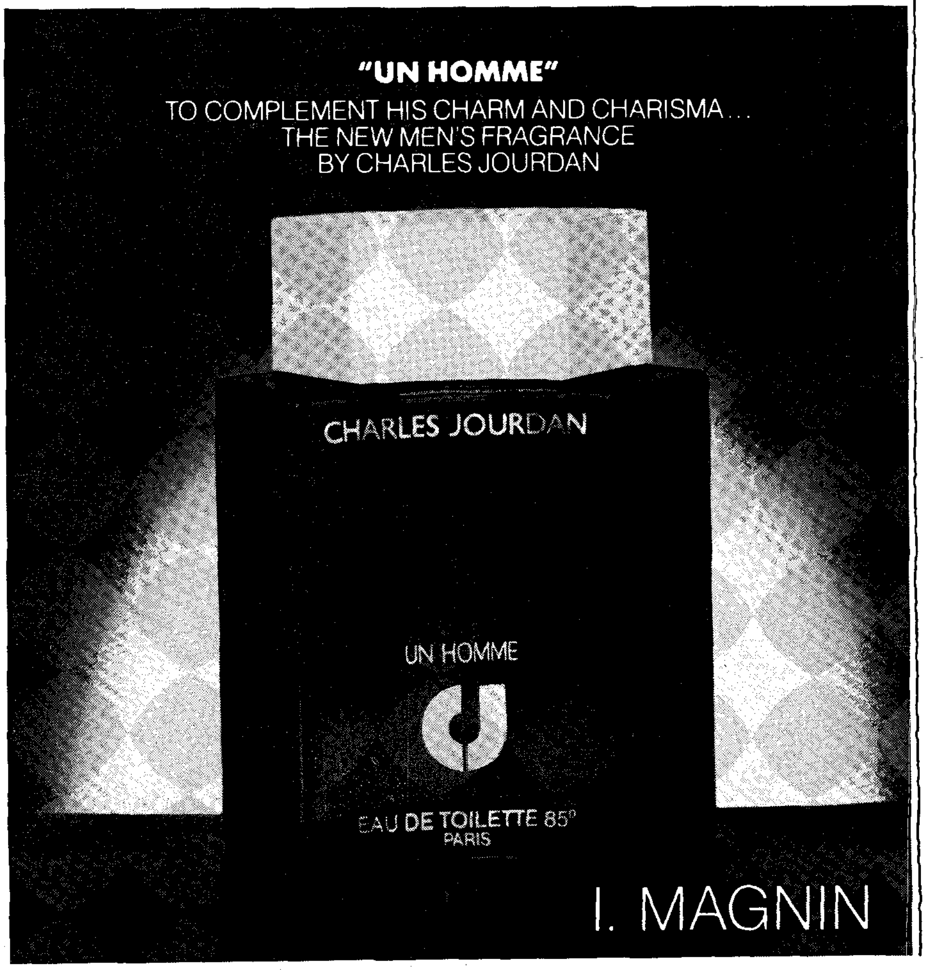
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pounced on her and hurt Joyce's thumb.

During the first eight and a half months of 1980, Sylvia Frumkin had apparently been content with Judaism. She had gone regularly to Jewish services at Creedmoor, and had been on friendly terms with the rabbi there. A few days after Yom Kippur, Miss Frumkin met some born-again Christians who were handing out tracts in front of a Chinese restaurant in Flushing. They invited her to drive with them to an evangelical church in Pennsylvania. She went with them, enjoyed herself, and returned to her house that night around midnight in an ugly mood. Her father was asleep. Her mother had waited up nervously for her. Sylvia called her mother a bug, threatened to swat her, and went to her room, slamming the door behind her. She stayed up all night. Harriet Frumkin lay on her bed, unable to sleep. She heard crackling sounds coming from her daughter's room, but she was too frightened to go in and see what she was doing.

Sylvia came out of her room at five o'clock on Sunday morning. Her mother saw her go into the living room and take three records from a cabinet. They were among Mrs. Frumkin's favorite records. "Those are mine!" Mrs. Frumkin shouted. "Put them down!" She succeeded in retrieving a Debussy record and a Beethoven record, but couldn't stop Sylvia from smashing a twenty-five-year-old record of "The Wizard of Oz."

When Mrs. Frumkin ventured out of her room again at eight o'clock, the door to Sylvia's room was open. She had never seen Sylvia's room quite so chaotic. During the night, Sylvia had cut up her pillowcase with a pair of scissors—she told her mother there had been demons dancing on her pillow—and had cut up most of the coupons, box parts, and cassettes in her room. She had been particularly fond of her Barry Manilow and Elton John cassettes; now she called them blasphemous. The unravelled cassettes looked like snakes on the floor of the bedroom. She had also cut down some posters she had bought to decorate her room, scratching the walls in the process. She kept talking about Jesus and demons and bugs, threatened to eradicate her parents, and shouted so loud that the Frumkins' next-door neighbors, who sympathized with the family's plight, telephoned to ask the Frumkins if they couldn't control her.

Irving Frumkin had slept through

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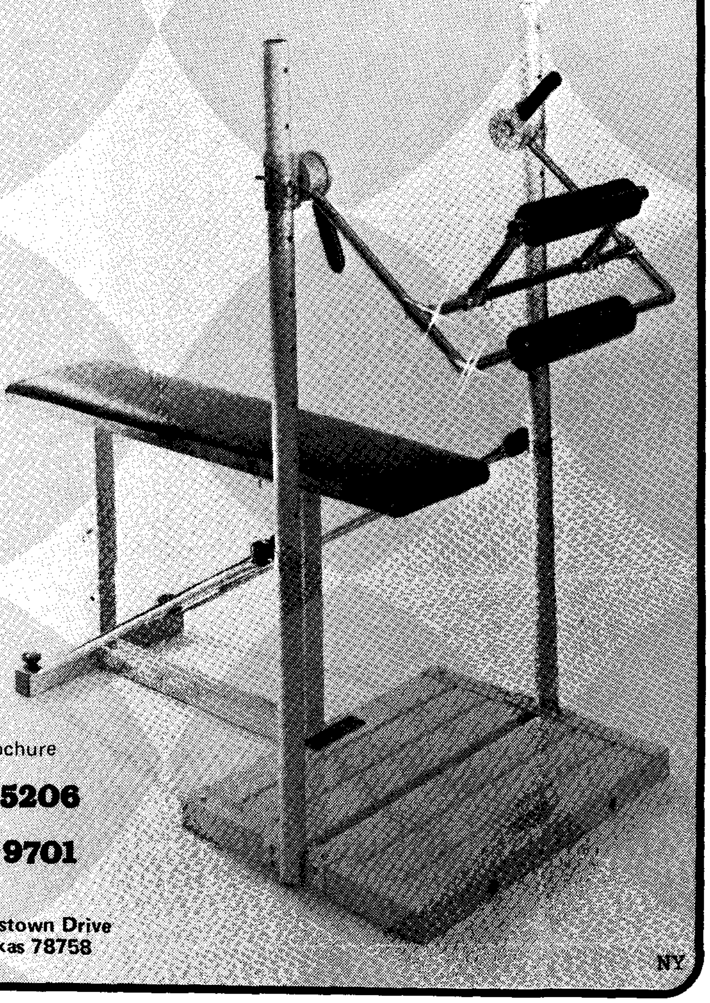

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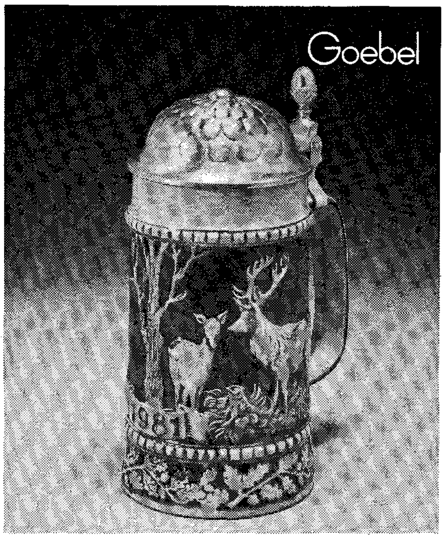
the night. The neighbors' telephone call came shortly after he had got up, and when he hung up he left the house and called the police from a nearby candy store. Two policemen came. Sylvia insisted on telephoning Dr. Stemple, whom she hadn't seen in over a year. She succeeded in reaching him at his country home, in New Jersey, and asked him about demon possession. He told her she needed to go to a hospital. She then told the policemen she would go with them after she got a pocketbook from her room. She jumped through the screen of her bedroom window and landed, uninjured, in the Frumkins' back yard. One of the policemen had been watching the bedroom door and the front door. The other had been watching the bedroom window and the door that led to the back yard. He saw Sylvia jump and land safely. He caught her before she could make another attempt to elude him.

One of the policemen, a young man, said, "My wife's a born-again Christian, but she doesn't rant and rave like this." He radioed for an ambulance.

The other policeman said, "You're cursing like this and you're talking about Jesus?"

On the evening of Sunday, September 28, 1980, Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Creedmoor for the tenth time. Dr. Werner, the hospital director, had died of a heart attack in 1978; his successor, Dr. Yoosuf A. Haveliwala, had reorganized the hospital so that it resembled the pre-1969 hospital. Nevertheless, Miss Frumkin was admitted to the same building that had housed her in 1978 and 1979—Building N/4. In December of 1980, shortly before N/4 was closed down, she was transferred to I.P.C.U. 2, one of two newly created Intensive Psychiatric Care Units for long-term chronic patients. Her medication was still lithium and a small amount of Trilafon. She disliked the new unit even more than she had disliked Ward 043. Not long after her transfer to I.P.C.U. 2, she said she was still convinced that Jesus would help her—something that psychiatrists had failed time and time again to do. "Mental illness is worse than cancer," she said. "The suffering doesn't have an end point."

One man who recently visited Creedmoor sat and listened to Miss Frumkin for an hour. He later told his wife he had forgotten for a while that he was at Creedmoor and had wondered where her brilliance might



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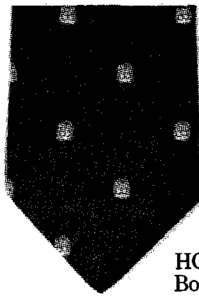

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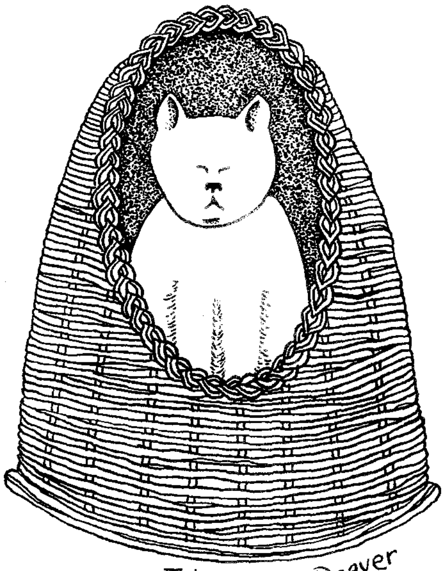
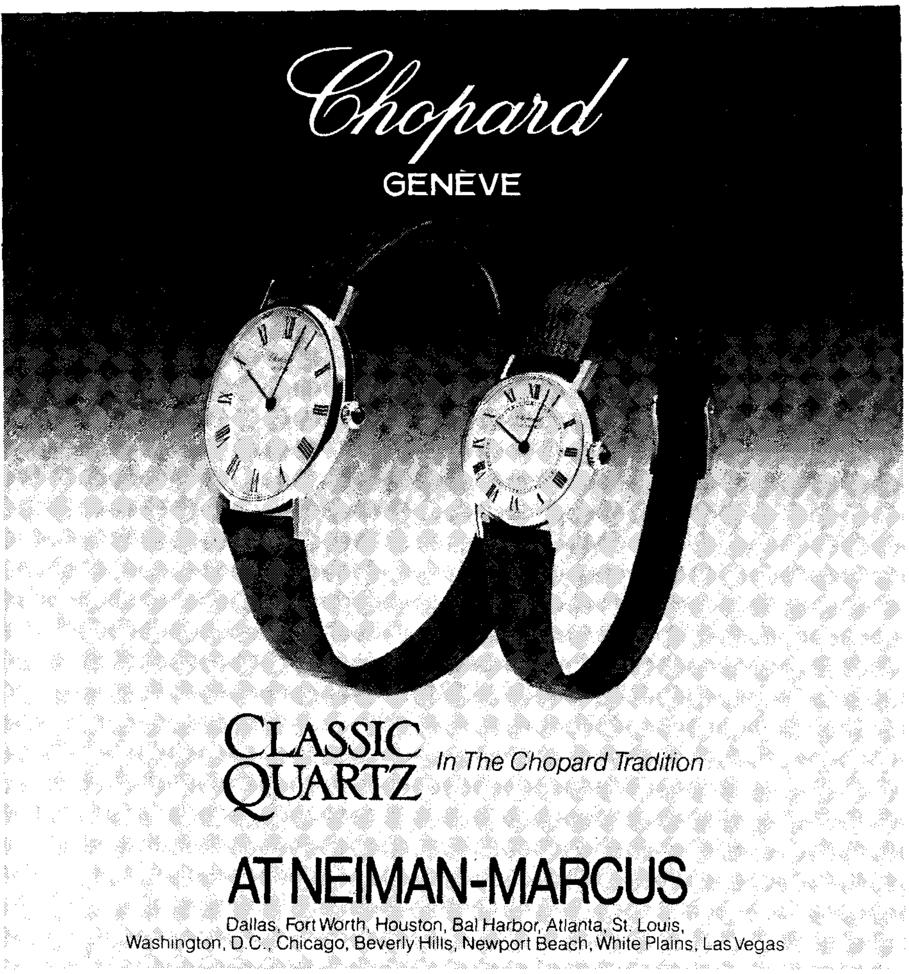
have led her if her illness had not led her there.

IT is a hot summer afternoon. Sylvia Frumkin is prancing around the dayhall. She is wearing a raspberry-colored blouse and a pair of purple slacks. A white T-shirt is tied loosely around her neck; from time to time, she pulls the T-shirt over her head and wears it as if it were a headband. Every once in a while, she takes off her blouse. She is not wearing a bra. She is not wearing shoes, either, and the soles of her feet are black. She is wearing silvery-blue eyeshadow above and below her eyes and on her lips. She is talking out loud to herself. As she roams around the dayhall, she notices three visitors—a woman and two young girls. The three visitors have come to see a patient who has gone to Building 40 for X-rays. The woman and her two daughters are waiting for the patient to return. They have visited Creedmoor in the past; they know Miss Frumkin, and she knows them. She comes over to the table where they are seated, alights in a chair next to the woman, and tells her and the children that she is Wonder Woman. "You're Mary Tyler Moore," she informs the woman. "No, you're Loretta Swit and you play 'Hot Lips' on 'M*A*S*H.' " She tells one of the girls that she has seen her on the Mike Douglas show. "We are all making a movie," she tells the other girl. "Creedmoor is Universal Studios. The former director, Dr. Werner, gave it to me. He gave me the whole hospital before he died. There are dandelions on the lawn. I want to pull out their roots. My skin is just like the lawn. I'm


Julie Reece Deaver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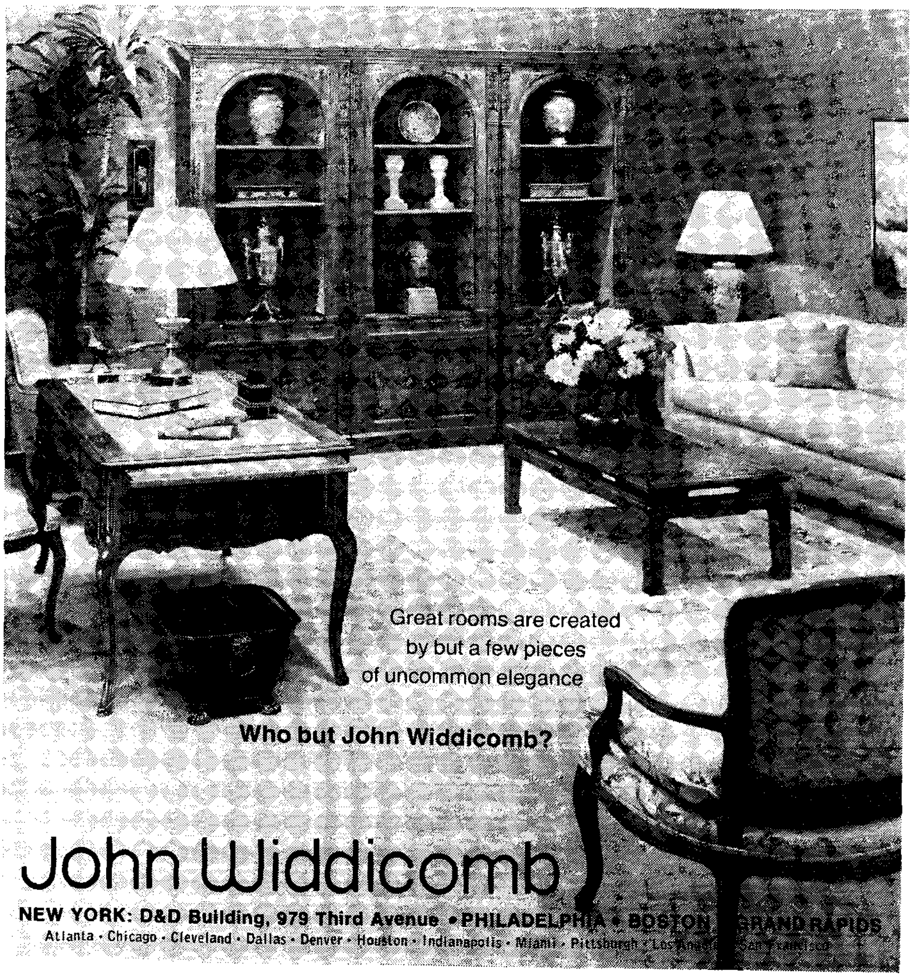
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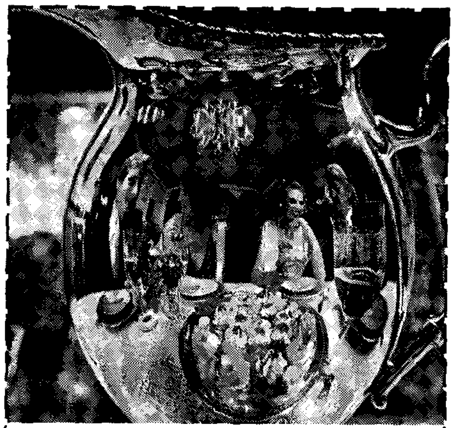

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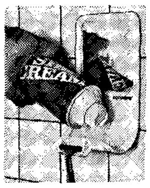

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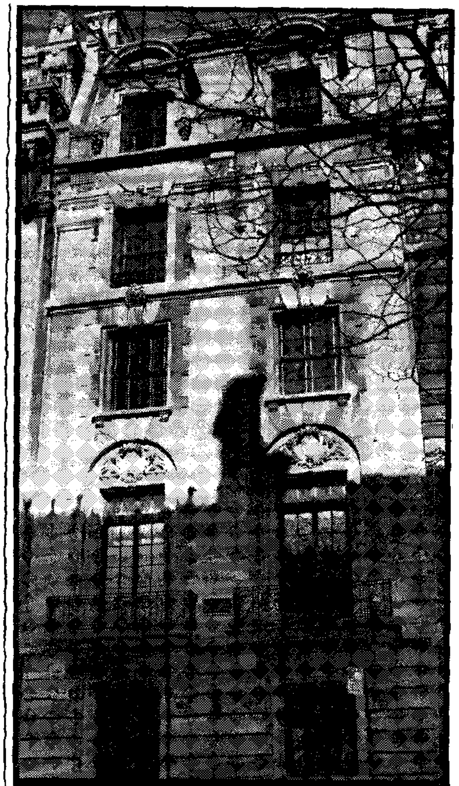
going to tear it off and pluck out the bed of dandelions. This isn't schizophrenia, it's terminal acne. My cosmetologist at the Face Factory will fix me up. Smoking doesn't cause cancer, pollution does. When I was eleven, Dustin Hoffman and I—he was the handsomest boy in the class—made up a jingle about an antacid we named Burpo Fizzo. I'll sing it for you." Approximating the tune of the old "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot" jingle, Sylvia sings:

Burpo Fizzo is a drink.
It is colored cherry pink.
You can throw it in the sink.
Burpo Fizzo.

Burpo Fizzo tastes quite nice
When you serve it over ice.
It will help, if you take it twice.
Burpo Fizzo.

As she is singing the words to the third stanza, which begins with the line "Burpo Fizzo doesn't smell," she gets stuck on the first three words of the second line. "It is said, it is said, it is said," she repeats. She pauses, completes the line with the words "to taste quite well," and then says irritably, "Oh, go to hell, Burpo Fizzo." For a minute, she looks as if she is going to cry, but she quickly brightens up, tells the children again that she is Wonder Woman, tells them that she and another classmate once composed a piece of music called "A Cantata on Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum," and starts talking quickly. "For a long time, I wanted to go on 'What's My Line?' as a mental patient," she says. "Being a mental patient really is my profession. I get room and board, fringe benefits like Medicaid and Medicare, and I get paid by S.S.A. and S.S.I. But the show has gone off the air, and I may not be mentally ill anymore. Maybe I just have idiosyncrasies—you'd have to ask a doctor. And the Lord wants me to go on WWDJ's '700 Club'—that's the Mike Douglas show of born-again-Christian programs. I want to be a doctor. I want to go from the theatre to the operating theatre. I'm going to be a doctor or a nurse, and I'm going to have the key to my front door. Lee Harvey Oswald is a patient here. God talks to me a lot. The voice is an imp in my head. I'm a good friend of Mike Nichols and Diane von Furstenberg. I first met Geraldo Rivera when I was in Elmhurst. John Travolta's father is the Shadow. I think the Cowardly Lion was secretly married to Judy Garland. I'm going to marry Lyle Waggoner, who plays Steve Trevor. I'm going to take



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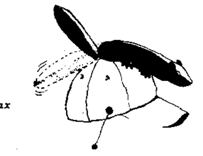

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Lynda Carter's place on 'Wonder Woman' when I marry Steve. I want to have my own show, a show called 'Sylvia's.' I'm my favorite person. I only wish I could get along with everyone else as well as I get along with me. I secretly have my own show already."

Sylvia looks at the children and tells them not to doubt her, because she really *is* Wonder Woman. She reaches into a small handbag she is carrying and pulls out a piece of paper, on which she scribbles, "Muhammad Ali, apologized to me." She tells the woman that she had a large tote bag and somehow lost it. "Please go to La Bagagerie and tell the saleslady that the girl who was so nice wants to have the two-hundred-dollar bag," she says. "She'll give it to you. I told her it was worth its weight in gold. Charge it to my account." She delves into the bag again, pulls out a tube of pink lipstick that is almost used up, hands it to the younger child, and tells her, in a stage whisper, that she got it from the Queen of England. "I called Prince Charles Chuck," she says. "I'm Peppermint Patty. Charles Schulz is the headmaster of my high school. My sister, Joyce, went to college and got snooty. She left me and she took Cozy Carrot with her. Joyce throws twenty-dollar bills around at beauty parlors the way most people spend two dollars and fifty cents, but Joyce's house isn't built on rock, it's built on sand. It's a sand castle. Israel is the promised land, but New Jersey is Heaven. Please help me get into the Christian Health Care Center. I'd like to go to New Jersey, but maybe I'll go to Gould Farm. The Hare Krishnas aren't too bad, but I think they should go back to India, because they're trying to take over our country. I'm planning to go back to school to do sixth grade. I want to relive my childhood. I want to pay my parents rent, have a lock on my door, and have cooking privileges. Home is the place for me. Home is where the heart is. My father was my first dentist. I want to go back in the time machine for a while. When I was at Music and Art, I once had a best friend, Camilla Costello. She was Abbott and Costello's niece. She told me, 'Sylvia, I have many friends, but you're my best friend.' At the same time, I had a therapist named Francine Baden. Francine was my fairy godmother. Those were the best six months of my life, the only normal six months of my life, those six months with Camilla and Francine. I once

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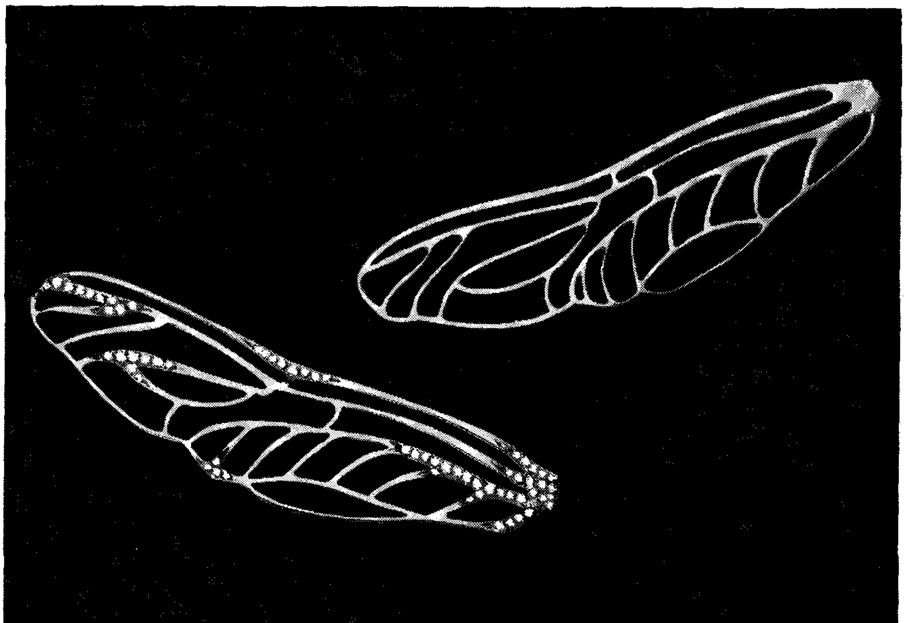

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told Francine Baden, 'Getting well is growing up.' I'm not sure I want to grow up. I'm going to stay Wonder Woman forever." She suddenly tells the children, who haven't made a sound, to be quiet. "Sh-h-h," she says. "Do you hear the water fountain over in the corner gurgling? Maybe I can only be Wonder Woman for two more weeks, because in two weeks that water fountain will overflow, and by then I must get out of here."

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the last part of a four-part article.*)

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Sheriff's Blotter in the Norway* (*Maine*) *Advertiser-Democrat*]

TUESDAY, MAY 5

At 10:33 a.m. a woman from Connecticut called to report that her food stamps were stolen from her purse while she was at her mother-in-law's in Buckfield.

A woman from Norway called at 3:11 p.m. to report that there was a juvenile on the library lawn wearing only his undershorts. She didn't want to approach him herself, but felt an officer should speak to him as it will upset the older ladies that come to the library. At 4:11 p.m., received a call from a man in North Waterford about a dog coming on his property. The dog comes when he isn't home and they won't let him come on his own property. The dog officer was advised.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6

At 7:02 a.m. received a call from a Norway woman, advising that if anyone should call in about a missing turkey, he has been on Pike's Hill all night.

THURSDAY, MAY 7

A woman called from South Paris at 8:15 a.m. to report a truck had just driven through on the East Oxford Road and some cow manure fell from the back of it. She was afraid that if it rains, it might make the road slippery.

SATURDAY, MAY 9

At 8:40 a.m., a man called from East Milton to report that he is building a fence between his property and his neighbors and any progress he makes on the fence is always undone by the neighbor. At 6:53 p.m. a man from West Summer called to say he had just shot a dog that had been stealing his chickens and a friend of the owner came over to threaten him about it. An officer was advised.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

A man from South Paris called at 12:03 a.m. to report that a subject, apparently drunk, is going from house to house pounding on doors and waking people up. An officer was advised. At 9:48 a.m. a woman from Norway called to report the theft of gas from her boat. She was calling just to make other boat-owners aware of this situation. A Norway woman called at 6:53 p.m. to report that a woman was sitting on her steps with just a shirt on. She felt an officer should speak to her.

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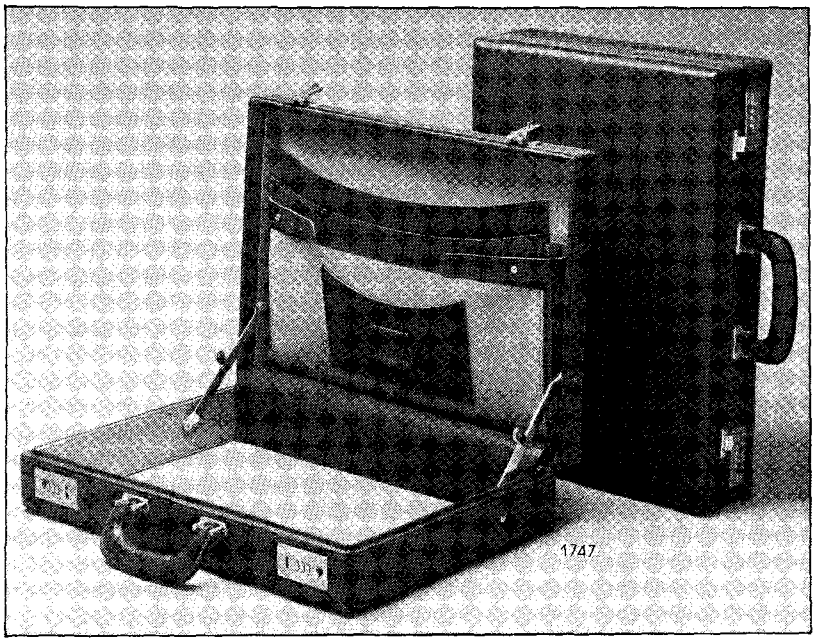

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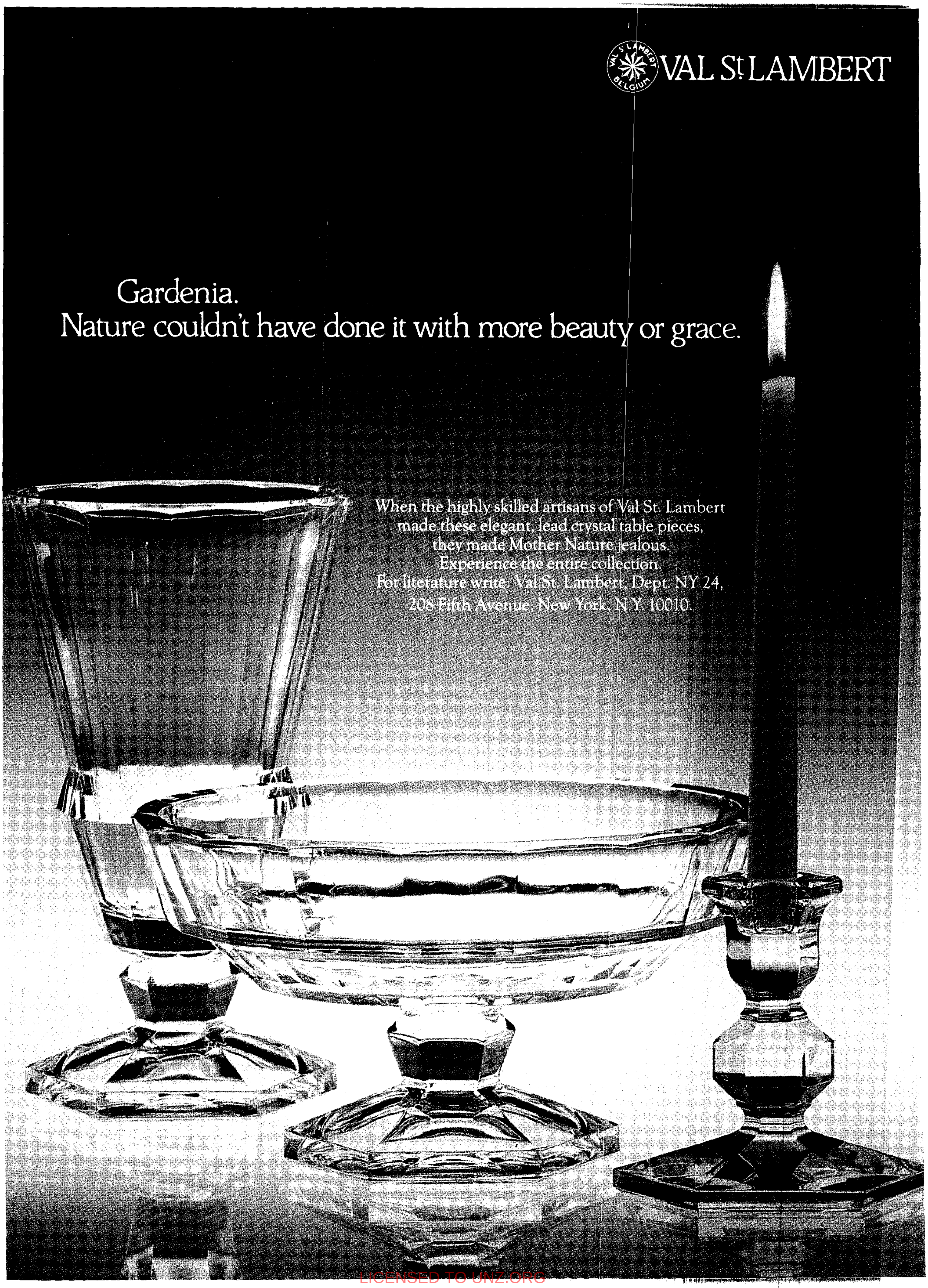

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THE THEATRE

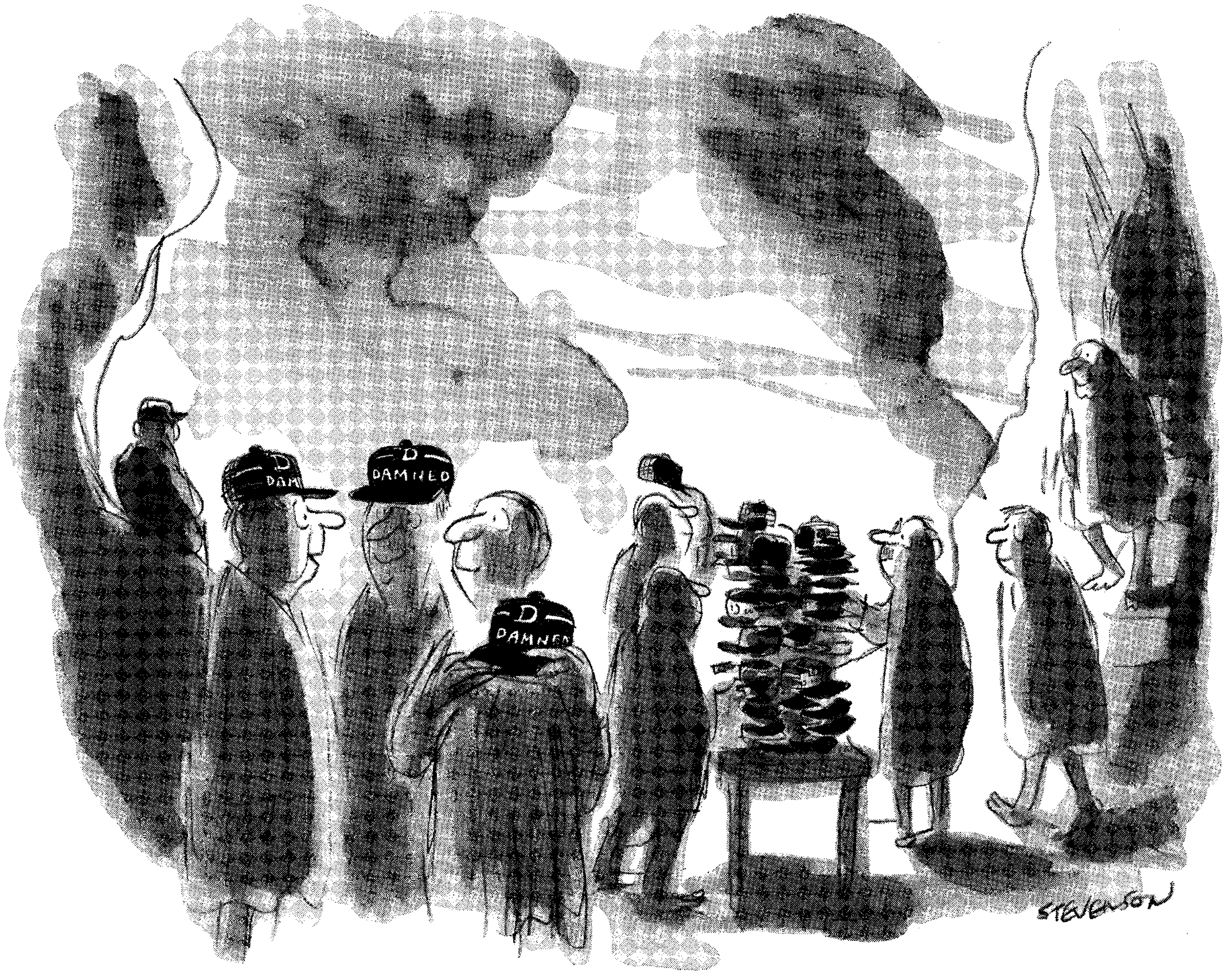
Off Broadway

David Mamet's "American Buffalo," as revived at the Circle in the Square (downtown), seems just as original and funny and authentic as it did the first (Off Off) and second (Broadway) times around. This third production, directed by Arvin Brown, with Al Pacino in the role of Teach, was done at the Long Wharf, in New Haven, before being imported to Bleecker Street. The action, set in a junk shop, is concerned with the plans of the proprietor, his errand boy, and a crony, Teach (the self-appointed ringleader), to rob a customer—a fellow who a week before picked up a buffalo-head nickel in the shop—of what they imagine to be his invaluable coin collection. The whole plot is the fantasy heist (which, of course, never takes place), but, as is true of all Mamet's best scripts, what make it fascinating are its characters and the sudden spurts of feeling and shifts of mood—the mounting tension under the seemingly aimless surface, which gives the play its momentum. These three lowlifes, whose combined I.Q.s might hit 150, and who are so inarticulate that their conversation consists almost entirely of four-letter expletives plus a few tony catch phrases they have picked up, spend most of their free time in petty thievery and cheating at cards, and they are totally unprepared for the life of crime they long to enter.

As the touchy, unstable Teach, who enters in a rage over some put-down by a woman he knows—a rage that unsettles whatever reason he has—Mr. Pacino, with his compulsive gestures, is as jumpy and as risky as a loose live wire, and often very funny, but, for all that, his performance too often becomes a solo turn, and it lacks the subtlety and depth and real menace of Robert Duvall's in the Broadway production. Stupid, dangerous, funny Teach is Duvall forever. Clifton James does well as the softhearted (and softheaded) proprietor, and Thomas Waites is splendid as the young junkie who is his disciple and go-fer. But, again, the evening belongs to Mr. Mamet, humorist and dramatist, who has created these indelible characters and, using their curtailed, scatological vocabulary, has brought a ragged scrap of the underworld to full life.

In the unbearable "The Fuehrer Bunker," at the American Place, actors in the guise of Hitler, Bormann, Goebbels, Göring, Mrs. Goebbels, Eva Braun, et al. declaim poems by W. D. Snodgrass at us, to the accompaniment of music by Richard Peaslee. Result, in my case: first annoyance and then irresistible torpor. Before the show was half over, I had switched off.

—Edith Oliver

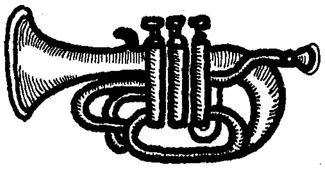


"One thing we've got down here is plenty of team spirit."

MUSICAL EVENTS

Strike the Viol, Touch the Lute

BOSTON was an appropriate setting for the first international Early Music Festival and Exhibition to be held in this country. The city can trace an unbroken line of instrument-makers back to the eighteenth century; in this century it has been in the forefront of the revival of "ancient" music and instruments. Arnold Dolmetsch made keyboard instruments, lutes, and viols there, for the Chickering & Sons piano company, between 1905 and 1910; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts acquired the important musical-instrument collection of Canon Francis Galpin in 1917; Erwin Bodky settled in Boston in the late thirties, and after the war he founded the Cambridge Society for Early Music. The two pioneers of the movement to build harpsichords fashioned after historical models—Frank Hubbard and William Dowd—began work over an Armenian restaurant in Boston in 1948. The museum launched a performing ensemble, the Boston Camerata, in 1954, and now supports a resident trio and an extensive program of lectures and demonstrations. Distinguished performers on old instruments teach at the New England Conservatory; and Martin Pearlman's well-established Baroque ensemble Banchetto Musicale is based in the city. Instrument-makers have multiplied, pupils have become teachers, and second and third generations of makers and performers are growing up. As the festival program put it, "Boston now has more harpsichord makers per capita than Antwerp in its heyday; more woodwind makers than eighteenth-century London."



Trade fairs are no new thing, even in the early-music world. Successful instrument exhibitions have been held in London and in Bruges. But the decision to make Boston's exhibition only part of a festival devoted also to music and scholarship was a major factor in the success of the occasion. The makers came—some eighty of them, crowded into Boston's Horticultural Hall and the New England Conservatory, a block away. There were publishers, dealers in rare books and facsimiles, and representatives of small, important record labels—Titanic, Accent, Astree. The players came, too, and joined makers of wind, string, and keyboard instruments in lively panel sessions to debate the problems of reproducing historical models. What elements of compromise are necessary to make an instrument usable today? The original materials may be unavailable; the original pitch may have fallen out of use; the original tuning system may be impractical; the "model" instrument may itself have been modified in the course of time. "I make what my customers want," one maker of wind instruments began, and he was immediately cut off by denunciations from the floor: "That's very wrong." Mr. Dowd admitted engagingly that he could not copy one of his own harpsichords exactly, never mind a historical model. These sessions were admirably complemented by practical demonstrations, mounted at the Museum of Fine Arts, in which the players took command. The flutist Jeffrey Cohan played several replicas of a Chevalier flute of around 1680. He compared them with the original, commenting in detail on the placement of holes, on variations of tone, and on difficulties of fingering. Judith Davidoff performed a similar service with the museum's fine Claude Pierray viola da gamba of 1708. Potentially the most revealing of these sessions was one in which four harpsichords were heard along with the museum's outstanding mid-eighteenth-century instrument by Henri Hemsch. This is a harpsichord that—owing to the museum's generosity—has been extensively studied: technical drawings of it are available, and many makers have used them. Unfortunately, the session had been inadequately prepared. The information given by the performer and the makers was skimpy, and until there were interventions from the floor we heard each individual instrument for so long that it was impossible to make comparisons. From the harpsichords—by Hubbard (1977), Wolf (1980), Winkler (1979), and Neupert (1981, a copy of a later Hemsch original)—very different sounds emerged, but the performer was unwilling to analyze them. We learned nothing of one crucial matter: *the changes that two* hundred years of preservation and use have made in the original.

There were few such missed opportunities in the festival. Each day, several makers demonstrated their instruments in performances; a lecture was given; visitors were serenaded by the New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble; and a historical context for the whole exercise was provided by a rich display at the Goethe Institute—"Musical Instruments in Books and Prints 1491-1908," which included volumes by Agricola, Praetorius, Leopold Mozart, and many others (each of them opened, alas, only at one page for the duration of the exhibition). Whatever fierce disagreements or philosophical differences stood between participants were subdued; everyone seemed to be talking to everyone else, even if they were arguing.

The festival performances of the week, in contrast to the international scope of the exhibition, all had a strong local flavor. Only the gambist Wieland Kuijken was a visitor from abroad; he was joined by the museum's resident harpsichordist, John Gibbons. There was a harpsichord recital by Ralph Kirkpatrick that marked the fiftieth anniversary of his début, concerts by the Greenwood Consort and the Boston Camerata, and an opera produced jointly by Banchetto Musicale and the Boston Lyric Opera company. This last was by far the largest undertaking of the week. The producers chose, boldly, to stage Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" in a new performing version and with a new English translation, both by Mr. Pearlman. The impetus came from Banchetto; the Lyric Opera was responsible for the staging and design; and the two organizations shared the casting of the work. Christoph Wolff, of Harvard, pointed out, in a revealing survey of Monteverdi's operatic art given as the festival's opening lecture, that it is ironic that many present-day revivals of Monteverdi originate with instrumental groups, such as Nikolaus Harnoncourt's Concentus Musicus. Instrumental playing has a secondary role in the operas—scarcely more important than and certainly as adaptable as that of scenery and costumes. Mr. Wolff suggested that this secondary role was not a feature new to the operas that Monteverdi wrote toward the end of his life, for the Venetian public—not a departure from a more elaborate tradition typified by his "Orfeo," for the Mantuan court. Mr. Wolff stressed the exceptional nature of "Orfeo" as a *favola in musica,* in the tradition of the Florentine intermedio.

The function of that work was to glorify *musica;* hence its symbolic use of many different instruments. He guessed that Monteverdi's early opera "Arianna," now lost except for its famous lament, would show more similarities in its use of instruments to "Ulisse" and "Poppea" than to "Orfeo."

Mr. Pearlman's edition steered a middle course between a complete rewriting and "orchestration" of the score, in the familiar versions of Raymond Leppard and Mr. Harnoncourt, and the most ascetic realization of the music, in the edition of Alan Curtis (which has also been the basis of performances by Roger Norrington and Gustav Leonhardt). That is to say, he used a modest group of continuo instruments and used stringed instruments to play ritornellos and sinfonias but also scored certain passages of measured vocal music for his ensemble and allowed the occasional use of winds—recorders and cornetts. The theoretical view that one takes of these choices depends on one's judgment about the source materials that survive. Neither of the two manuscript scores of "Poppea" is associated with the work's first production, in 1642. One, from Venice, was used for a revival of 1646; the other, from Naples, was used for a performance there in 1651. Monteverdi's pupil Cavalli appears to have been involved in one or both revivals. The first score is copied in a hand that also copied some of Cavalli's operas (the manuscript has come down to us through the Contarini collection, in Venice, which includes many Cavalli scores), and some of the alterations appear to be in his hand. The Naples manuscript is altogether more explicit, both in providing fully written-out ritornellos (where Venice often provides just a bass line) and in adding, in one scene, instrumental obbligatos. These details, supplied after Monteverdi's death in 1643, are almost certainly not his work. It is difficult to say how much the opera was modified between 1642 and 1646. There are alarming possibilities here. Two pieces that audiences count among the highlights of "Poppea" have no necessary connection with Monteverdi. The magnificent striding bass line of the opening sinfonia is also found in Cavalli's "Doriclea" (1645); Cavalli could have borrowed it from Monteverdi, but he could also have reworked his own piece to open the revival of "Poppea" the following year. The final duet, "Pur ti miro," does not appear in Francesco Busenello's libretto for the opera. The text does, however, appear in another opera, "Il Pastor Regio" (1640), by the composer-poet Benedetto Ferrari, the score of which has been lost. Monteverdi might have borrowed the text in 1642. But perhaps the duet was added in 1646 and Ferrari's music was used, or perhaps the text was reset by Cavalli; a final love duet became a prominent feature of his operas.

The new edition made use of instrumental obbligatos and varied scoring in a way that is borne out by known performance practice in Cavalli's operas. We can be sure of so little about the original version of "Poppea" that this seems to me a justifiable procedure. Only occasionally did the sound of violins and recorders seem too sweet when laid over Monteverdi's vocal lines; the additions were tastefully done. What was less satisfactory about the performance was the interplay between voices and continuo. Mr. Pearlman's players were placed in a conventional orchestra pit, in the Boston University Theatre. Some were raised on platforms, and Mr. Pearlman's own harpsichord was well situated; but too many of the players had to rely on his direction and could not communicate with the singers. (We know that in Venice the theorbos were visible, and even provoked complaints that they blocked the view of the stage; in later illustrations of Italian opera houses heads are visible in the orchestra pit.) They could not, in the words of a visitor to Venice in 1680, "accompany the voices with marvellous exactness."

The opera, which, commendably, was performed with very few cuts, suffered therefore from a lack of crisp pacing in the recitative sections. The inexperience of some of the singers was evident, though the declamation was far livelier and more natural than the measured plodding heard in many revivals of the Leppard edition (where the singers struggle to "keep time," and the players struggle to read Mr. Leppard's intricately arpeggiated chords). Some of the characterizations were electrifying. Nero, correctly cast as a high voice, was delivered with passionate conviction by Susan Larson. Ottone, a male alto, was acted with appropriate indecisiveness and sung with great stylishness by Jeffrey Gall. More conventional but equally effective were Kerry McCarthy's vibrant Poppea, Teresa Bryant's bright, clear Drusilla, and Nancy Green's Ottavia (though her singing was a little light in a part that was written for one of the great singers of the age). Philip Evancho's Seneca, thrown into relief by the absence of low voices among the principal roles, was firm but pale, noble but unauthoritative. The most controversial of the leading roles was that of Poppea's maid Arnalta, which was taken as a travesty role by the

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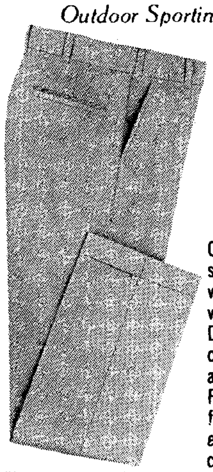

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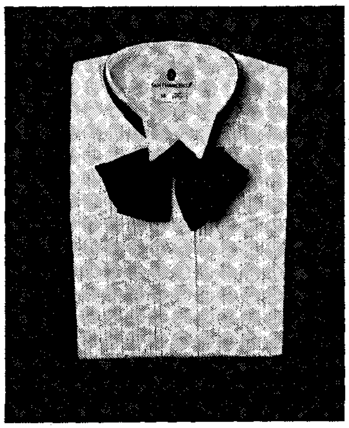

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tenor Karl Dan Sorensen. That there were such comic roles in Italian opera buffa is unquestioned, but it became difficult to forget the much later image of the pantomime dame during Mr. Sorensen's antics. His singing was splendidly incisive, his pronunciation of Mr. Pearlman's fine, faithful translation was the clearest onstage; with a little more restraint, the impersonation could have been unsettling.

Restraint was not always in evidence in Jack Eddleman's staging. For the most part, he let the singers act naturally and express their emotions directly, and that was welcome; but when he interposed, as in the creation of a suggestive scene for Nero and Lucan (with assistance from a nearby servant), the results were out of scale. He emphasized the strong parallels between the amorous relationships of masters and servants, but there was little intense, purposeful gesture that might have matched the intensity of the recitative. The scenery, boldly signed on an archway "Guglielmo Fregosi L'Ha Fatto," would have been effective in less garish colors; the costumes, hired from Cincinnati, did not match it. At the end, Mr. Eddleman had Nero and Poppea throw off their trappings of regality and dissolve into a world of personal intimacy. The power of that duet—whoever wrote it—is the stronger for being placed in the context of Poppea's triumphant crowning as Empress. What dominates this deep and disturbing opera is the interpenetration of private and public worlds. Personal passion controls public decisions: Ottavia is deposed as Empress only because of her husband's love for Poppea; the fulfillment of the love of Nero and Poppea is indeed the coronation of Poppea. When Ottone and Drusilla are merely banished, not killed, for their plot against Poppea, Nero's action seems generous and dignified. Amor triumphs, as she said in the prologue she would, and as did Musica in "Orfeo."

IN the week's major concert, at Jordan Hall, the Boston Camerata, joined by the New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble and the Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum, presented a Venetian festival of sacred and secular music from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The concert was planned admirably: many of the works were short, and they were grouped into logical sequences that presented various performers in turn; there were few pauses between numbers, and it seemed natural and sensible not to applaud until the end of each large group of works. There was music by Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, Orazio Vecchi, Monteverdi, and others; it would have been more appropriate to separate their sacred and secular items more clearly. I enjoyed many of the performances: the lithe choral singing of the large Collegium choir was, surprisingly, more effective than the clean but rather bare style of the Camerata's vocal ensemble. Two complex canzonas by Giovanni Gabrieli were done with dancing articulation by the instrumentalists; Daniel Stepner and Anthony Martin played a "Sonata in Dialogo," by Salamone Rossi, which, like many of the pieces, made intelligent use of the small Jordan Hall's available spaces. But there was a generalized, imprecise feel to much of the music-making. Joel Cohen, who has directed the Camerata since 1968, conducted with an infectious enthusiasm. He also decided to illuminate the program with spoken introductions, in which vagueness reached unacceptable levels. We were told that Giovanni Gabrieli was organist and choirmaster at St. Mark's, Venice, and that "it was difficult to fill his shoes" until Monteverdi came along. (Monteverdi succeeded a nonentity as *maestro di cappella;* Gabrieli remained second—or possibly first—organist until the end of his life. The best composers were not always in charge of the *cappella.*) We were told that a group of Gabrieli pieces would consist of "music at St. Mark's when the flags were hanging out," yet it started with a madrigal about fair Cloris. The players, Mr. Cohen said, would ornament their parts "like modern jazz—the principle hasn't really changed since the sixteenth century." And at the climax of the concert, in a group called "Monteverdi at San Marco," Mr. Cohen prefaced a good account of "Beatus Vir" with the madrigal "Chiome d'Oro" (they were played without a break, because they share some material) and said that "Beatus Vir" is "rather unique in the history of religious music—a playful religious piece."

The finest concert of the week was given the following evening, by Wieland Kuijken and John Gibbons. Mr. Kuijken's meticulous, imaginative recreation of the performance style of the viola da gamba is well known. Here it was demonstrated to perfection in a deft and eloquent account of a strange unaccompanied Suite in D Minor by Carl Friedrich Abel. Mr. Kuijken's use of controlled rubato, his almost vocal intake of breath and use of silence as punctuation in his playing, and his combination of eloquence and brilliance in fast passages make listeners imagine—for once—that they are hearing what the treatises of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries describe. Bach's Sonata in G Minor, at the start of the concert, had a bumpier ride; and Mr. Kuijken's skill made the endless variations of Marin Marais's "Couplets de Folies" sound almost like real music but not quite. The second triumph of the concert was a work transcribed from the viol repertory: Antoine Forqueray's Suite in C Minor arranged for harpsichord. This contemporary transcription is lavish and full-textured, and Mr. Gibbons pounded its rhythms and explored its deep, dark colors with remarkable energy and passion.

Two main regrets arose from the week's concerts. The first was that so little opportunity was given to players from around the country to participate; the second was that the repertory was generally unadventurous. Financial caution probably influenced both decisions. Future festivals should provide a platform for a wide representation of performing groups, and might also invite smaller ensembles to give specialist lunchtime concerts. The modest Venetian theme of this year's opera and Camerata events could be extended on a future occasion; the talk is of a biennial event, and 1983 is Rameau's tercentenary. This year, unusual repertory was heard not in the festival's own programs but in some of the demonstrations and in the programs of the annual Erwin Bodky Competition, which was incorporated into the festival. On harpsichord, Janet Hunt gave a sombre Louis Couperin Suite, and Jennifer Paul played some deliciously decadent late-Baroque pieces by Joseph Royer. Michael Lynn included a recorder sonata by Jean Sieber. The competition was won by the countertenor Drew Minter, in a program that included Caccini, Purcell, and Buxtehude's cantata "Jubilate Deo."

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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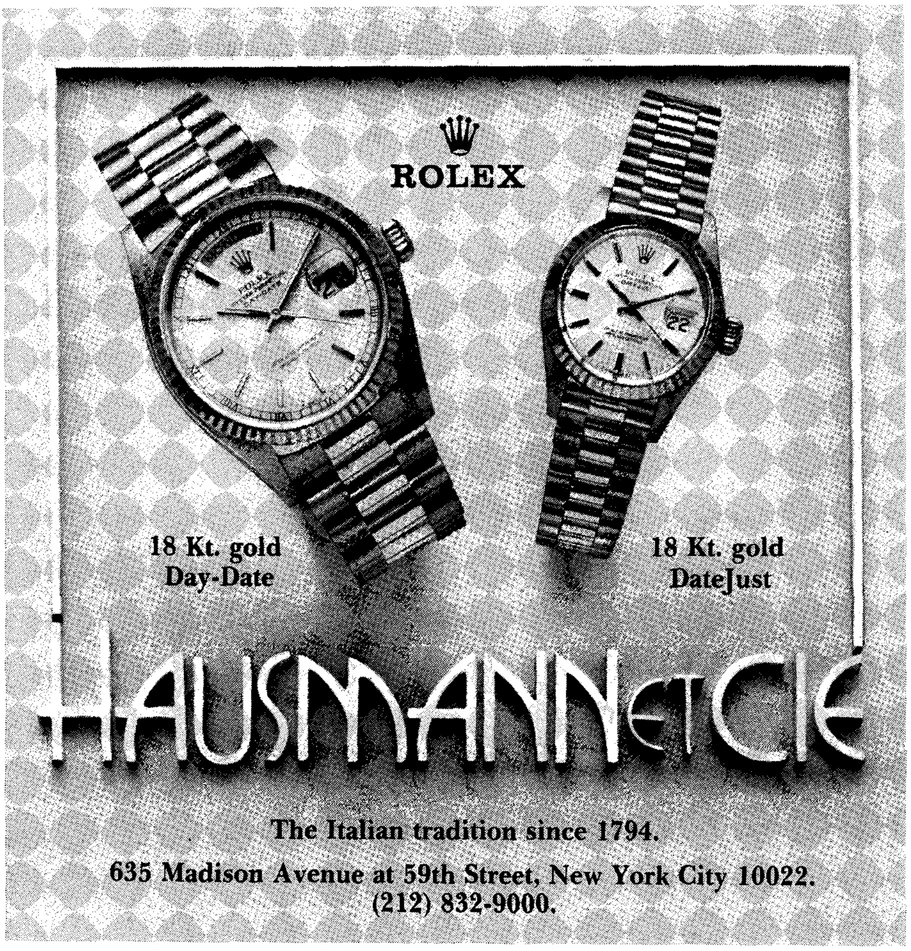

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THE marketing executives are the new high priests of the movie business. It's natural. They're handling important sums of money. And they dispense the money dramatically, in big campaigns that flood out over the country. It's not unusual for more to be spent on marketing a picture than on making it, and this could become commonplace. (Everybody takes it for granted that more is spent selling soap than manufacturing it.) Right now, the easier a project looks to market, the easier it is to finance. And the scope of what these priests think they can sell becomes narrower all the time. Except for the occasional prestige picture that offers middle-class group therapy ("Ordinary People," "The Four Seasons"), it's all fantasy. There isn't a human being on the screen. Having lost the habitual moviegoers, the studio heads have no confidence that if they approve projects they like, an audience will be attracted; they're trapped by empirical evidence to the contrary. And so they listen to the marketing men, with their priestly jargon—"normatives," "skewed," "bimodal audience." The mysterious phrases are soothing to the worried studio heads. And when the new geniuses are given what they want—comic-strip pulp or slobby horror—they swing into action heroically. Daggers menace us in TV commercials, magazines, and newspapers, and *sometimes* the slob movies do become hits. But if you boil out the feathers what it comes down to is: When there's a flop, the marketing men cluck their tongues and say, "Well, boys, the picture just didn't have it." When there's a hit, the marketing men pound their chests like King Kong and say, "Boy, did we know how to sell it!"

These marketing divisions are a relatively new development. (In earlier years, there were two much smaller departments—advertising and sales.) Their growing power isn't in any special effectiveness in selling pictures; it's in their ability to keep pictures that don't lend themselves to an eye-popping thirty-second commercial from being made or, if they're made, from being heard of. In the new Hollywood wisdom, anything to do with people's lives belongs on TV. (As a result, television now makes contact with us in ways that movies no longer do.)

Like poor relations, the print media are the residual legatees of the huge marketing campaigns for pictures. The thinking is that anything associated with a big new hit will become a hot ticket. So magazine editors, ever eager to increase their newsstand sales, prepare their cover stories. Alan Alda, publicizing "The Four Seasons," is the perfect cover boy for the women's magazines; if his film makes money, the writers and editors will feel they guessed right. I can't think of a single occasion when a small movie that really needed help got a slick-magazine cover, no matter how much the in-house critic liked it. The magazines try to ride on a hit picture's tail wind.

This month, God knows how many publications are featuring "Raiders of the Lost Ark," a collaboration between George Lucas and Steven Spielberg—both still very young (Lucas is thirty-seven, Spielberg only thirty-three), and each responsible for some of the very top box-office successes in the history of movies. If anybody has a chance to turn movies around, it would seem to be these two (or Coppola). But "Raiders" is a machine-tooled adventure in the pulp-esoterica spirit of Edgar Rice Burroughs; it appears that Lucas and Spielberg think just like the marketing division. According to modern movie legend, Lucas, who had watched the serials of the thirties and forties on television in the fifties, has long cherished the idea of a hocus-pocus series "following the exploits of an adventurer/archeologist, Indiana Jones," but he got more interested in his other idea—"Star Wars"—and put "Raiders" aside, for later. Over the years, he worked up the story idea with Philip Kaufman—the first picture was to be set in 1936, in order to take advantage of Hitler's well-known interest in the occult—and in 1977 he offered it to Spielberg to direct. Spielberg, who was then finishing "Close Encounters" and was committed to making "1941," agreed to do it after that, and Lawrence Kasdan, who had done the rewrite on "The Empire Strikes Back," prepared the screenplay.

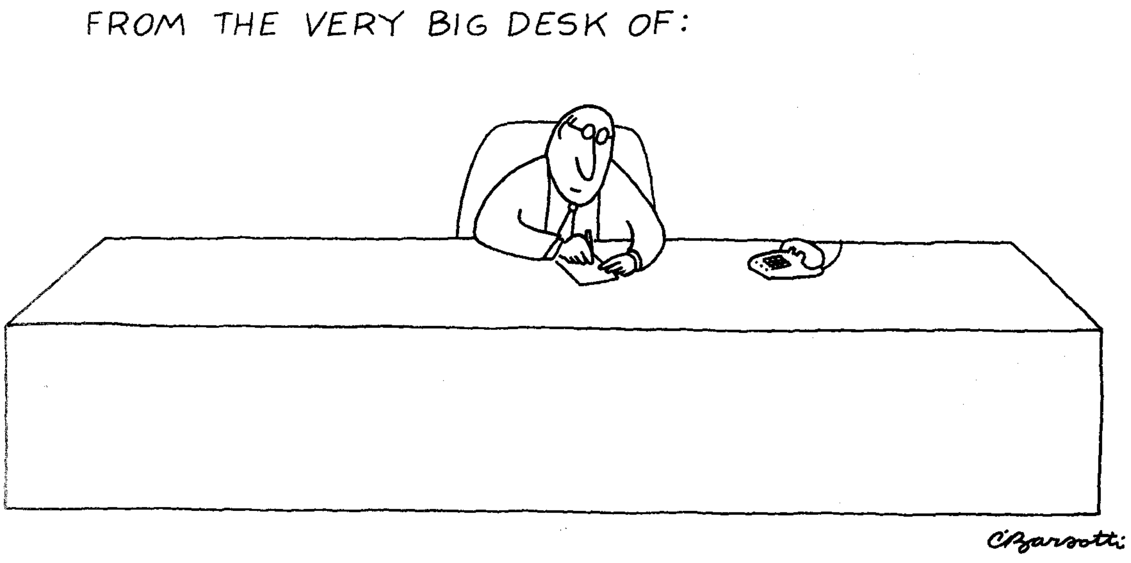
A Lucasfilm, financed by Paramount, "Raiders" is an old-fashioned cliff-hanger produced with incredible sophistication of means. The images have an unreal clarity: the camera shows us more than we could possibly take in if we were there on the spot. And the hero—Indy Jones (Harrison Ford), the daredevil archeologist, whose weapon is a bullwhip—makes the kind of bright-eyed entrance that's so intensely dramatic it's funny. Spielberg—a master showman—can stage a movie cliché so that it has Fred Astaire's choreographic snap to it. He transcends the clichés by sensational, whiplash editing. But Spielberg's technique may be too much for the genre: the opening sequence, set in South America, with Indy Jones entering a forbidden temple and fending off traps, snares, poisoned darts, tarantulas, stone doors with metal teeth, and the biggest damn boulder you've ever seen, is so thrill-packed you don't have time to breathe—or to enjoy yourself much, either. It's an encyclopedia of high spots from the old serials, run through at top speed and edited like a great trailer—for flash. It's like a hit number in a musical which is so terrific you don't want the show to go on—you just want to see that number again. When the action moves to Indy back home lecturing to an archeology class, you know that Spielberg, having gone sky-high at the start, must have at least seventeen other climaxes to come, and that the movie isn't going to be an adventure but a competition—Spielberg versus Spielberg. Even if he could keep topping his own showmanship (and he can't), he'd still be the loser, because the audience is fresher at the start. The central story is the search for the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments). Hitler, we're told, means to use its invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Indy, working for the United States government, races to find the Ark ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. And the picture races along with Indy.

Kinesthetically, the film gets to you. It gets your heart thumping. But there's no exhilaration in this dumb, motor excitement. The best of the satirical pulp-adventure movies—the 1939 "Gunga Din" (with a plot lifted from "The Front Page")—was carefree: there was fresh air between the thrills and the gags, there was time for digressions and for the pleasure of seeing actors you knew horsing around. The picture made you feel good, as if you were singing along with it. In the past, Spielberg has demonstrated a talent for just that kind of elating silliness, and he has a lot of it going here, especially with Harrison Ford, who does mammoth double takes, recoiling in disbelief. But “Raiders” is so professional and so anxious to keep moving that it steps on its own jokes. You can almost feel Lucas and Spielberg whipping the editor to clip things sharper—to move ahead. (I say the two, rather than just Spielberg, because this picture gets dangerously close to cancelling itself out, in a way that recalls “More American Graffiti,” which Lucas also produced.) The effect of the obsessive pace is that the picture seems locked in. Our eyes never have a second just to linger on a face or on an image of planes coming out of the clouds. The frames fit into each other, dovetailing so tight that sometimes it seems as if the sheer technology had taken over. It’s all smart zap—a moviemaker’s self-reflexive feat.

Yet it isn’t beautifully made—not like Spielberg’s other pictures, anyway. He has always been a conventional director, but he could do conventional material better than just about anybody else around, and he did it with a gleeful spirit. There’s a gag here that shows the true Spielberg touch—slapstick so precise that it seems inspired: Indy flips a date into the air, meaning to catch it in his mouth, like a peanut; in that instant, his Egyptian friend, Sallah (John Rhys-Davies), registering that the date is poisoned, grabs it in mid-air, leaving Indy with his mouth open. It’s so quick it’s a visual haiku. Yet in the very next shot Spielberg blows what should be the capper: when Sallah shows Indy that a pet who stole a date from the dish lies dead, the timing is slightly off, and Spielberg fails to give the pet its due. It’s an unfeeling shot, when it could have been a beautiful little sick joke. Spielberg rushes; he cuts corners and takes the edge off plot points. I’ve never seen him settle for approximations before or just throw effects at you, hoping that some of them will stick.

The moviemaking team appears to have forgotten the basic thing about cliff-hangers: we had a week to mull over how the hero was going to be saved from the trap he’d got himself into—we enjoyed testing our ingenuity against the moviemaker’s. There’s no room for speculation here, and Spielberg even loses track of what we want to see in a scene; he rides right over the dramatic possibilities. Does the film reproduce the plot holes of the serials deliberately, or does it stumble into them? (Why is the Well of Souls, where the Ark is buried, so exposed that it could hardly have escaped discovery before? Why isn’t Indy’s dig at least over the next ridge from Belloq’s, so we can believe that Belloq doesn’t spot it until the crucial moment? Why are we shown scenes that prepare us for Belloq to have a change of heart when he doesn’t? And so on.) John Williams’ pounding score could be the music from any old Tarzan movie, though with a fuller orchestra and at ten times the volume. Like just about everything else in the picture that misses, the klunky music can be said to be intentional—to represent fidelity to the genre. Yet, with the manicured wide-screen images and the scale of this production, klunkiness sticks out in a way that it didn’t in the serials, which were usually all of a piece. Parody can be a true form of homage, but these moviemakers aren’t aiming at parody—they’re trying to reinstate a form that they just can’t help parodying. So the script doesn’t seem worked out. There was something else basic about cliff-hangers: our longing to know who the real evil power behind all the crimes was. This mystery has been eliminated, without any other kind of suspense replacing it. (Why *not* allow Belloq to change sides? His pangs of conscience are rather elegant.)

The actors are mostly just bodies carrying pieces of plot around. They sound as if they were ordered to read their dialogue on the run—all except Paul Freeman, who has the luck to play a character torn in different directions. He manages to make the ambiguous Belloq a little laid back. (At one point, when Freeman begins to speak, a fly walks into his mouth and he goes right on and delivers his lines. The fly does not emerge. What a trouper!) The character of Sallah is defined completely by the word “friend,” and the film continues the process of turning Nazism into comic-book mythology—the Nazis are fiendish clowns. The heroine, Marion Ravenwood (Karen Allen), who is the daughter of a famous archeologist, and so the possessor of a medallion—the headpiece to the Staff of Ra—that Indy needs in order to find the Ark, is fearless, resourceful, and as perky as all get-out. She hops around conking people on the head—she’s playing Sabu in “The Thief of Baghdad.” At the same time, we’re supposed to take her for a woman with a past: Indy—somehow we know that that’s really for Independence, not Indiana—loved her but left her ten years before, and she’s been running a dive in Nepal. Yet even when she’s wearing a hideous long dress with a bustle, or clinging satin, she struts as if she were chipper little Shirley Temple trying to walk like a soldier. I liked Karen Allen in the strip-poker scene in “The Wanderers,” and her first moment here—sitting with a man who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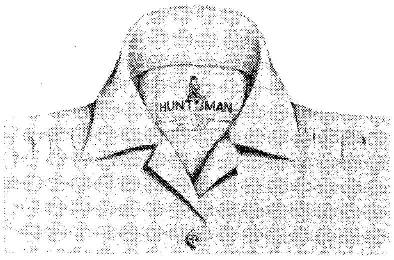

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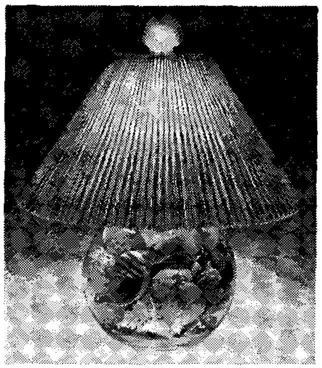

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looks like Brendan Behan and drinking him under the table—isn't bad, either, but the filmmakers seem to have a fix on tomboy gumption. There's no space for sex. When Marion and Indy finally kiss, the music rises with such a clatter and shriek you think the theatre has been nuked. The people in "Raiders" reminded me of a friend's saying that her five-year-old niece, who was sitting back watching the Mandrell Sisters on TV, suddenly got up, put her face right up against the screen, squinted, and asked, "Are those puppets?"

Indy tries to keep the Ark from falling into the wrong hands because he's the intrepid archeologist hero who goes after treasures; to him the Nazis are no different from the half-naked tribesmen shooting poisoned darts in South America—it's all in the day's adventure. The holy artifact itself is just a MacGuffin, and a dull one at that—one more super death machine that could enable Hitler to win the war. And when the Ark must do its mystic tricks it sprouts poltergeists that recall the impish flying saucers of "Close Encounters" without living up to them. There's nothing at stake in "Raiders"—no revelation, and no surge of feeling at the end. (The Ark is disposed of in a sour, open-ended modernist way.) The thrills are fully consumed while you're seeing this movie, and it's totally over when it's over. It's a workout. You feel as if you'd been to the desert digs: at the end your mind is blank, yet you're parched, you're puffing hard—you want relief.

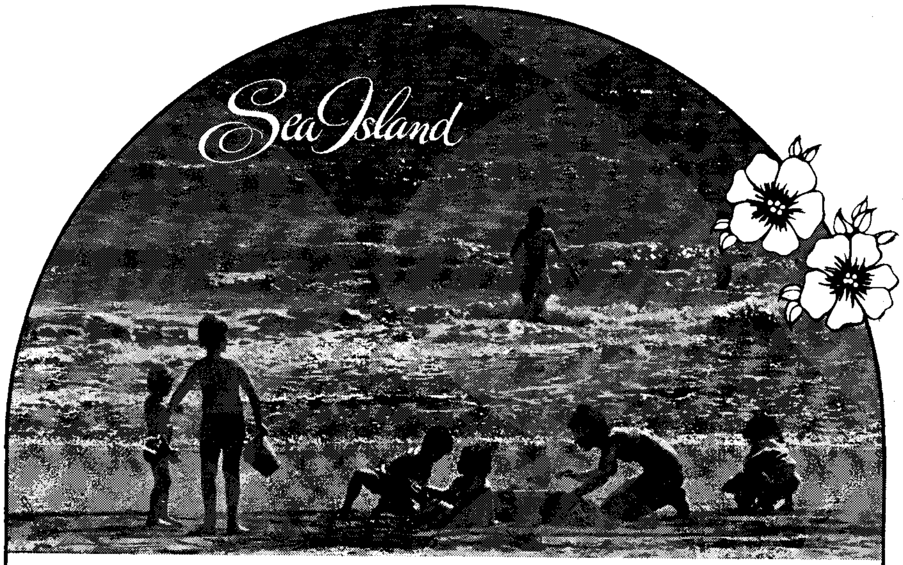
What's at stake is outside the movie: it's how the picture will do at box offices worldwide. And maybe the anxiety about grosses is what has emptied the film of emotion. When Marion kisses Sallah a grateful goodbye, you're surprised by the show of affection: they barely seemed to have met. Despite its daring surface, "Raiders" is timid moviemaking: the film seems terrified of not giving audiences enough thrills to keep them happy. It's an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, who's a tougher version of Carrie Fisher's spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. I kept wondering if it was the drubbing that the press had given Spielberg on "1941" (where he was trying new things) that made him so cautious. He seems to have accepted the Lucas pulp-repulped format as a safety net. It's not right for him. The movie comes alive in the kinetic comedy: in the lowdown, rowdy slapstick, when the Nazi sadist Toht, played by Ronald Lacey, picks the medallion up out of the fire, drops it from his blistering hand, and runs out screaming; and in the balletic slapstick, when Marion is the prisoner of the Nazis and Toht arrives and takes out a metal apparatus that Marion—and we—think is an instrument of torture but turns out to be a coat hanger. But Spielberg fumbles a lot of his action sequences, such as the ones on a tramp steamer and a U-boat, and even the early chase, in which Marion disappears. And some of the episodes are simply tired: a fight between Indy and a huge, sadistic German wrestler; a sequence with Indy jumping on a moving Nazi truck that's full of soldiers, chucking them off one by one, and ramming other cars in the convoy, to the accompaniment of soul-grinding music. Seeing "Raiders" is like being put through a Cuisinart—something has been done to us, but not to our benefit.

It's a shocker when the big-time directors provide a rationale for the marketing division—when they say, as Spielberg does, that "the real movie-lovers are still children." And there's no doubt he means that in a congratulatory sense. The whole collapsing industry is being inspired by old Saturday-afternoon serials, and the three biggest American moviemakers are hooked on technological playthings and techniques.

Behind "Raiders" is the soft-spoken George Lucas, who says things like "I'm really doing it so I can enjoy it. Because I just want to see this movie." I believe him. I wish I didn't. I wish I thought he talked that way just as a come-on for "Raiders," because if Lucas, who is considered one of the most honorable people who have ever headed a production company, weren't hooked on the crap of his childhood—if he brought his resources to bear on some projects with human beings in them—there's no imagining the result. (There might be miracles.) I don't think the deterrent to his producing movies with human characters is just financial risk. Lucas, who keeps a tight rein on budgets, probably wouldn't stand to lose too much of his own or other people's money. The bigger deterrent may be Lucas's temperament and tastes. It's not surprising that he takes pride in the fine toys that "Star Wars" generated, and controls their manufacture carefully; essentially, George Lucas is in the toy business.

"Cattle Annie and Little Britches" is based on the lives of two adolescent girls in the late nineteenth century who became infatuated with the Western outlaw heroes they had read about in Ned Buntline's stories and left their homes to join them. The outlaws that the girls find are a mangy, demoralized bunch—the remnants of the Doolin-Dalton gang, led by the aging Bill Doolin (Burt Lancaster). The fiercely strong Annie (Amanda Plummer), who's about sixteen, shames the men and inspires them—almost catastrophically—to try to become what she had imagined them to be, and the younger, softer Jenny (Diane Lane) finds a father figure in Doolin, who calls her Little Britches. There is everything here to make a classic comedy-Western except a script to give the potentially rich material shape and a dramatic center. The cinematography, by Larry Pizer, is vivid: the colors are strikingly crisp and intense. (His work here reminded me how much I'd liked his startling reds in Karel Reisz's "Isadora" and his wild, acid-rock palette in "Phantom of the Paradise.") The cast is convincingly grubby and hirsute; as the surly Bill Dalton, Scott Glenn, in long sideburns and a mustache, has almost no resemblance to the man in "Urban Cowboy" with the fish-net T-shirt. Lamont Johnson's directing has the clean intelligence that he gets a chance to demonstrate on TV more often than in movies; Johnson has a warm, honest touch and, an actor himself, he knows how to hold actors down. As the beady-eyed U.S. marshal, who's determined to nail Doolin, Rod Steiger is probably more contained than he has been in years. The last time I saw him—doing his padre number in "The Amityville Horror"—his spiritual agony was enough to shatter the camera lens.

David Eyre and Robert Ward, who wrote the script, from Ward's book,



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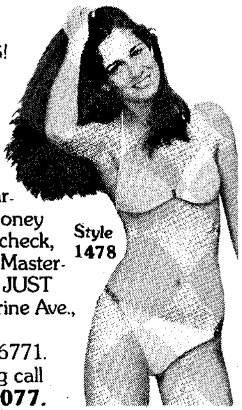

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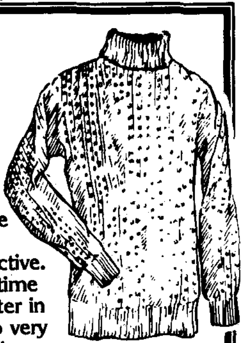

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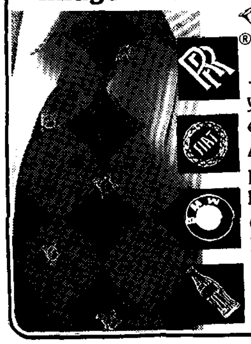

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may be writers—the dialogue and most of the incidents have a neat, dry humor—but they're not screenwriters. The movie dribbles along pleasantly from scene to scene, and though it doesn't falter, it has no impetus; it's "nice" when it should be explosively, painfully funny. Through Doolin's efforts to live up to the girls' vision of him, he's carted off in a cage to an Oklahoma jail, where he waits to be hanged. The girls wangle their way in disguised as newsboys, and, with the help of the gang, Doolin gets out and rides off to safety with his men. The girls are triumphant, though they can't get away from the marshal and are sent back East, to spend two years in a Massachusetts reformatory. It's a wonderful, partly true story, which you can savor even if you have to pull it together for yourself. You don't find out what brought the girls together, or what their earlier lives were—what the fantasy played off—but there are some remarkable performances—Lancaster's and Diane Lane's, and, especially, the unheralded, prodigious screen début of Amanda Plummer. (Actually, everything about this picture is unheralded. It was finished over a year ago, but nobody wanted to release it, because a couple of other Westerns had failed. It wasn't really released: it was just dropped into a Broadway theatre for a week, to plug up a hole before "Outland" arrived.) As Bill Doolin, Lancaster (who made this film before "Atlantic City") is a gent surrounded by louts—a charmer. When he talks to his gang, he uses the lithe movements and the rhythmic, courtly delivery that his Crimson Pirate of 1952 had when he told his boys to gather 'round. The great thing about Lancaster is that you can see the face of a stubborn, difficult man—a man who isn't easy to get along with. He has so much determination that charm doesn't diminish him. In his scenes with Diane Lane, the child actress who appeared in New York in several of Andrei Serban's stage productions and who, single-handed, made the film "A Little Romance" almost worth seeing, Lancaster has an easy tenderness that is never overdone, and she is completely inside Jenny's childish dependency. And when he's by himself, naked, soaking *at the* hot springs (where the marshal traps him), he's a magnificent, sagging old buffalo. Lancaster looks happy in this movie and still looks tough: it's an unbeatable combination.

Young Amanda Plummer gives a scarily brilliant performance: her Annie could teach Lucas and Spielberg a few things about tomboy gumption. Annie is scrawny, a guttersnipe showoff and dreamer, but there's also a woman there, with a spark of womanly greatness. When Annie saves the gang from a posse by stampeding a herd of cattle and stands among the running beasts with her arms outstretched, if your mind clicks to the tableau in "Women in Love," with Glenda Jackson poised, dancing in front of a herd of swaying bullocks, Amanda Plummer doesn't suffer from the comparison. Whatever this young actress does here she does in character—whether it's the exaltation as she stands among the cattle or the resolve she shows when the outlaws seem cowardly. Her gaze is steely—implacable. She could burn holes in you with those eyes. Even her romance with one of the outlaws, played by John Savage, is fully felt—on her side, at least. No doubt the director guided this young actress, but her spirit is so distinctive it has to be all hers. It takes a few minutes to adjust to her face and voice, because you can see both of her parents (Tammy Grimes and Christopher Plummer) in her and you can certainly hear her mother's inflections, which have never seemed to belong to any country or class but only to the theatre, and to oddity. The daughter uses those inflections with a special vehemence: Annie is a taut young girl whose hoarse voice gives her raw emotions away. The only other actress I've ever seen make a movie début this excitingly, weirdly lyric was Katharine Hepburn. —PAULINE KAEL

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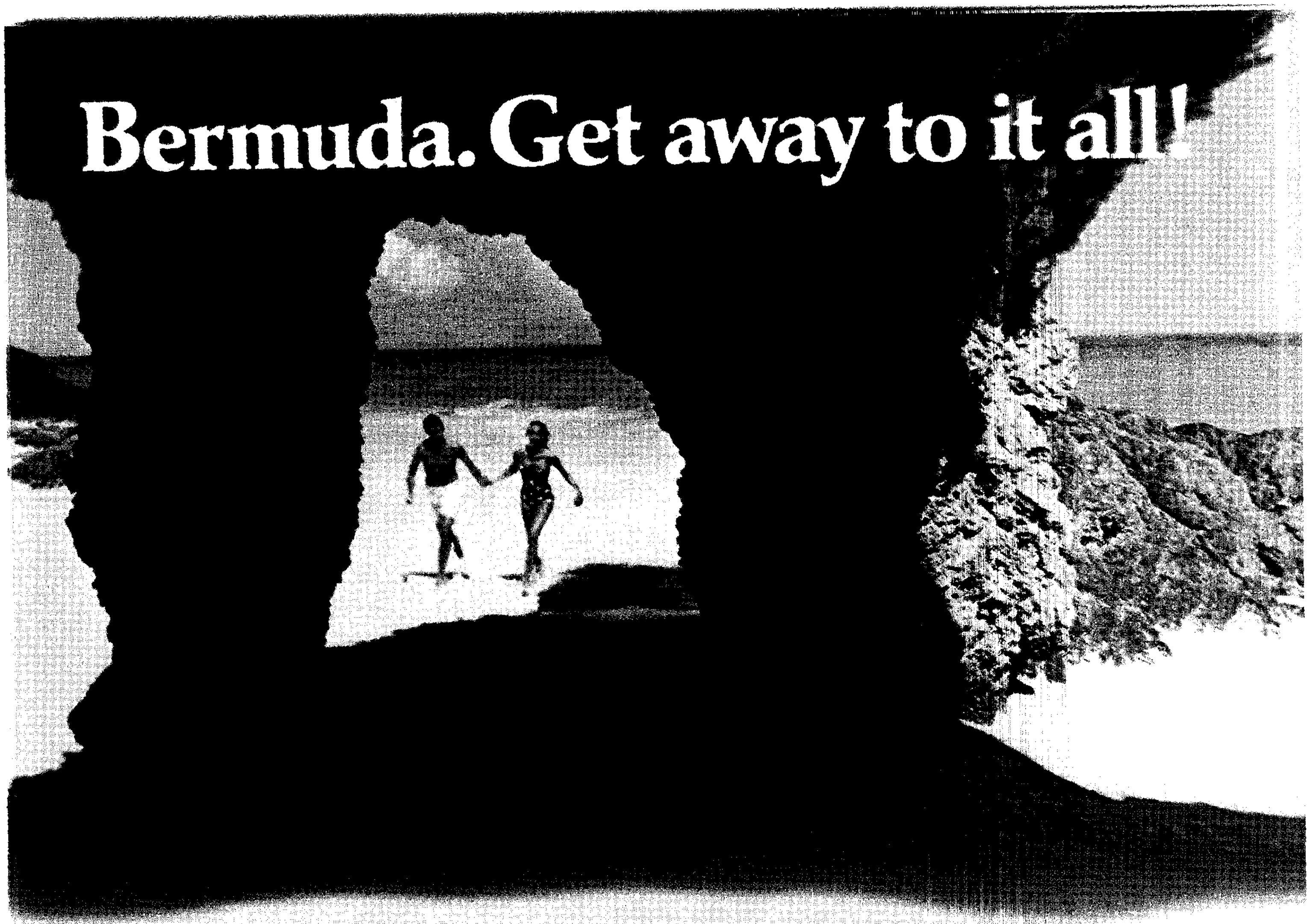

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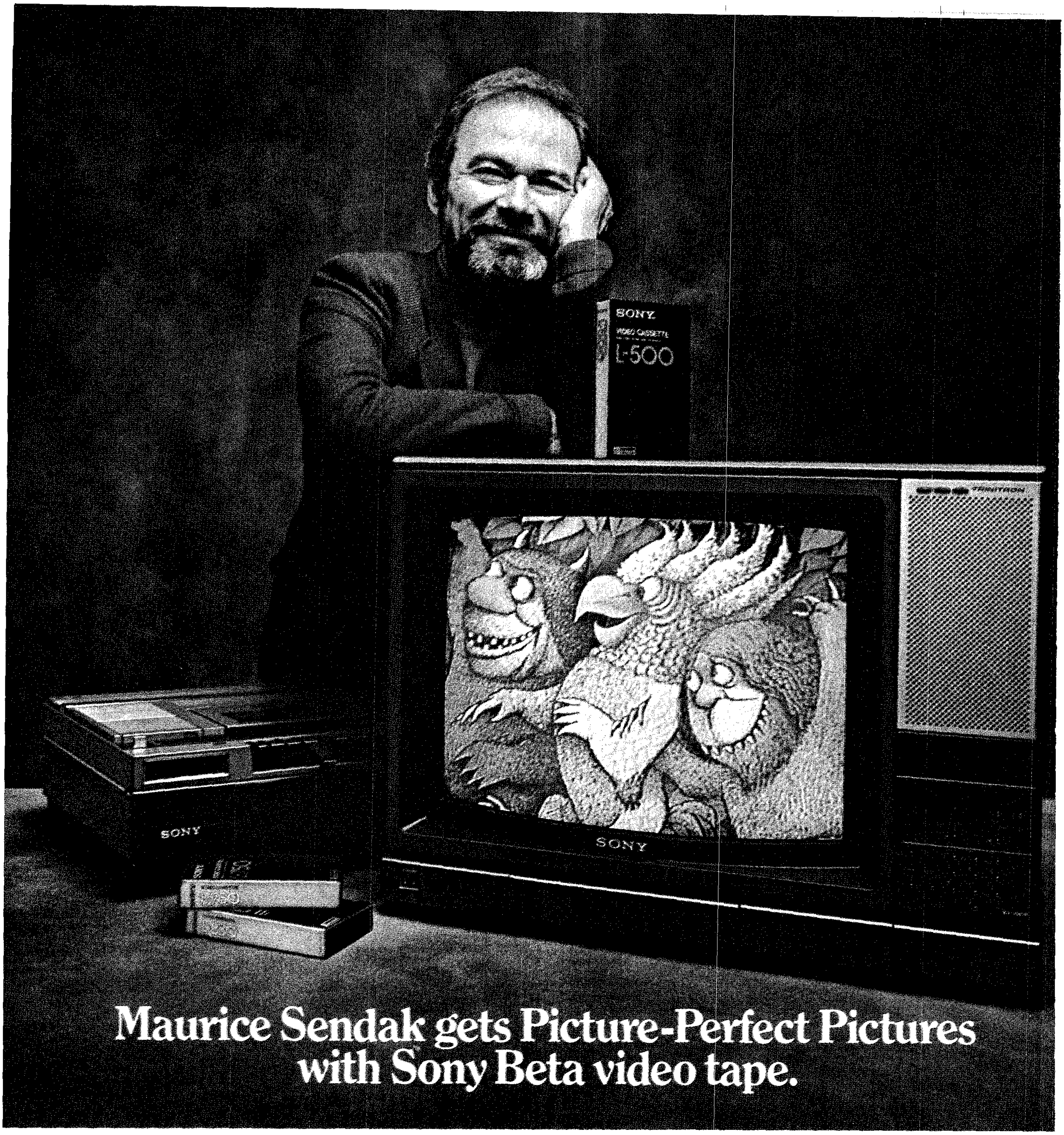

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DANCING

Grand Pas Petipa

TO judge from the classical revivals at American Ballet Theatre this season, there must have been many men called Marius Petipa active in Russian ballet during the latter half of the nineteenth century. There was Petipa the conserver, who reset "La Fille Mal Gardée," and many ballets by other choreographers, for the Russian repertory. There was Petipa the purveyor of national and character dances, who filled whole acts of "Don Quixote" and "La Bayadère" and "Raymonda" and "Swan Lake" with his exotic specialties. There was the classical Petipa, who made symmetrical dances for legions of young women in a spirit of tender innocence, and there was the jaded Petipa, who shuffled the same tired steps from variation to variation and from ballet to ballet. Then, there was the Petipa from whom most of the blessings at A.B.T. flow. This Petipa, who lived well into the twentieth century and made his home at the Kirov Ballet, was the arbiter of the entire canon. What he chose to preserve, what he chose to subject to shall we say progressive renewal was indeed arbitrary; one never knows what to expect from this fellow, and his latter-day accomplishments tend to becloud his past ones.

The jaded repetitions may, in fact, be the work of this new-day maestro in a non-ideological mood, or they may represent a diminished legacy passed on from prerevolutionary days, when by a variety of factions the canon was held in low esteem. In either case, many of the dances we know from Kirov-derived productions of "La Bayadère" and "Don Quixote" and "Paquita" and "Le Corsaire" are interchangeable, and have been interchanged over the years. During a live all-Petipa broadcast from the Met on PBS, Mikhail Baryshnikov spoke of Petipa's habit of switching variations "for some lady to some other lady." But interpolations aren't the whole problem in identifying the provenance of the dances. Formula choreography—steps for some music fitted to some other music—turns up often, especially in the Minkus ballets. Since Minkus was Petipa's most frequent collaborator, a large portion of the Petipa canon is without discussable content. One is not surprised that the same steps recur in ballet after ballet—steps are, after all, the material of creation, and not creation itself. But to see steps recur unsupported by the change in context, uncharged by a new musical or dramatic atmosphere, is to wonder not only how creation could have come about in the first place but also how it serves the art to reintroduce such undifferentiated material. Taking the material on faith as the surviving work of a genius involves the acceptance of a stunning hypothesis. How could *this* Petipa have developed the grand style and stayed its undisputed master until, in the last decade of his career, Tchaikovsky came along to vindicate him?

It's a relief to get away from the Petipa-Minkus quandary and into the latest batch of Petipa acquisitions, which, for the most part, are not repetitions of things we have seen before. Petipa revived "La Fille Mal Gardée" in 1885, to the excruciating music of Hertel. (Yes, worse than Minkus!) The A.B.T. reconstruction of the Act I pas de deux, staged by Diana Joffe, has a persuasive low-key sparkle, especially in the woman's role, danced by Marianna Tcherkassky. The style

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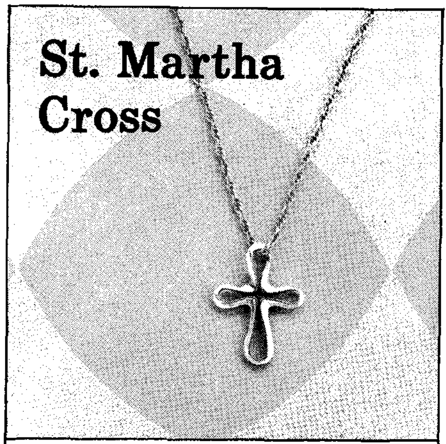

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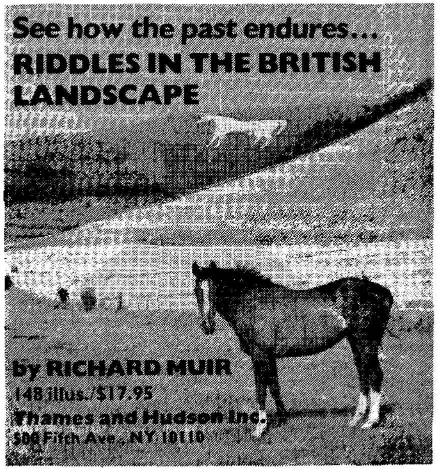

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is unlike any we might recognize as Petipa's; it's closer to Bournonville's. Although Tcherkassky is on point, her dances are not really point dances, and the supported adagio is a prefiguration of the grand style rather than the real, full-blown thing. The man's role, in a more familiar key, was delivered with sledgehammer force by Fernando Bujones. For "Jardin Animé," an excerpt from "Le Corsaire," Petipa had besides Minkus some infectious music by Delibes, which we know as the "Naïla" waltz from "La Source." It would be interesting if the performance of the waltz, its choreography, and the variations for two soloists had been of the quality of the "Fille" fragment, but in fact it was not so. The music had been muddily orchestrated for A.B.T. by Hershy Kay. The steps were executed as in any old Minkus ballet. Ballet Theatre's dancers are performing their Petipa these days strictly step by step and beat by beat. There's method and utility in what they do, and sometimes a fine expository clarity, but they're not bringing much to the party. The company's conductors seem to have no idea when to abet this strictness and when to ease up on it. Only Paul Connelly, the assistant conductor, understands how to bring elasticity and tension to a dance score, and he was not the conductor for "Jardin Animé." Too bad, because the four-square, squat and chunky performance is a misreading of what ought to be (and, as given by the Kirov, probably is) a rapturous lyrical experience. Balanchine's "La Source" could be a useful stylistic guide. If Miss Joffe had been sent to see it, she might not have committed an error in the one passage that Balanchine has obviously remembered from Petipa—when the girls (in "Jardin Animé") place their floral hoops on the floor, making a path for the soloist to prance through. The prance is in the music, and both Petipa and Balanchine end it with a leap into arabesque fondue. At A.B.T., the leap has no punch. The way Balanchine times it, it lands, unexpectedly, on a silent downbeat. One must believe that if he quoted Petipa this was the reason.

Baryshnikov was careful to make the point, in that same intermission interview, that his Petipa presentations were "the original, as far as we know. I wouldn't put my head on it." There is regulation Petipa; there is revisionist Petipa. But the new third act of "The Sleeping Beauty," done in Oliver Messel's set and with some trashy sub-

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stitutes for his costumes, cannot be taken seriously from any point of view. A Bluebird adagio that looks like a crib from "La Bayadère," a male Bluebird variation that omits most of the characteristic Bluebird steps, hard and heavy Jewel fairies, a charmless Puss in Boots, and a belabored Red Riding Hood lead up to a grand pas de deux that the stars apparently choreograph themselves. Baryshnikov has been at great pains this season to strengthen technical execution at the corps level and among the demi-soloists, and to a noticeable extent he has succeeded. The School of Petipa has been basic to this effort. But what Baryshnikov and his staff call Petipa is not an integrated or a consistent regimen. Within the regimen, there is room for differentiation, stylistic versatility, and contrast. But there is no room for contradiction. The brave new pas de trois in Act I of "Swan Lake" hardly agrees with the inertia that, despite changes in choreography, continues to undermine the whole production. In the long run, consistency is going to count for more than authenticity.

I GET lost in the imagery of Crowsnest, sometimes pleasurably, sometimes blankly. Crowsnest, which consists of Martha Clarke, Felix Blaska, and Robert Barnett, has been in existence for two years, but it just made its début in New York. I got seated late at the Public Theatre, and the show began before I'd had a chance to look at the program. It didn't matter; in a few seconds I recognized the place, and I was held by it for some time before the drifting and dreaming set in and the spell broke. The three were onstage when the curtain went up. Some jazz started playing, and they began walking fast in circles, first alone, then together, then alone again. Clarke wore a short black velvet dress with her hair frizzed, Barnett was in tails, and Blaska, with a goatee, had on a black raincoat. They wore blue shoes and walked against a painted backcloth by Robert Andrew Parker—a composition in misty blue and gray blocks that suggested a city. It was a rich, full illusion: New York or Paris on a sodden spring night, back streets filling with the smoky sound of the old Duke Ellington band and with the scent of danger. (The piece is called "Don't Mean a Thing," after the Ellington tune.) There's a certain inevitability in what happens: Clarke seems to be a prostitute, and she has some rough en-

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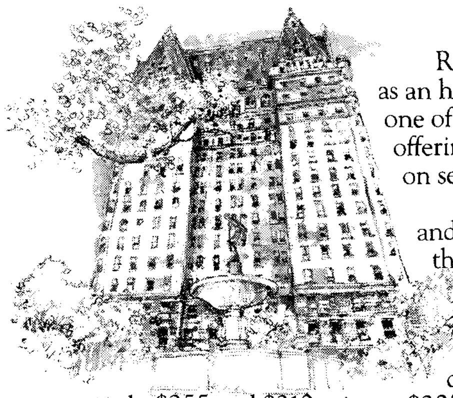

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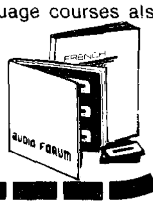

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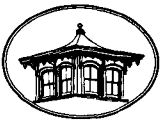

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counters with the two men; Blaska is a flasher. But one is absorbed by the larger spectacle of people living intensely in their own worlds. Barnett, who is elegantly drunk, contrives to suggest that he has slept in his suit of tails but not rented it. Crowsnest is the offspring of Pilobolus Dance Theatre; although there's less emphasis on acrobatics, the mime is still dazzlingly, physically brazen and almost completely abstract. The sense of persons and places comes about through vibration, through resonant gesture. When a concrete idea arises—from, say, Clarke's getting too roughly handled and landing on the floor like a rag doll with her legs spread—I could wish it were less banal. Then, too, the physicality limits expression. It can be a happy limitation, as when Barnett and Blaska go careering around the stage joined side by side as if Blaska were riding in Barnett's sidecar. But there is also a tendency to trust blindly in the truth of appearances, to go on joining bodies, to mistake friction for vibration.

Crowsnest is not your average mime troupe. Clarke and Barnett, along with the rest of Pilobolus, practically invented free-association abstract mime, and they're aware of the dangers of going too far or of just going on, which is the greatest temptation of all. After about ten minutes, "Don't Mean a Thing" dissolved into scattershot effects (though Barnett on his motorcycle brought it briefly back). "Haiku," composed of many short movement sketches separated by blackouts, was formally far more of a success. It was neat and clean; it avoided diddling in the materiality of the form. But for Crowsnest it felt like a concession. The great Japanese mimes Eiko and Koma achieve their supreme epiphanies through the intensification of a single effect. Crowsnest aims for constancy rather than unity, and its habit is to proceed from one effect to another in a more or less continuous line. The line cut short is not a real method; like Pilobolus' "Monkshood's Farewell," it's a dead end.

The first group piece that Crowsnest made, "The Garden of Villandry," was presented last, as if in the hope that we might see it as an extended haiku. The cast is in turn-of-the-century summer whites. The men walk very slowly on a tilt with their hands in their pockets; they hold the woman's body canted into space; they turn and glance; they hold modest arabesques. In the film "Martha

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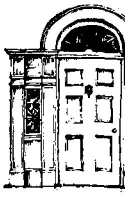

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Clarke Light & Dark," also shown at the Public, we see this piece in preparation, and it works better in closeup than it does on the stage. Like the other Crowsnest scores, the slow movement of Schubert's Piano Trio in B Flat is used for pace and atmosphere but not for structure; lack of structural definition makes the piece seem vagrant from the start. By this time, too, the triangularity of Crowsnest's group compositions has become oppressive. Why always one woman and two men? That casting is practically a haiku in itself. There's not much leeway dramatically. No matter how neutral the terms are in partnering, there's always an odd man out, and the sexual dynamics within the group cannot go far beyond the variations presented in this program. Another problem is that Clarke and Barnett are much stronger performers than Blaska and are constantly trying to dispel that inequality by merging with the group. Barnett does it naturally and gracefully. With one of the most riveting presences in all theatre, he rivets when he wants to. He seems to love fading out of himself, escaping in full view, and he's as content on the sidelines as he is in the spotlight.

When Clarke fades into the group, she looks happier there, and is it a coincidence that in both of her solos her face is masked? Clarke shares Barnett's virtuosity. She contains the same range of contradictions: heavy-light, monstrous-fey, ugly-glamorous. She has the same kind of sensitive, slightly battered clown face. The two of them—in Pilobolus they were often teamed—appear to have been born for theatre in the same minute. But Clarke seems uneasy about being the apex of the triangle. Maybe she rejects the easy domination her position gives her; maybe there's a group ethos lingering from Pilobolus days. But Crowsnest isn't really a group; it has no identity as such, and that's largely because Clarke is unwilling to state her presence unequivocally. In "Nocturne," she performs barebreasted, wearing a bulky tulle skirt and toe shoes, and with her head wrapped in gauze. The costume is adapted from de Meyer's enigmatic photograph "Woman with a Mask," and Clarke seems to want to tell the story behind the photograph. I'm not sure I understand her story. Once her terms are grasped—and they're fairly obvious (she has made the woman a decrepit ballerina)—one is left to ponder their meaning; no further light is shed on the sub-

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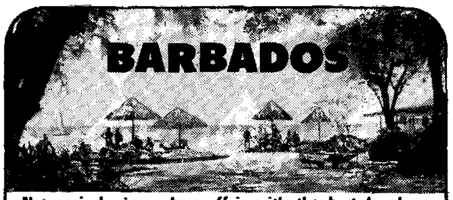

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ject. "Nocturne" is one of a series of melancholy "women in theatre" studies, and as a ready-made pictorial image it's also a companion piece to "Fallen Angel," in which Clarke is a birdwoman out of Max Ernst's book of collages "Une Semaine de Bonté." (Both solos are shown being rehearsed in the film.) Clarke, completely hidden in a blue silk gown and a beaked head, gives us another baffler. The costume tells all. The costume tells nothing. The movement inside the dress serves only to restate the dress. Who are these headless women? Is there a thing going on about heads? Recently, Clarke directed the actress Linda Hunt as Elizabeth I in "Elizabeth Dead," by George Trow. A lot of Elizabeth's monologue was quite graphically concerned with the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots, and Clarke's staging was in the clinical-grotesque style that she is increasingly favoring for her own solos. One wouldn't know from an evening with Crowsnest how glowingly expressive her face is, and the solos aren't anatomically expressive. Martha Clarke is as complete a theatrical artist as any woman performing today, but in Crowsnest, which was her idea, she leaves a meagre impression. (You'd never guess, either, that she's one of the funniest women alive.) No doubt she intends to disturb, but I wonder if she meant to be so personal about it. For one who can suggest so much to cut herself so far back is a waste, painful to witness. The final image is one of self-mutilation.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Then, he presents chapters on "A Brief History of Nonsense," "Suggestion," "Reasoning," "Irrelevance," and "Diversion," followed by "Ambiguity" and "Inference," "Evasion," "Over-Simplification" and the "Syllogism."

On the last, he presents: "All dogs are beagles. Baron is a dog. Therefore, Baron is a beagle." This syllogism is valid, even though the first premise is true, Gula says. Very tricky, indeed.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune/States-Item.*

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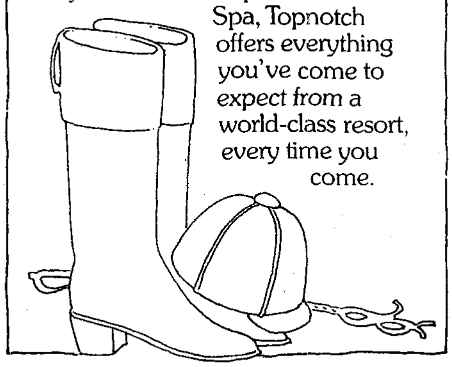

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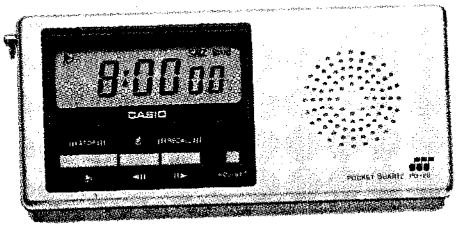

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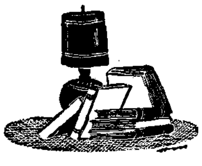


“Tar Baby,” Toni Morrison’s fourth novel, is an unsettling book—no more than her first three, but not for exactly the same reasons. It isn’t as though she had changed her mind or her style of writing in the eleven years since “The Bluest Eye” was published (allowing for natural variations in the basic characters and ideas and a steadily increasing use of metaphors). In “The Bluest Eye,” set in the Midwest in 1941, black family life is contrasted with the idealized Mother-Father-Dick-Jane-Cat-Dog group depicted in school readers, and women and little girls measure themselves against Hollywood idols like Shirley Temple. Romantic love and physical beauty are declared to be “probably the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought.” Morrison makes a good case for this assertion, converting it from debatable hyperbole into the theme of an upside-down Cinderella story: Pecola Breedlove, an eleven-year-old girl, is betrayed by her mother and raped by her father, and winds up crazy, believing that her eyes are blue but wondering whether they are the bluest.

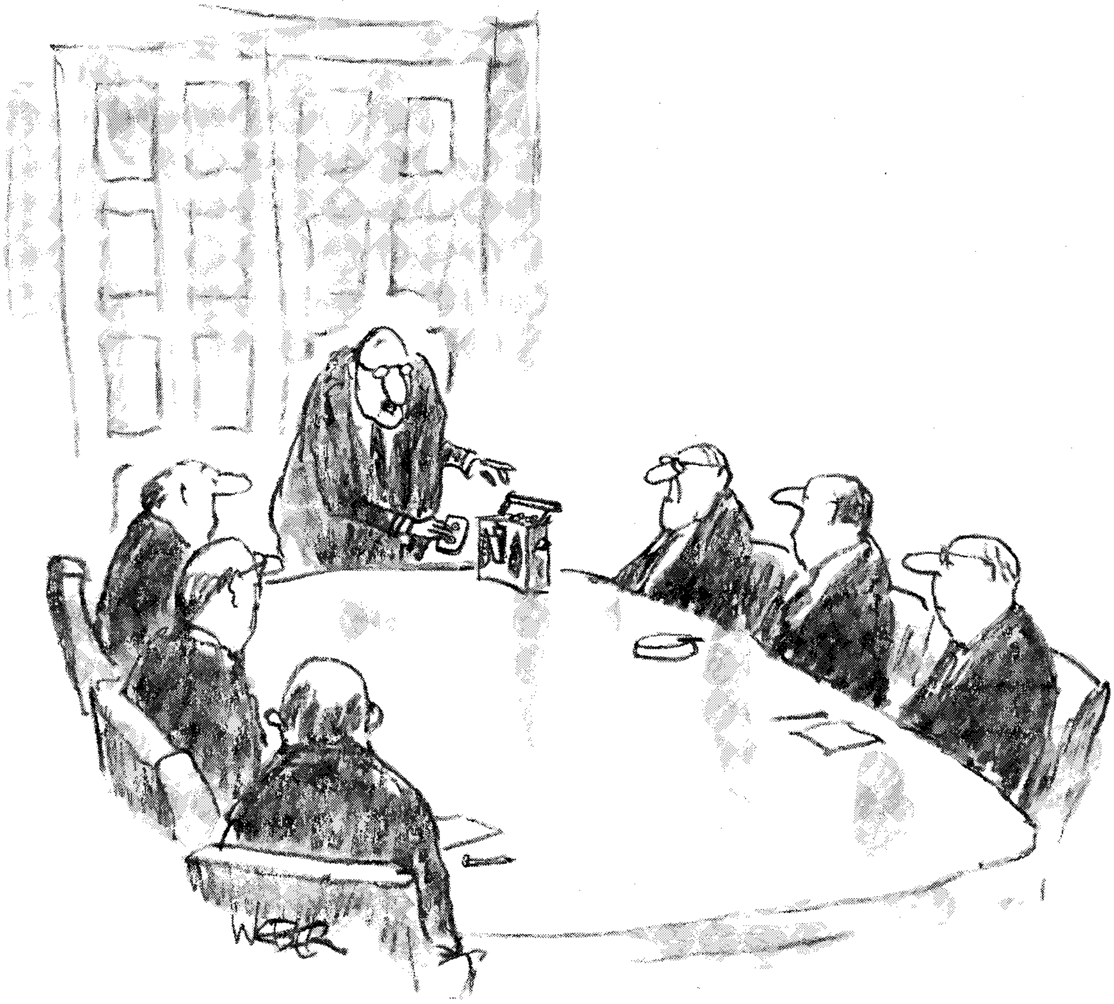
“The Bluest Eye” is a short novel—a hundred and sixty-four pages—remarkable for its conciseness. It takes the form of a memoir, in which the rememberer, Claudia, is both a stubborn, observant, quick-witted version of the author’s self and a kind of apotheosis of that self—a traditional omniscient storyteller with a lordly manner, a definite view of the shape of things, and a flexible memory. “I recall a summer storm in the town where we lived,” Morrison writes, “and imagine a summer my mother knew in 1929. . . . I mix up her summer with my own.” With an instinct for details that are both picturesque and revealing, Morrison works in and around her central tale to build a rich impression of small-town life, introducing a setting and characters that she has elaborated on since, and taking advantage of the poetic opportunities allowed by her extensive point of view. One chapter leads into a specific encounter—between Pecola, poor and dirty, and a respectable housewife—with a lyrical and ironic celebration of the origins of militant domesticity:

> They come from Mobile. Aiken. From Newport News. From Marietta. From Meridian. And the sounds of these places in their mouths make you think of love. When you ask them where they are from, they tilt their heads and say “Mobile” and you think you’ve been kissed.

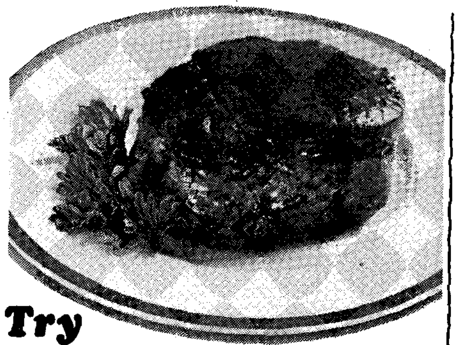
Omniscience is sometimes a convenience—a way for a writer to avoid the difficulties of a narrower outlook, and soothing for claustrophobic readers. As practiced by Morrison, omniscience is a strategic necessity. It accommodates her vast curiosity and makes it possible for her to express strong opinions as well as to act as a medium, transmitting memories, thoughts, and attitudes that are not exactly her own and for which she is not exactly responsible. A description of the Caribbean moon in “Tar Baby” (Knopf; $11.95) expresses the quality of informed disengagement that Morrison aims for in telling a story:

> The unsocketed eye that watches sleepers is not threatening—it is merely alert . . . Always adrift and curious. Unastonished but never bored by the things it beholds.

Eyes are a regular feature of the imagery in all Morrison’s books. Characters in “Tar Baby” have mink eyes, evening eyes, savanna eyes, blue-if-it’s-a-boy blue eyes; there is even an



“Judy Garland sang it better than I could ever say it, gentlemen. ‘Somewhere over the rainbow.’ Let’s listen.”



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avocado tree with eyes. In "Sula" (1973), there are snake eyes, panther eyes, "the midnight eyes" of soldiers, and a "valley of eyes," indicating the men who "draped themselves" along the street between the ice-cream parlor and the Time and a Half Pool Hall. An ominous cat-eyed boy attends the birth of the hero of "Song of Solomon" (1977). In "The Bluest Eye," Morrison describes Pecola struggling to make herself invisible:

> She had to be real still and pull. Her stomach would not go. But finally it, too, went away. Then her chest, her neck. The face was hard, too. Almost done, almost. Only her tight, tight eyes were left. . . . Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was there, in them.

Disembodied, seeing everything, and as free as the moon to choose her sights, Morrison describes, explains, comments on, advises, and argues with her characters, careful not to ally herself with any one of them for too long or to stand for too long in one place. She hovers over the scene for as long as she cares to, moving in close, pulling back for a better look, and withdrawing before she seems to have much of a stake in the outcome.

What makes Morrison's work disturbing is the combination of this detachment with the deep feeling implied by her fervent style. A coldness underlies her sympathy for the most wretched of her characters, as is suggested by the image of a coal stove in "The Bluest Eye," which "lived independently of everything and everyone, its fire being 'out,' 'banked,' or 'up' at its own discretion . . . In the morning, however, it always saw fit to die." And, in the same book, a father in charge of another stove is compared to "a Vulcan guarding the flames." "Winter moves into [his face]," we are told, "and presides there. His eyes become a cliff of snow threatening to avalanche; his eyebrows bend like black limbs of leafless trees."

Morrison makes the most of the disparity between feeling and judgment in "Sula," her second novel, in which she considers the peculiar idea of love. A mother who is rumored to have arranged the amputation of her left leg, by sticking it under a train, so that she could support her children on the insurance money, later finds reason to set her son on fire, killing him, after rocking him in her arms. A child throws another child into a river and watches him drown after overhearing her mother say, "I love Sula. I just don't like her." A woman burns to death, perhaps accidentally, after a conversation beginning with the question "Mamma, did you ever love us?"—a conversation that the impassive narrator interrupts to observe, "It was a Wednesday in August and the ice wagon was coming and coming. You could hear bits of the driver's song." Romantic love comes up again, and again is found to be a destructive idea. And yet, at her best, Morrison has the power to be absolutely persuasive against her own preferences, suspicions, and convictions, implied or plainly expressed. Her accounts of the onset of love in "Sula" and "The Bluest Eye" are irresistible, and distract attention from the unavoidable terrible consequences. For example, the father who rapes his daughter is shown in a flashback "strutting right out of a Kentucky sun on the hottest day of the year," whistling, about to meet the woman he marries, who is "leaning idly" on a fence, daydreaming. He tickles her foot and kisses her on the leg.

> She could not stop her laughter—not until he looked up at her and she saw the Kentucky sun drenching the yellow, heavy-lidded eyes of Cholly Breedlove.

Sula, in love despite a lifetime of effort to avoid it, ties a green ribbon in her hair, cleans the bathroom, makes the bed, and sets the table for two. Her lover, noticing, makes love to her "with the steadiness and the intensity of a man about to leave for Dayton."

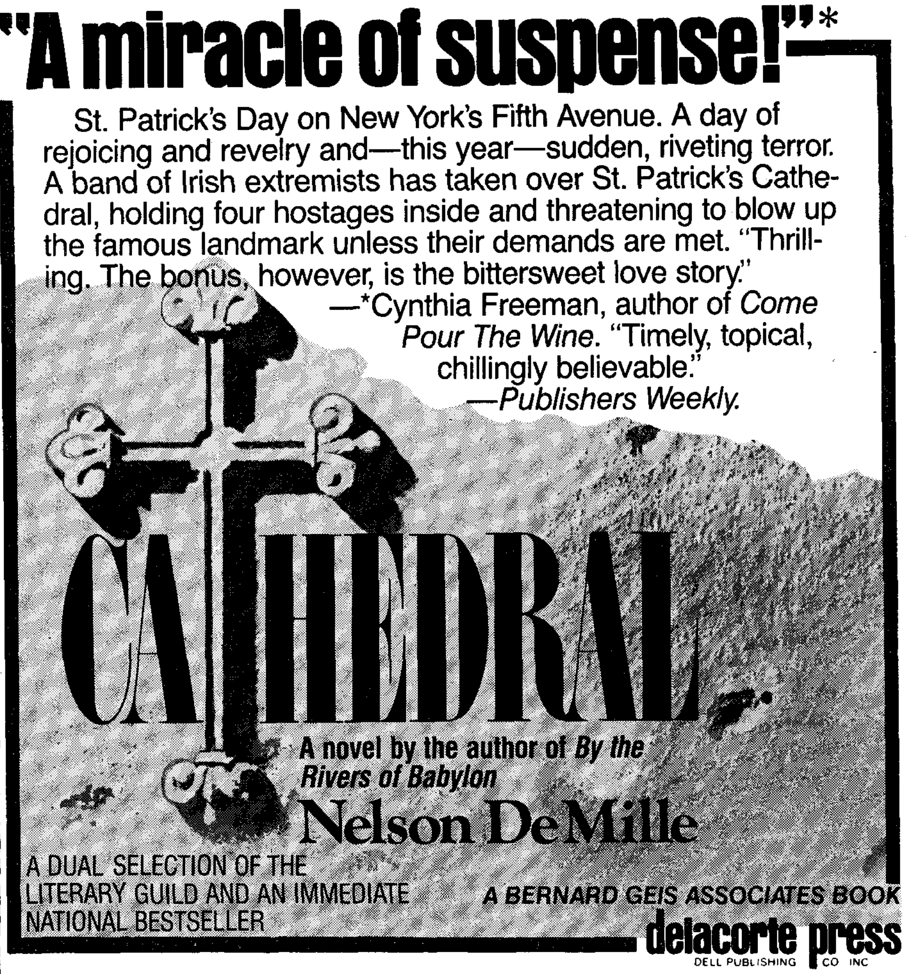
Morrison's dim view of love is part of a general bleak vision of people divided against one another: races, men and women, parents and children, the conventional and the eccentric, the worldly and the parochial. Everyone has reasons for being and doing what he is and does, which isolate him from every other person. The resulting feeling of loneliness draws people together; the discovery of differences pulls them apart. Everyone longs in vain for a double, a secret sharer. Describing, in "Sula," the development of a close friendship, Morrison speaks of the wish for someone to share "the delight of the dream," of two girls finding "relief in each other's personality," of a futile search for "that version of herself which she sought to reach out to," of a "craving for the other half of her equation." "How do you get somebody to love you?" Pecola asks. "The Bluest Eye" ends on a hopeless note—"much too late"—and "Sula" with a cry that "had no bottom and it had no top, just circles and circles of sorrow."

A curious passage in "Sula" suggests a way out. Morrison calls Sula an artist without an art form, and speculates that "had she paints, or clay, or knew the discipline of the dance, or strings; had she anything to engage her tremendous curiosity and her gift for metaphor, she might have exchanged the restlessness and preoccupation with whim for an activity that provided her with all she yearned for." Morrison at her pretentious worst is unconvincing.

"Song of Solomon" is a successful venture against the tragic view of life that had seemed inescapable. The Dead family, whose history is the subject of the book, includes figures recognizable from the previous novels: Hagar, for example, a victim of romantic passion, and the antithetical sisters-in-law Pilate and Ruth. Pilate—like Sula, a kind of voluntary pariah—has no navel and lives "pretty much as though progress was a word that meant walking a little farther on down the road." Ruth, strangling on inbred respectability, is a counterpart of Helene in "Sula," whose primness and notions of beauty "drove her daughter's imagination underground." The main character, however, is a man, Milkman Dead—a fact that may contribute to the exhilarating finale. For the women, fate is hard, as usual.

"Once all Africans could fly like birds," according to a traditional tale, "but owing to their many transgressions, their wings were taken away." In one version of the story, a group of slaves manage to remember "what they had forgotten," and they leap "up into the air with a great shout; and in a moment were gone, flying, like a flock of crows, over the field, over the fence, and over the top of the wood." "Song of Solomon," twice as long as either of the earlier novels, is an elaborate variation on this suggestive parable, opening with the failure of an insurance man named Smith to fly with "wide blue silk wings," and winding up with an ambiguous but more hopeful attempt to soar. The possibility of flight is tied to the idea of self-discovery, not by way of an exclusive attachment to one person but in the course of a search for ancestors. Without contradicting herself, sticking to her essential pessimism, Morrison manages to discover in her lines of sight one more angle.

Names are important in Morrison's books, and remembering and inventing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names and nicknames is obviously a source of delight. In one scene in "The Bluest Eye," names evoke a simile:

> A group of boys was circling and holding at bay a victim, Pecola Breedlove.
>
> Bay Boy, Woodrow Cain, Buddy Wilson, Junie Bug—like a necklace of semi-precious stones they surrounded her.

In "Sula," the names of people and places are exploited for symbolic associations, for irony, and for pure poetic flavor:

> Everybody, Dessie, Tar Baby, Patsy, Mr. Buckland Reed, Teapot's Mamma, Valentine, the deweys, Mrs. Jackson, Irene, the proprietor of the Palace of Cosmetology, Reba, the Herrod brothers and flocks of teen-agers got into the mood . . .

"Song of Solomon" is *about* names—how they conceal and reveal the history of the country and the true natures of individuals:

> He closed his eyes and thought of the black men in Shalimar, Roanoke, Petersburg, Newport News, Danville, in the Blood Bank, on Darling Street, in the pool halls, the barbershops. Their names. Names they got from yearnings, gestures, flaws, events, mistakes, weaknesses. Names that bore witness.

The list that follows is too overwhelming to quote, but there is no harm in mentioning that one of the names recorded is Empire State: "(he just stood around and swayed)."

In "Tar Baby," a high standard of living is indicated by names like Valerian, Jadine, Ondine, and Sydney—characters whose pretensions include indifference to the real names of those they consider beneath them. The novel suffers from a lapse of style that may reflect the exotic setting and the extreme vulnerability to ridicule of the upper class. It is a heavy-handed book, and ultimately unintelligible, with or without prior knowledge of Morrison's preoccupations. Structurally, it resembles "Song of Solomon": the ending is foreshadowed in the opening scene, and involves a mythical journey. Unlike "Song of Solomon," it is a thoroughly grim book, surpassing "The Bluest Eye" and "Sula" in hopelessness and harsh feeling. The question is whether this is a deliberate effect.

The main setting is a French Caribbean island, an exploited territory, haunted by the ghosts of slaves, its natural landscape rearranged to suit past adventurers and sybaritic invaders of more recent times. The inhabitants, for Morrison's purposes, are a retired Philadelphia tycoon and his wife, a former beauty queen, both white; and their protégée, who is a Sorbonne-educated high-fashion model, a pair of perfect servants, an imperfect pair, and a stranger known as Son, all black. Primitive forces and feelings are poised against a civilization resting on money and a false sense of security, and symbolized by a greenhouse, European classical music, fancy cooking, and designer sheets. Flowers and insects exchange information, tropical vegetation seethes with sex and menace. But neither apples nor eggs nor magic breasts nor "shamelessly single-minded" soldier ants can produce the liveliness and coherence of the more personal imagery of the other novels. "Tar Baby" is heavy with messages; some get delivered, others don't.

One mystery is the title. In the introduction to "The Book of Negro Folklore," published in 1958, there is a reference to more than three hundred versions of the tar-baby story. One of the better-known of these is the version transcribed and arranged, in 1879, by Joel Chandler Harris, the white Georgian creator of old black Uncle Remus. Both in the Harris version and in the one chosen by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps for the folklore anthology, the tar baby is a trap laid for Brer Rabbit (or Rabbit) by Brer Fox (or a group of animals which includes Fox). The villain in Morrison's brief allusion to the fable is a white farmer out to protect his cabbages, which makes sense, too. The point of any of those variations is presumably Rabbit's ingenious escape from being roasted, hanged, drowned, or skinned: "Please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat briar-patch." Except maybe in her ending—"Then he ran. Lickety-split. Lickety-split"—Morrison doesn't pursue this point. Instead, the tar baby serves as an oversimplifying image of manipulation and inadvertent seductiveness, making nonsense of the complicated racial, sexual, and social battles she is trying to dramatize.

Throughout the book, momentous diction and arbitrary invention cover an absence of shape and purpose. Characters are summarized, paraphrased, and marooned in long stretches of spiteful dialogue, incapable of living up to the surrounding symbolism or—in the case of a coat made from "the hides of ninety baby seals stitched together so nicely you could not tell what part had sheltered their cute little hearts and which had cushioned their skulls"—unable to survive it. A nearly blind native woman improvises an account of what is going on among the other characters:

> The more she invented the more she rocked and the more she rocked the more her English crumbled till finally it became dust in her mouth stopping the flow of her imagination and she spat it out altogether and let the story shimmer through the clear cascade of the French of Dominique.

Rocking and rocking, Morrison herself strains for effects, loses her grip on poetic propriety, and topples into dreadful pits of bombast. A man encounters a "teenaged" avocado tree, its fruit resembling "the tight-to-breaking breast of a pubescent girl three months pregnant." On Christmas Eve, "the whole island was vomiting up color like a drunk." A woman returns to New York City from the Caribbean with relief: "New York made her feel like giggling, she was so happy to be back in the arms of that barfly with the busted teeth and armpit breath."

One image in "Tar Baby" captures the feeling that Morrison seems to be after, and may even explain the truculent manner and labored prose. A man who has consoled himself through a period of exile with fond memories of home is disillusioned by a set of recent photographs. "Gazing at the photos one by one trying to find in them what it was that used to comfort him so. . . . Used to people his dreams, and anchor his floating days," he finds that "it all looked miserable in the photographs, sad, poor and even poor-spirited." The last chapter of "Sula" is filled with the same regret for the loss of inspiring memories: "These young ones kept talking about the community, but they left the hills to the poor, the old, the stubborn—and the rich white folks. Maybe it hadn't been a community, but it had been a place. Now there weren't any places left, just separate houses with separate televisions and separate telephones and less and less dropping by."

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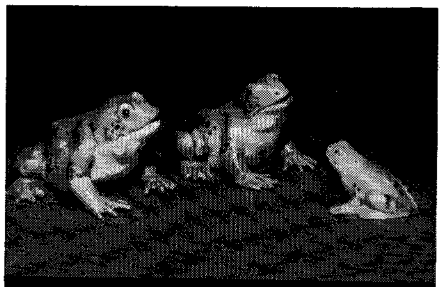

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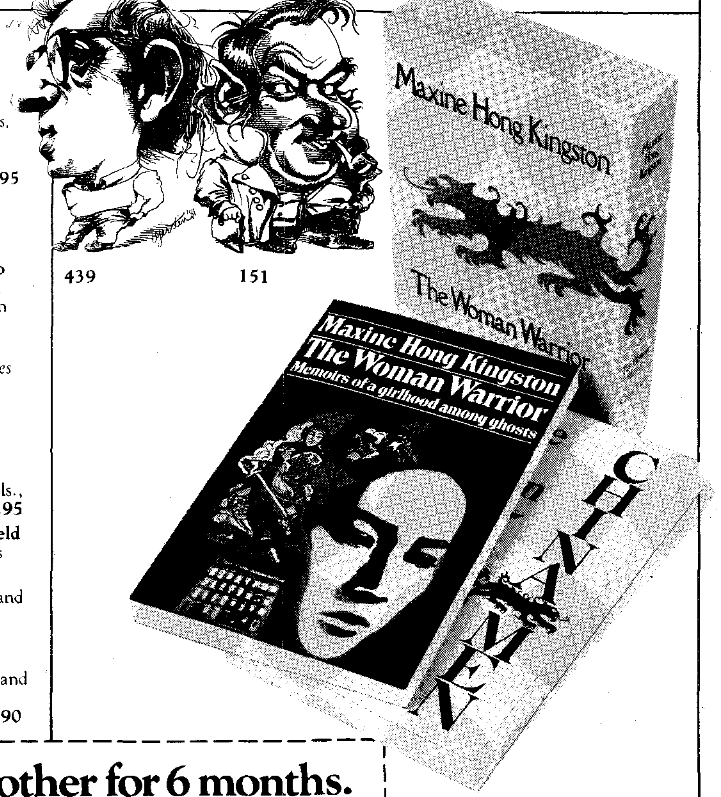

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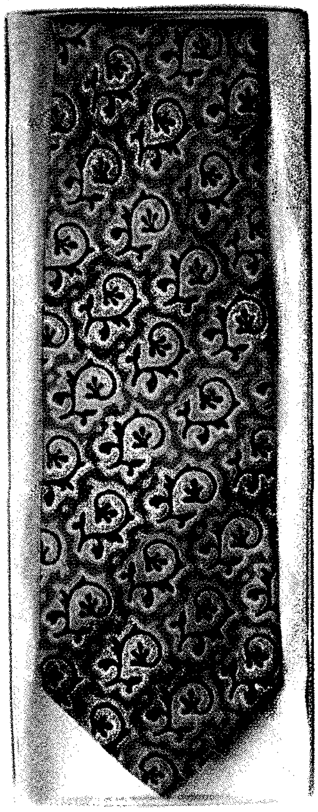

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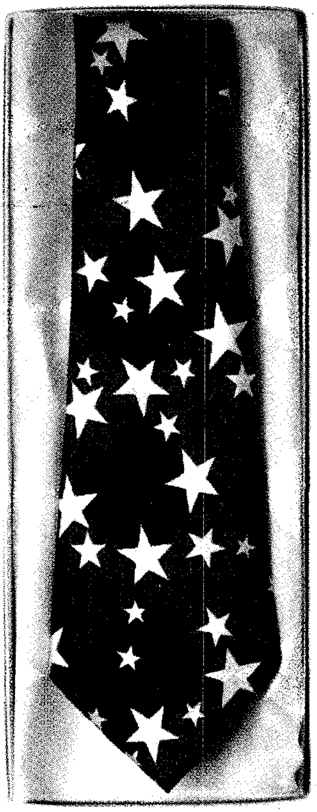

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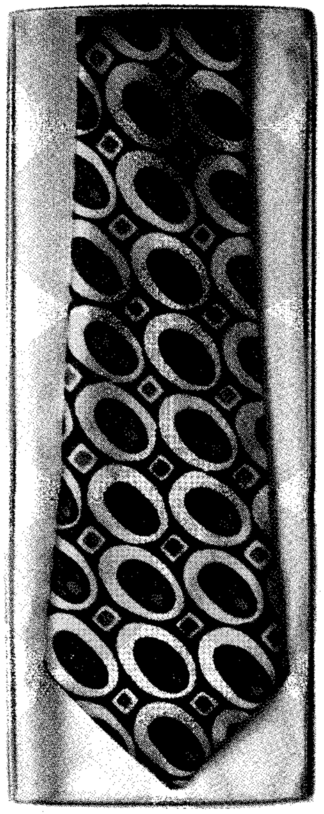

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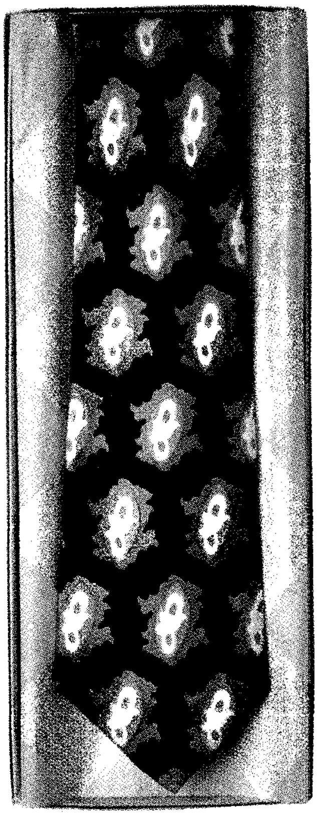

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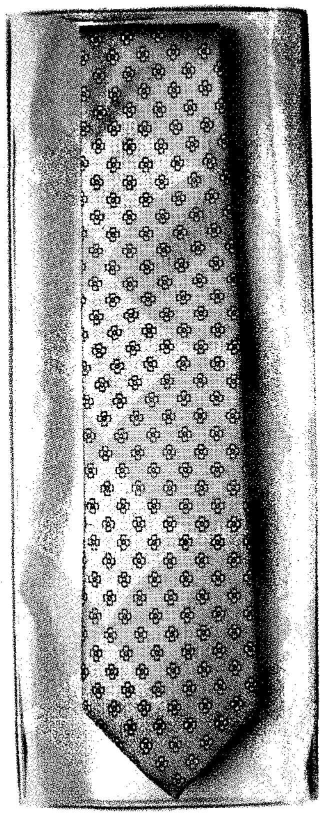

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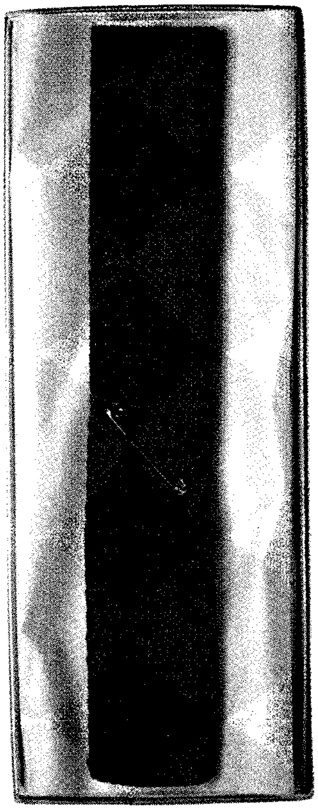

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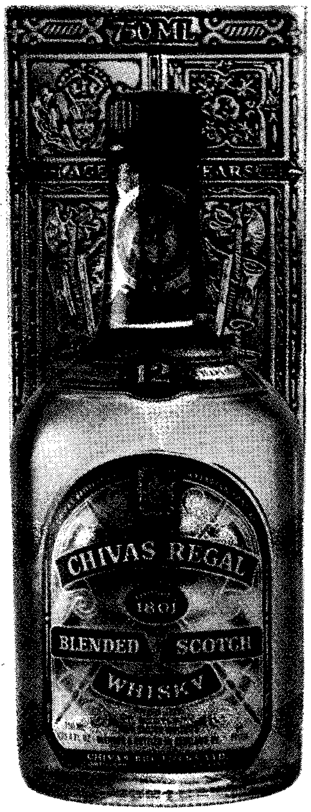
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Father's Day 1981

Patience does have its rewards.